THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD · THIS PRINTING 550,000

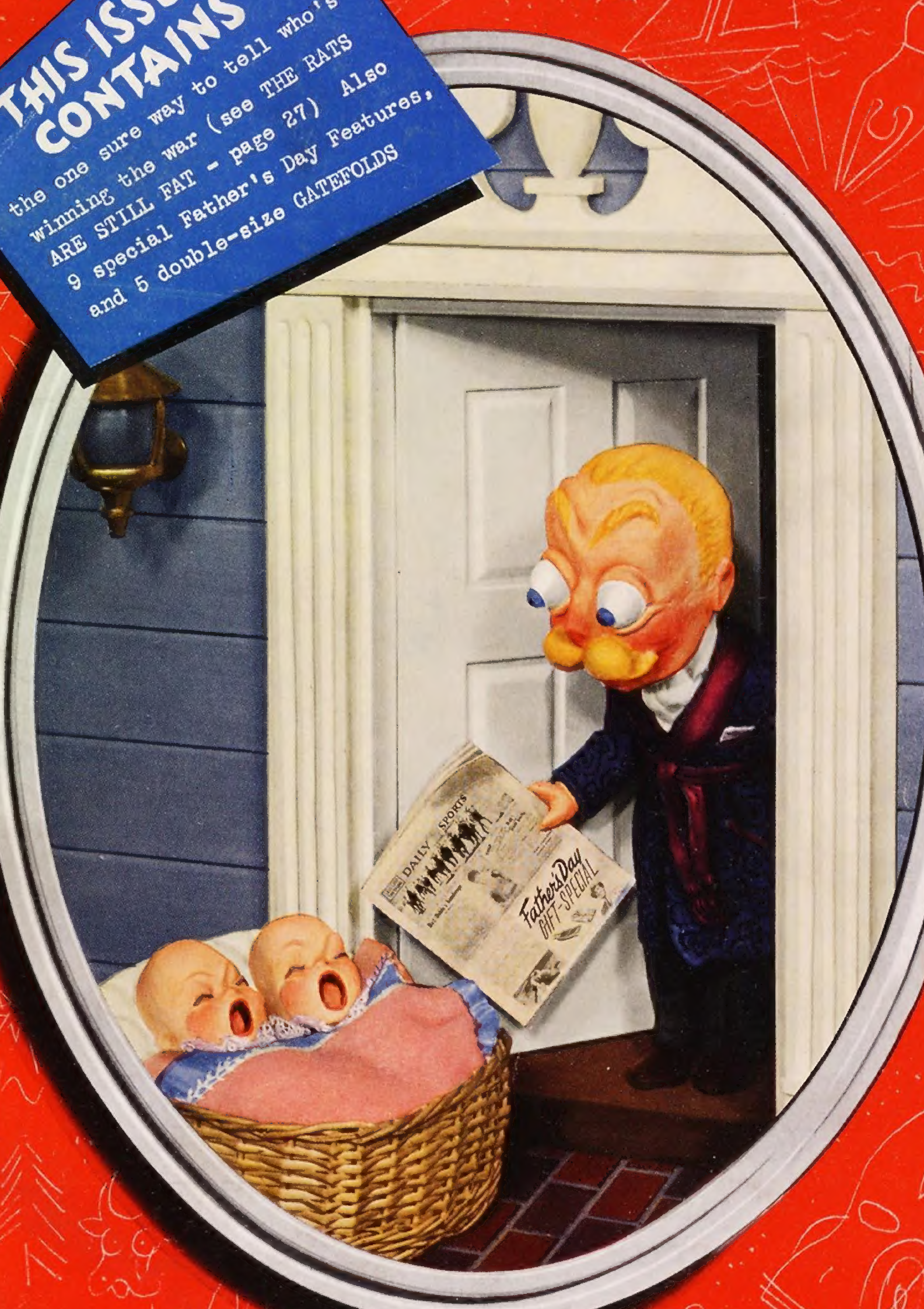
Esquire

• THE GAZINE FOR MEN

JULY, 1940
FATHER'S DAY ISSUE

THIS ISSUE CONTAINS

the one sure way to tell who's winning the war (see THE RATS ARE STILL FAT - page 27) Also 9 special Father's Day Features, and 5 double-size GATEFOLDS



ARTICLES

KONRAD BERCOVICI
COMPTON PAKENHAM
J. C. FURNAS
LUDLUM SMITH
ERIK COLIJN
JOSEPH PEYRÉ
TED SHANE
HARRY SALPETER

FICTION

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
MANUEL KOMROFF
DONALD BARR CHIDSEY
WM. HAZLETT UPSON
ALVAH BESSIE
ALBERT CARR
WILLISTON RICH
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WALLACE SMITH

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LOUIS PAUL
PARKE CUMMINGS
STANLEY LOGAN
MORRIS BISHOP

SPORTS

LEO FISCHER
RICHARD McCANN
J. W. McDADE
HART STILWELL

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ROBERT W. MARKS

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IRVING PHILLIPS
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L. S. SODERSTROM
(COVER)

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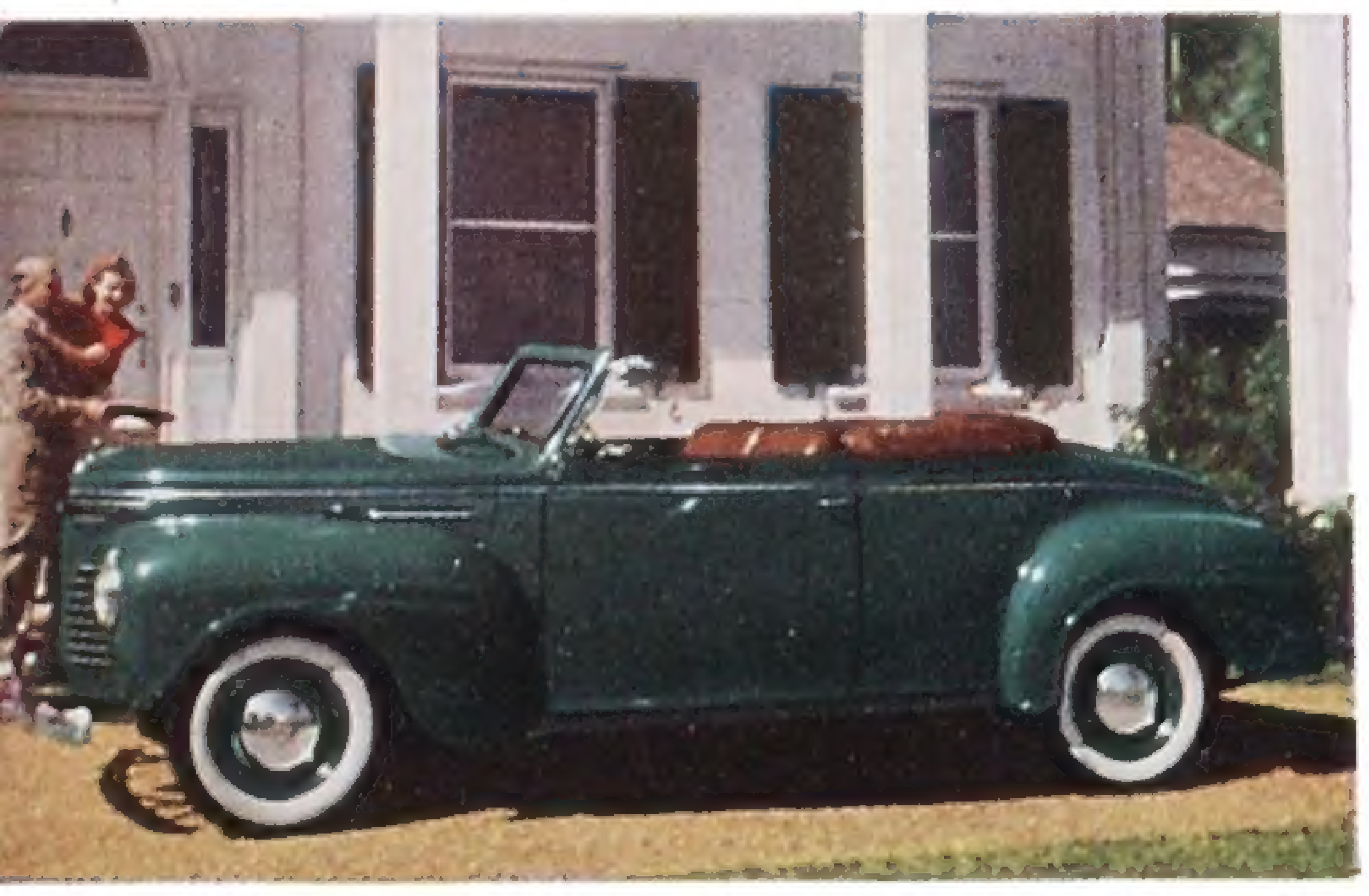
FICTION · SPORTS · HUMOR
CLOTHES · ART · CARTOONS

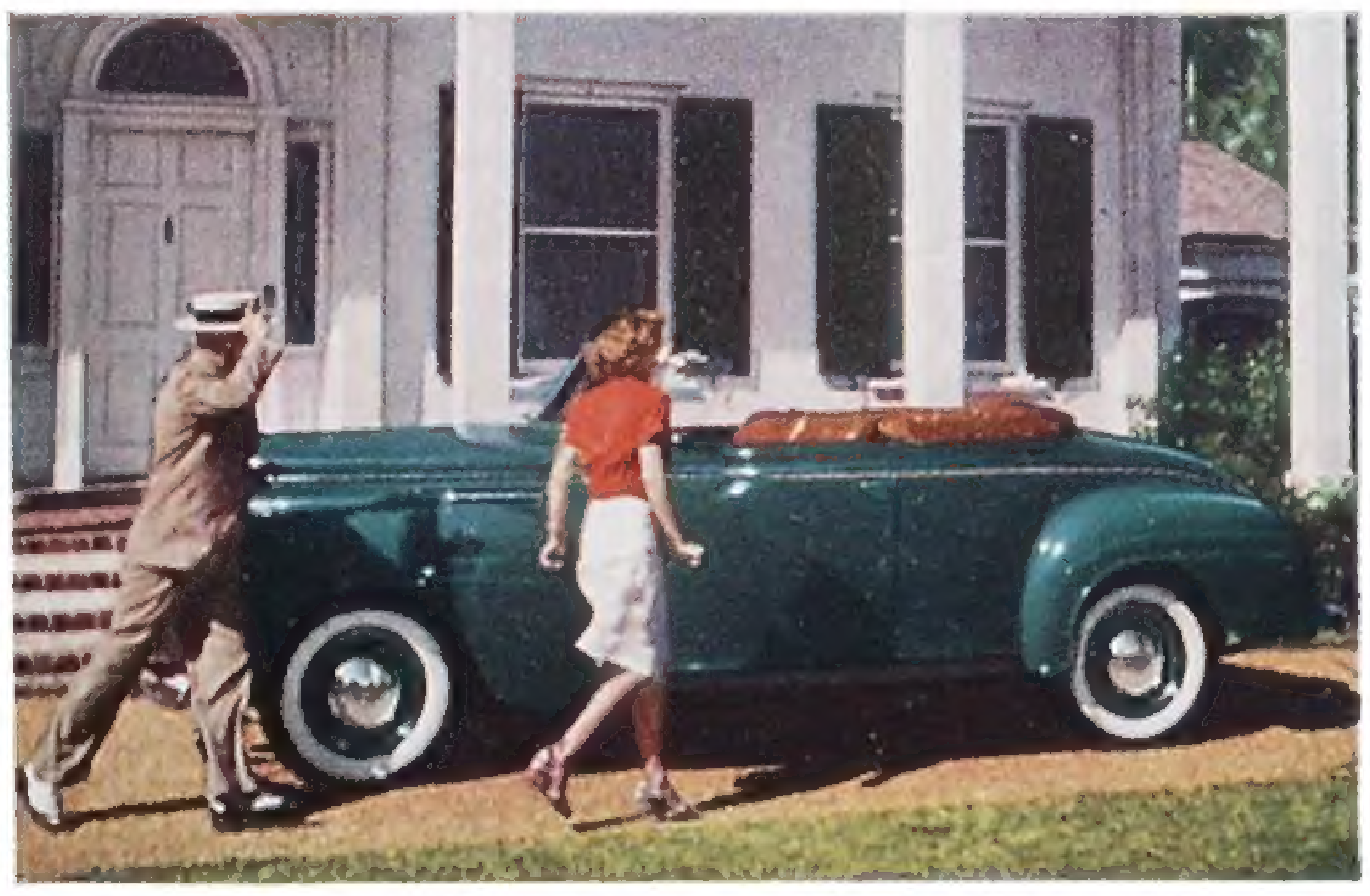
PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

"Oh, Dad You're Wonderful—You Read My Mind"

Everyone has a Car Ideal. Always it's *long, low, powerful...* with the air and action of youth. This is the story of a girl who found her ideal. Go with her on her first drive in a new Plymouth. See if this isn't a car you'd love to own!



1. **"DAD CALLED ME** out on the porch that morning and *there it was*... the kind of car I guess every girl adores! You can imagine how I felt seeing it there in the driveway!



2. **"I FLEW DOWN THE STEPS,** practically breathless with excitement! A stunning new Plymouth, just as I'd always pictured it—long and low and graceful. It seemed too good to be true!

3. **"MY FAVORITE COLOR**—a glorious green...with the seats upholstered in lovely brown leather! Dad was almost as excited over the car as I was... and he didn't try to hide it.

4. **"I COULD HARDLY WAIT** to get in and drive it. And somehow the car itself seemed eager to go! I slid behind the wheel and immediately fell in love with the 'feel' of the car.

5. **"HOW NICE TO HAVE** the gearshift tucked conveniently under the wheel, instead of cluttering up the floor. And it's so much easier to reach! Just a simple flick and we're on our way.

6. **"YOU SHOULD SEE** the glove compartment—it's simply immense! And the instrument panel is so good-looking! And the *seats*—they 'fit' as though they were tailor-made for *us!*

7. **"THEN DAD POINTED OUT** a little switch on the panel. 'Know what that's for?' he asked. 'You just give it a flip and the top zips up or down *by itself!* That's all there is to it!'

8. **"OUT ON THE OPEN ROAD** we just skimmed along, putting the car through its paces. And incidentally, those Plymouth brakes are marvelous...perfect control with the slightest touch of my foot.

9. **"DAD AND I WERE WILD ABOUT** Plymouth's flashing performance. I've never driven a car so delightfully responsive! Hill, traffic, detours—we scarcely knew they existed.

10. **"NO WONDER** they call it the Luxury Ride. You see a bump coming... you brace for it... and nothing happens! It's uncanny! *Nobody* could get tired driving this Plymouth.

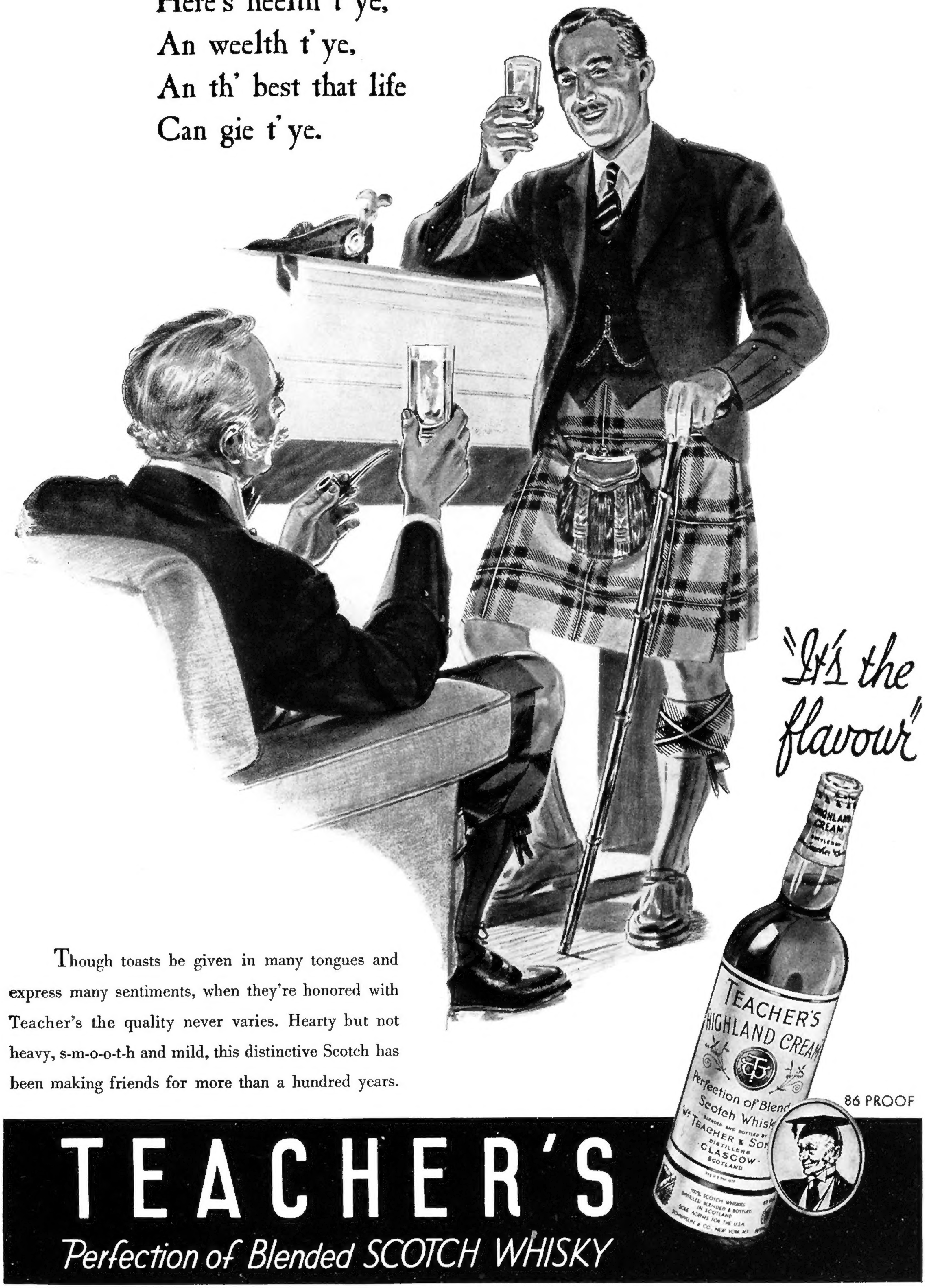
11. **"DAD TOLD ME, TOO,** that the car's practically a miser on gas and oil. And the way he raved about Plymouth engineering, we certainly won't have to worry about upkeep. I like that.

12 **"DAD COULDN'T HAVE MADE** a more wonderful choice than this beautiful Plymouth. He certainly read my mind!"

....PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

IT'S FUN TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF THAT— PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Here's heelth t' ye,
An weelth t' ye,
An th' best that life
Can gie t' ye.


"It's the flavour"
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended
Scotch Whisky
Blended and bottled by
Wm. Teacher & Sons
Distillers
Glasgow
Scotland

Though toasts be given in many tongues and express many sentiments, when they're honored with Teacher's the quality never varies. Hearty but not heavy, s-m-o-o-t-h and mild, this distinctive Scotch has been making friends for more than a hundred years.

86 PROOF

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow . . . SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER
S

MAGNIFIED CUT-AWAY SECTION

Shows the 2-thousandths inch thin screened comb and lightning-fast, double-edge oscillating cutter that shaves close as a straight-edge, and faster

Winning America to Dry Shaving

ONLY Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER HAS THIS EXCLUSIVE HEAD!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Yes! Close as a straight-edge, and faster. That's the kind of smooth, comfortable electric shaves you get when Shavemaster greets you in the morning. That's why Shavemaster is changing the shaving habits of men everywhere—WINNING AMERICA TO DRY-SHAVING. No other electric shaver has its exclusive head. The holes in the whisker-thin comb are so close together the whiskers enter freely and easily whether they are tough or fine, curly or straight. The lightning-fast, oscillating, double-edge cutter is pressed tight against the inner surface of the comb—gets the whiskers FASTER and CLOSER without skin irritation. Be sure the shaver you buy has this exclusive Sunbeam head!

JUST THE GIFT FOR DAD ON HIS DAY
Sunday, June 16th

BOTH MODELS HAVE THE SAME EXCLUSIVE HEAD AND GIVE THE SAME PERFECT SHAVES

The Model "R" has the Universal, brush-type, series-wound motor that operates on both AC and DC. The Model "M" has the new Sunbeam magnetic type motor for operation on AC only. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold.

Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER
S

Model "R"
(AC-DC)
$15.00

Model "M"
(AC)
$7.50

NOTE!

▶ The **ONLY** electric shaver *selected* for standard equipment on American Airlines, Inc., United Air Lines, TWA (Transcontinental & Western Airways), Western Air Express, Chicago and Southern Air Lines, Inc. ◀

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Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, CLIPMASTER, etc.

Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches *by* Graftstrom, Hannah, Goodman, Hoyningen-Huene . beginning on page 101

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire.* It is never done knowingly.

Autobiography of an Idea

With this issue we begin *In the Years of Our Lord,* the series of Bible-grounded stories by Manuel Komroff which we first announced in these columns of our May number. That announcement, of a series of sacred stories for our profane pages, caused considerable comment both outside and inside our offices. Some of the most interesting and typical of the extra-mural communications appear in this month's *Sound and Fury* columns, notably that of Mr. Stephen Cochran Singleton with its amusing apology for the fact that he had "not heretofore rated Esquire as being among the nation's notable influences for good." But while the highlight of the outside reaction to this new Esquire idea is thus put on the record, the high spot, or hot spot, of the inside reaction would remain strictly off the record unless we ourselves should choose to drag it out. Thinking it over, we see no good reason why we shouldn't, except that it will add one more to the magazine's life-long record of case-histories bearing out the late O. O. McIntyre's first-issue appraisal of Esquire as being "awkwardly edited."

The editorial in this space in the May issue, as you may or may not now recall, presented the concept of this new series of stories *In the Years of Our Lord* as a strictly home-grown idea, saying that it was born of reader-reaction to Komroff's previous stories with Biblical settings, *The Dark Wanderer* and *The Return of the Magi.* This was true enough, as far as it went. Following the December issue, there were scads of letters asking for more stories like *The Return of the Magi.* It was in remembering all these letters, while checking the proofs of another Komroff story for the May issue and reading in that story a dream-sequence in which Christ appeared, that it occurred to us to set Komroff to work on a series of such stories. We figured that such a series would, upon completion, make a grand book idea for him, and while in the course of completion would make a fine serial feature for us. All right, so far so simple. That was what we remembered. Now for what we forgot.

We forgot that one of our advertising salesmen had been in to see us, around the first of the year, to pass on to us an editorial idea that had been given to him by Irving Auspitz, the Chicago advertising man. And the Auspitz idea, believe it or not, had been "to run a series of Bible stories in Esquire." At least, that was the way it had been passed on to us. At the time, since the December issue was then current, we said we supposed Auspitz had in mind a series "something like *The Return of the Magi,*" and our colleague from the advertising department said he supposed so too, but why didn't we give Auspitz a ring or go see him and find out. And we said we would and we meant it, because we've known Irving Auspitz from away back as a very sound idea man whose opinions, whether on magazine-making or on merchandising, are always very well worth anybody's while. We even wrote ourself a note: "Call Auspitz." It got tabled, like most of the notes we write ourself. So much for what we forgot. Now for what we never knew.

Came the May issue, and our editorial, which was well received outside the office, but inside—ouch!

"So you swiped that idea from Irving Auspitz, huh!" This, in a towering rage from our colleague aforementioned. "He was going to give it to you, you know. You didn't have to steal it! You could have had it for a five-cent phone call or even a two-cent stamp—and the payoff is that this way you're the second guy that's glommed his idea without even saying thanks."

"Huh? How's that?"

"Call him up and find out for yourself. I just did!"

So it turned out that Irving Auspitz, whose stock in trade is ideas, had indeed been twice bereft of this very same idea. Once before he had worked up this project, of dramatizing Bible incidents as contemporary entertainment, in the form of a radio series. By a succession of odd misunderstandings along the line between creation and sponsored production, the idea lost contact with its originator, with the result that he got no more nor less than a listener's interest out of it, along with a legion of other people, when it went over the ether. And it went over, with considerable success.

Because he gets more ideas in a week than he can use in a year, Mr. Auspitz shrugged this first loss off with a smile. But he filed the idea away in his memory, which is better than ours, apparently. Then one day it occurred to him, with the experienced advertising man's instinct for such things, that it would be good showmanship for Esquire, as a sort of prodigal son of American letters, to "discover" the Bible's eternal riches as best-selling entertainment for today. So he passed on his idea, through our representative, and heard no more of it, until he read about it in our May issue, and had for the second time the peculiarly unpleasant sensation of having one of his brainchildren greet him like a total stranger.

As it happened, Mr. Auspitz had not read either of the two previously published stories in Esquire by Manuel Komroff out of the Bible. And, as if to add insult to injury, Komroff's title for this series, *In the Years of Our Lord,* turned out to be almost a word for word duplication of the original Auspitz title back in the days when his idea was aborning as a radio series.

Such a clash of coincidences bowled us over so completely that we hereby insist upon crediting, even thus belatedly, the Auspitz contribution to the idea of this Komroff series. By using it, we've proved that we thought his idea was a good one. And even if, as it happened in this case, his idea coincided with our own, then there's all the more reason for crediting it to him, and all the more pleasure in doing so.

ESQUIRE
July, 1940
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50 Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

NEW YORK EDITION

Vol. XIV, No. 1
Whole No. 80
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

BIG JOB FOR ESQ

"Therefore, it became a proverb, 'Is Saul also among the prophets?'." I Sam. 10:12.

I hope you will exceed me in charity and not think of me with as little tolerance as I have sometimes exercised toward your collection of highly seasoned diversion. For, indeed, I have not heretofore rated Esquire as being among the Nation's notable influences for good. But, my head is covered with ashes for in your editorial on the Bible, in the May issue of Esquire, you have paid a finer tribute to the Bible than I have ever heard delivered from the pulpit or published in any denominational paper.

Indeed, you have set Komroff to digging for gold in a incalculably rich vein. With your perception, you must also be aware that he is digging in the close neighborhood of many unexploded charges of dynamite, purposefully placed for the overthrowing of the kingdoms of this world. Small wonder that tyrants in all the ages have taken the Book more seriously than its professed followers have had the courage to do and have endeavored to suppress it.

Whether one believes in "inspiration" or not "has nothing to do with the case." The multiplication table has never been accused of having been inspired. Whether it was or not, it has authority. Leaving out the folk-lore, the Bible is one-fifth theological and four-fifths definitely concerned with national behaviour and its material results.

The Bible is a powerful bit of materia medica encased in an insoluble capsule of conventionality. Men make a superstitious merit of swallowing it, and it fails to accomplish its intended purpose. Else, why is the passage "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," used solely for the purpose of scaring prospects into the dues paying fold, when it was written as part of a reform; a bitter, rabid, reform campaign, with its objective the undoing of a drunken, theiving city administration? Drunken, bribe-taking judges and rulers are no great rarity in our cities; but, I have never heard the first chapter of Isaiah applied to them from any pulpit.

The "Book of a Thousand Tales" which you will do so much to popularize is also the Book in which first came to light the ringing phrase, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land and to all the Inhabitants Thereof." It is the Book which teaches that no Nation can exist that tolerates a debtor class and which makes provision that there shall be none; and the Book from which Thomas Jefferson derived the authority to declare, "The land belongs in usufruct to the living; the dead have no right nor title therein."

Uncover the Bible, take it from its hiding place behind the pulpit and place the Nation under obligations to Esquire.

Yours very truly,
Stephen C. Singleton
Key West, Fla.

A CHALLENGE: ANSWERED ON PAGE 41

In case you do not understand why "This year's, and last year's, and next year's best seller is The Bible," I will explain the matter to you as follows: There are millions of people in this country who do not buy any of the very excellent books recommended by Esquire's *Five-Minute Shelf*. In a great many homes the library consists of three very interesting volumes: Sears Roebuck's catalog, Montgomery Ward's catalog, and The Bible. The first two are read thoroughly before being consigned to other uses. The latter is never read but is kept on hand as a symbol of respectability.

The Bible is, however, a source of literary material which, as you suggest, should not be wasted.

The Return of the Magi was a very nice little story to be sure, but can't we have more of the picture than that? Let us look further into this business of the Magi—this entire story of the Three Wise Men. Who were they, and what did they want in Bethlehem? They have been shown to us as rather absurdly righteous men, with no ulterior motives whatsoever. But did these three men, who were presumably potentates of some sort, really travel so far across the desert merely to bring gifts?

Or did they want to stir up a revolt against King Herod, and need a symbol of some sort for the purpose?

And what sort of men were they? What kind of personalities did they have? Were they sadists? Quite possibly they were. Sadism was rather widespread in Roman times. If they were really kings, did they oppress their people as much as was customary in those days? Were they really religious men searching for a Great Truth, or were they simply plutocrats searching for new psychological chains with which to hold their people in slavery?

In any case, your Bible stories had better be good, or I will quit borrowing your old magazine from the Third Mate.

Morris Horton
Radio Operator, *S. S. Gulfgem*
Philadelphia, Pa.

ROTHERMEL'S WIRE

A friend showed me this elementary problem (if you want to call it a problem) and I am passing it on to you, to work it within five minutes.

SEND + MORE = MONEY. Substitute numbers for the letters, making sure that the same number is substituted for the same corresponding letter.

It does the old heart good to work such easy problems.

Very truly yours,
Francis M. Rothermel
Lebanon, Pa.

CORRECTION COURTEOUS

We had the pleasure to read in your February 1940 copy, on page 127, under *Capping the Climates*, an interesting prescription for making *ARRACK PUNCH-Hot.*

As specialist in making the real Batavia-Arak, the only original arrack in the world, we were glad to find this prescription in your world-famous paper, because it proved to us, that arrack, indeed, is growing more and more popular in the United States, too.

At the other hand, however, we, as specialists, having our own distilleries at Batavia, have to state, that there has been made a mistake by the writer of your article, by writing: "the East Indian liquor distilled from fermented rice and palm juice."

We beg to inform you, that no rice and no palm juice are used for the distillation-process of real arrack. The only material used for, when distilled, is MOLASSES, i.e. what remains of the sugar-cane, after leaving the sugar-manufactories at Java.

As this statement is important for us, as importers of arrack into the U.S. (the income-duties f.i. are based upon this point), we should be glad, if you should see your way, to give anyhow, a rectification in one of your coming numbers.

We sincerely hope this request may find your kind attention and thanking you beforehand for your cooperation, we remain, Gentlemen

Yours truly
Naamlooze Vennootschap
Amsterdam, Holland

THOMPSON'S MELON

Since Mr. Walter S. Hall of Butte, Mont. has asked for some hard problems to be submitted to the *S. & F.* Dept., I wish to submit this one to him.

A round watermelon, 20 inches in diameter is plugged by cutting a 2-inch by 2-inch square hole in it.

Find the area of the surface of the watermelon cut out.

I will wager he will sweat plenty of mental blood cracking this one.

Yours truly again,
Springfield, Mo. Wilmer Thompson

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

As a transplanted Glendalian living, temporarily, in an all-male surrounding in the so-called Paradise of the Pacific, it was with extreme pleasure that I read *What Makes an American Beauty?* in your April issue.

TO
GLENDALE
TO
LOS ANGE

I have spent a part of my few years traveling and have covered a bit of territory but the most happily remembered time was the two years spent completing what education I have, attending high school in Glendale, California. At this point school pride prompts me to mention that, though it does well by itself, Glendale High is far surpassed by Hoover High on the subject in mind. I am told that Glendale Junior College is a wonderful Combination of the two.

The subject has also been touched on by the magazine *Life* in an earlier article which commented on the "third-generation Californians" as they are called. Why so many of them settle and propagate in Glendale is easily understood by living a short time in the City of Los Angeles.

Very truly yours,
Mark A. Carr, jr.
Fort Kamehameha, T. H.

STAND PAT PLEA

Allow me to protest your statement of editorial policy (March issue).

Even if you do consistently turn down my stories (perhaps they're too feminine, though rejection has never been on that ground expressly), it has given me pleasure to know there's one magazine in the country that does not shy away from the silly word (at least it's silly usually as used in relation to literature) *morbid. Christ in Concrete* was "morbid," I suppose. So are most of Steinbeck's things. But they have an emotional drive to them that stories in other magazines generally lack.

You seem to get the advertisers and the circulation anyway (the plea most magazines raise, I believe, to excuse the froth they publish), so why must you let your magazine become just another slick-paper sheet?

Yours faithfully,
Chicago, Ill. Helen Bigbee

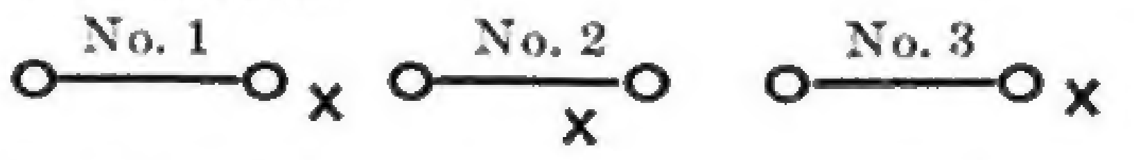
A PLEDGE TO THE WEDGE

In rhythm and verse the undersigned pledges:
To harbour contempt for the new-born wedges.
To call every shoe a so and so,
That's padded between the heel and toe.
Even harlequin glasses don't hold a candle
To the obnoxiousness of this sandal.
Did Adam give up his left rib, dear God,
To have it roam so disgustingly shod?
From a heavy boot I'll sustain a kick,
But the sight of these wedges just make me sick.
I'd sooner for weeks just go without food
Than to look at a pedal extremity snood.

New Haven, Conn. E. R. J.

ALLEN'S AUTO

What part of an automobile, leaving out the engine, travels faster than the car itself? I innocently asked this question to a group one afternoon. We never solved it. Could you please. I said that I thought any point, say X on the tire traveled faster than the car itself. This seems true from the car sketched as



Position No. 1; car just starting. Point X is ahead of axle. Car goes ahead to position No. 2, in which point X is behind axle. Then car goes ahead to position 3 where point X is ahead of axle. If point X travels the same speed as car how is it that the car gets ahead of point X? Then when position No. 2 is reached point X must travel faster than the car because it gets ahead to its first position. Then, too, it's doing this in a circle all the time, and the car stays on the road and just goes ahead in a straight line.

Yours very truly,
Hudson, Ohio Sam W. Allen

MAYBE IT WAS "THE BEDSIDE ESQUIRE" (ADV.)

Natural curiosity prompts me to inquire the title of the book the lad in the Glover ad on p. 192 of your current folio is so avidly reading.

Could it possibly be a last hasty check-up on *What Every Young Man Should Know?* Yours,
John Henderson
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

DUTCH TOAST

As a regular and admiring reader of your magazine, and being a Hollander, I fell over some observations I found in the article *Dutchman's Delight* in your May issue.

The greater part of the article is quite true and flattering for us, but if it is the same to you, I might point out to the author Mr. Lawton Mackall that he is misinformed about some subjects.

These may be minor in his or anybody's eyes, but I feel that I must object against it.

In the first place there's that crack about the, and I quote, "persevering Dutch boy with his finger in the dike."

This legend is very popular in the U.S.A. but the funny thing about it is, that we in Holland DO NOT KNOW A THING ABOUT IT. As far as we are concerned there never was a boy who did this and saved his country.

Secondly, the author said: "Holland being a country where there are FIVE MEALS A DAY, and where, despite much, much rain, YOU WON'T SEE A PAIR OF OVERSHOES."

Five meals a day!!!

No sir! Even we, likers of good and much food, could not stow that! We just have our breakfast, luncheon and dinner like the Americans. The only difference is that we can't live on 2 doughnuts and a cup of coffee, maybe followed by a glass of orange. We like to have a good, substantial breakfast first thing in the morning, and preferably not in a hurry.

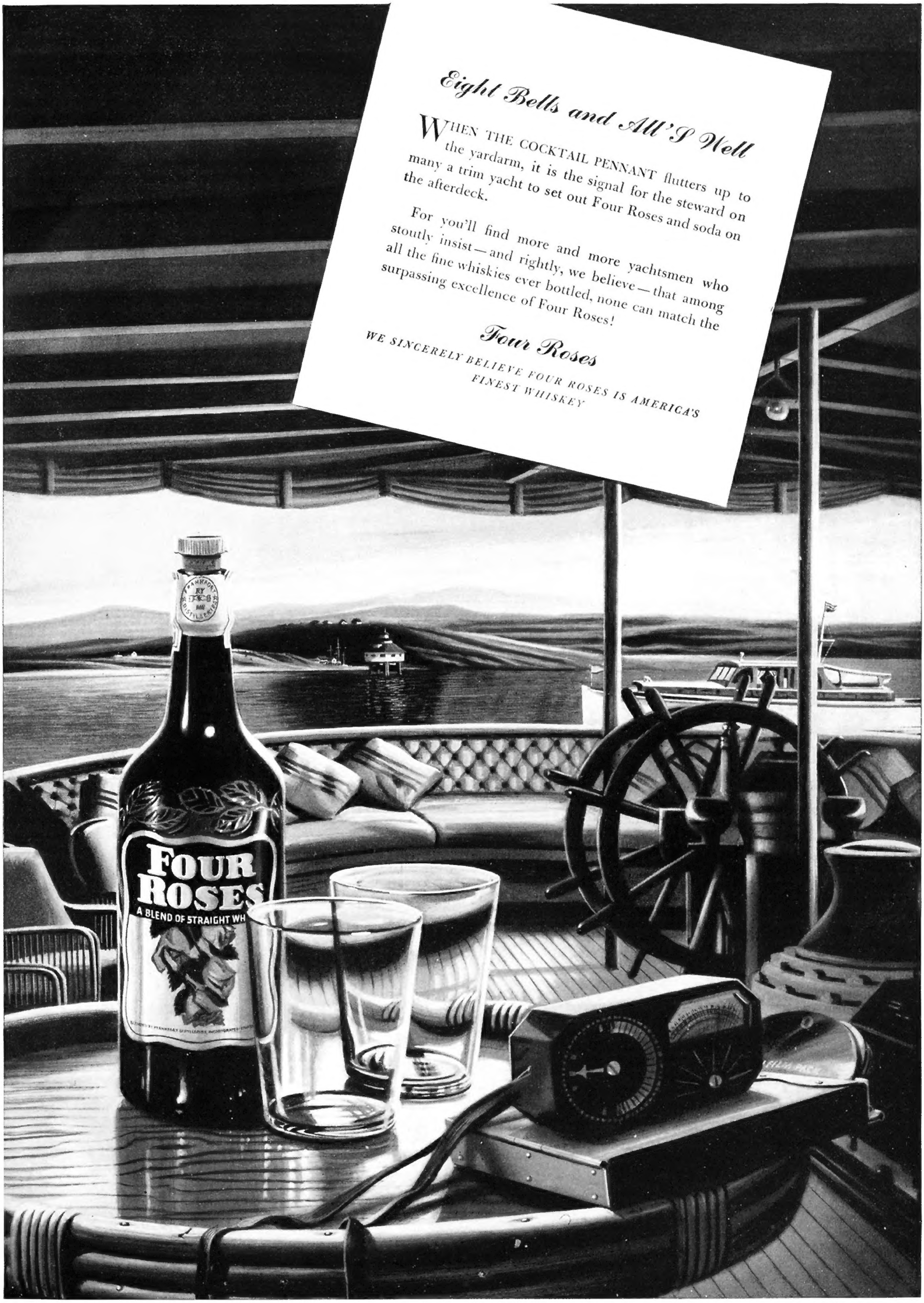
Another thing! Has the author of the article been in Holland? If so it must have been at least 10 years ago, or if it was recently he must have been blindfolded, for nowadays overshoes are worn (and not one pair on every 100 persons).

But to change the subject, when I look at those swell drawings from Petty and others I forget all my grouches.

And your May issue is a peach.

So let's have a drink of our good old Holland "Oude Jenever," a drink on the quality of Esquire, for I heartily agree with the author of *Dutchman's Delight* about the splendid taste of our Schiedam gin. Sincerely,
S. S. Nieuw Amsterdam P. C. Hooft
Hoboken, N. J.

Continued on page 168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and vacation department

GOING PLACES WITH ESQUIRE

• • • •

on Page 10

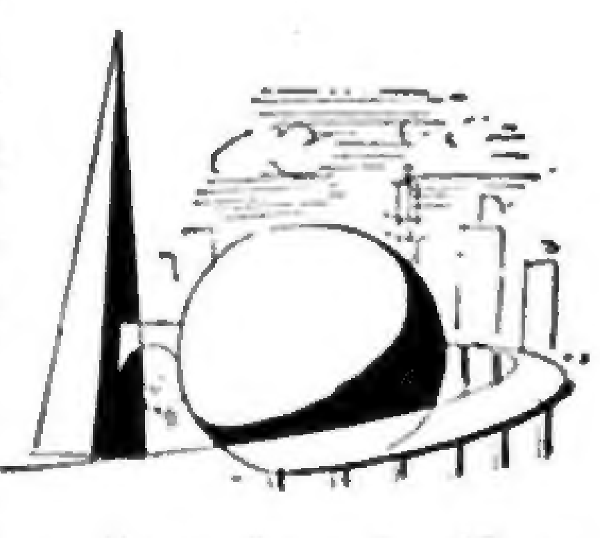
this issue...a bird's eyeview of New England's holiday possibilities.

• • • •

If we can help you with more
detailed travel information
write
TRAVEL EDITOR
ESQUIRE, INC.
366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

S. Gregory Taylor's Hotel St. Moritz is flaunting its zephyr-fed Sky Gardens with singing and dancing going on and Central Park looking pleasant below... Feverishly festive Fefe, the Monte Carloist, is the proud father of the new Café Pierre interpolated in the northwest corner of that hostelry. As might be expected, it's chock full of chic, with a bar of the first order. And dancing... Meanwhile the conservative Plaza keeps its oak-paneled Bar Lounge exactly as always, though femininity has crept in for dinner. Glossy-pated Cesar Buzzo who has headwaitered here for seventeen years never expected to hear the rustle of silk, but he's splendidly stoical about it—though when friend Lucius Beebe speaks of this hallowed salle as the "back room", it shocks him... Viennese roofage atop the St. Regis is gladdened by the return of blonde-tressed Mary Parker and Bill Daniel in their dance flirtations, assisted by six specially picked Hollywood Starlets. Hal Saunders supplies the music which sauces this St. Regis Circus as it is called. The well-stocked cellar is far distant, but communications are perfect... Riproarious Leon and Eddie's continues its Eddiecade with much gal-uptiousness... The quip-conditioned Algonquin has suspended its night club for the summer but the men who came for dinner and lunch are still on hand dropping bon mots for the bus boys to sweep up as gleanings for Frank Case's next book... Madison Square Gardeners find slakage across the street at the brick villa of Jack Dempsey where steak meets charcoal... Subliminal, the soft-shell crabs you get at Zucca's, 118 West 49th Street. And don't let anyone detour you around the Stracciatella soup... For enjoying all Manhattan at once, the Marine Roof of the Bossert in Brooklyn is handy, especially when a good-looking sunset is on the job and the skyscrapers of downtown finance begin to put on their jewels. Seems almost callous to eat, drink and dance. Yet people do.

Refection departments at the World's Fair this year are more understandingly geared to what people want as proven by last year's clicks and croppers... The toplofty restaurant in the French Pavilion, where you had to book a bite weeks in advance, now feeds 600 in one swell view of the fountain show, with more wine butlers than ever, and the flow in the café below pops past records for gallonage... The British Buttery, deciding that it wasn't cricket to say no to so many applicants, has spread out into its garden in the hope of accommodating at least a reasonable proportion of those clamoring... To assure the authenticity of his national fare, such as was gone at hugely a year ago, the director of the Polish Restaurant has quietly bought up all the Polish hams, sausages, etc., providentially warehoused here. Diners chez him are let in on his corner... Colorful Czechoslovakia (sponsored by sympathizers) caters to our affections with Bohemian bounty... The Swedish Three Crowns Restaurant, where last year the waiting line was four abreast, now dispenses handouts in the patio to those who can't get to the revolving smörgasbord table... Winy Italy has installed a spaghetti bar downstairs for persons too timid to take the elevator to the super-de-luxo restaurant aloft... Brazil woos with interesting foods and music in a smart setting of tropical graciousness... Popular Finland has overflowed its mezzanine onto the main floor... Alp-horny Switzerland has expanded its sustenance garden and its cheese cellar (where cheese dishes are now cooked while you watch), and lovely blonde Alice, chief barmaid, has a brand new Bar to enchant at... Hungary's proud enlargements seem lordlier still after a couple of shots of that native apricot brandy (dry) called *Barrack.* In fact, our cumulative impression is that the entire Fair has been toned up.



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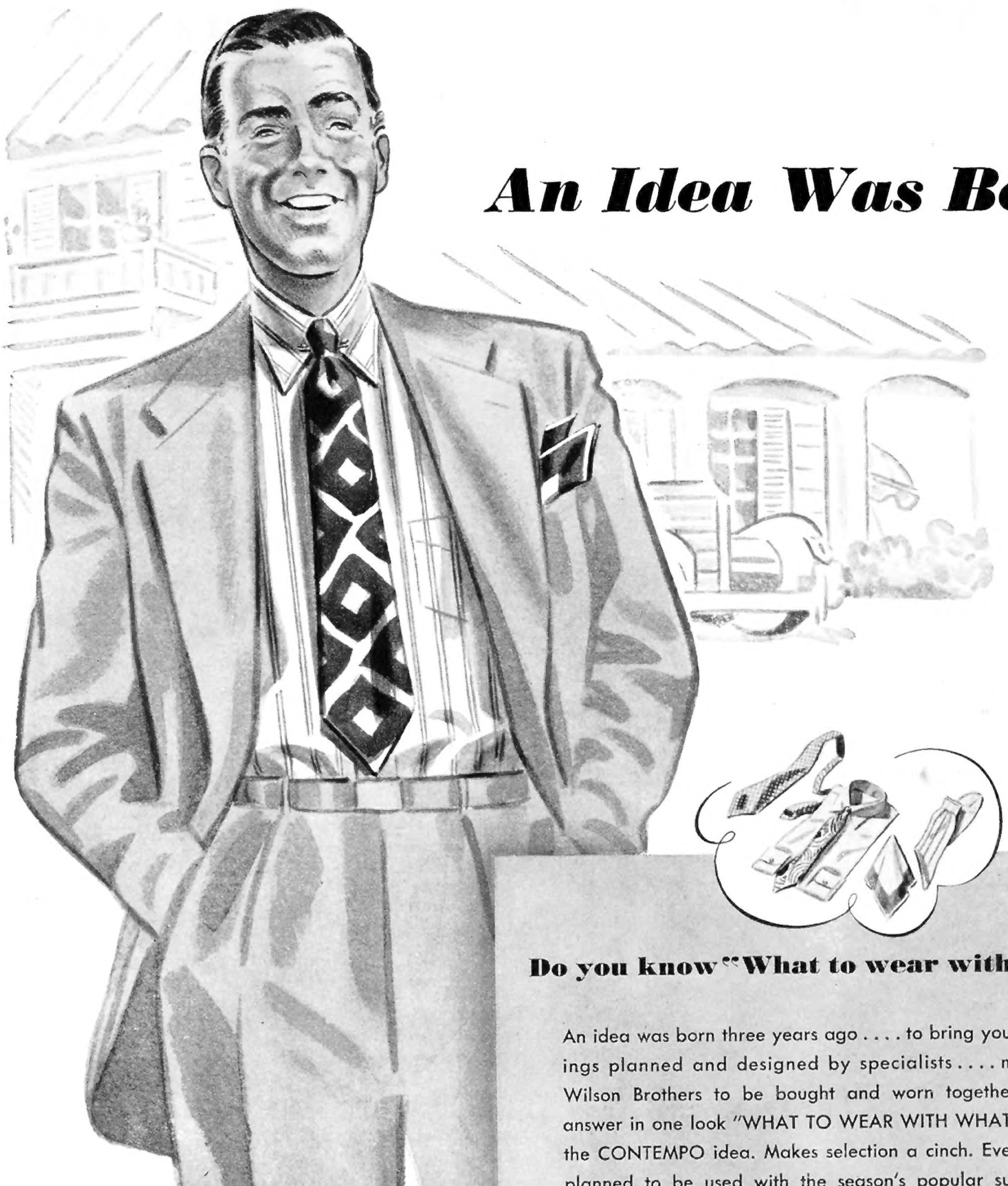
Can you solve this Riddle?

A portrait that can't be seen... big, yet it fits your wallet perfectly... lasts a year, yet will not exist after June 30th.

What is it?

SEE PAGE 142



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....There are dozens of individually good shades of blue, green, wine .... for your shirt, your tie, your socks .... but dozens of people, miles apart, designed them .... in patterns combatant as cats and dogs .... all trying to get together on you. They can't make it. They were picked wrong. And so many men do it.

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Address ....
There are ...... in my party. We will stay from .... to .... We are interested in Hotel ☐, Inn ☐, Place to rent ☐. We can pay .... per week.

If the word "sport" graces your family escutcheon—if summer's holidays mean golf, tennis, camping, fishing, hiking, sailing, swimming, riding, hunting or mountain climbing—then New England's yours, to do with as you like, a personal happy hunting ground.

Along New England's 2500 mile coastline—dotted with seaports and fishing villages, broken by coves, sandy beaches, precipitous headlands and strewn with fir-capped islands—lies a blue land for all who think the summer's not quite complete without the gleam of sun on water, a fine ocean breeze, the sting of spray.

Inland, an assortment of more than 1000 mountains towers above New England, topped by majestic Washington, over a mile high. Settled down below these peaks are some 5000 lakes and ponds—from inland seas 60 miles around to tiny mountain tarns. All the equipment a sportsman looks for—miles of hiking and bridle trails, golf courses by the acre, yacht clubs, tennis courts galore—are there.

New England's much celebrated charm and urbanity derive from generations of gracious living. At dinner you'll be introduced to her own, very individual variety of cuisine—the baked bean and steaming brown bread, or that coastal delight, live lobster, broiled to your order and served with drawn butter. Then perhaps a concert under the stars or a performance at the country playhouse at the crossroads. There you'll find the headliners of today and tomorrow testing new comedies prior to a Broadway opening or reviving the successes of yesterday.

Maine is quite deservedly the summer camping ground of sportsmen from all corners of the country. It offers the hunter and angler great variety of game and fish. The beauty of its lakes and rugged coastline needs no elaboration. New Hampshire's White Mountains differ distinctly in formation from all other ranges in the country. Unique natural eye-fillers, such as the famed Old Man of the Mountain, Indian Head, the Flume and Lost River, are one-of-a-kind wonders.

Increasing numbers of summer visitors are headed Vermont way each year, drawn by the state's "unspoiled" quality. Her Green Mountains, of course, lead the list of Vermont's scenic attractions, seconded, for the golfer at least, by the courses that are set snugly down among them. Nearly 700 miles of bridle trails network the region.

Massachusetts means Boston and history to most travelers. And rightly so, for there's a surprising number of historical sites packed into the Old Bay State. All around Boston and within comfortable striking distance are important historical and literary points of interest. Charlestown's Bunker Hill. The Adams homestead in Quincy. Cambridge with the home of Longfellow and Lowell. Lexington. Concord.

From Boston to Cape Cod is a short trip. After leaving Colonial Plymouth—rich with old landmarks, and memories of America's beginnings—you'll cross the Cape Cod canal and there the Cape begins. High sand dunes rise along the water's edge, wide stretches of sea-meadow and cranberry bogs extend on either side right down to Provincetown. Cape Cod is early American almost untouched. The Berkshire Hills sit calmly between the Connecticut River and New York State. This is a noted vacation ground, now achieving world-renown through the Berkshire Music Festivals every August.

Rhode Island prides itself on a 400 mile shore line with opportunities rampant for all sorts of aquatic activity. It's high-spotted, of course, by Newport, the millionaires' playground of America. Game bird shooting is excellent in western Rhode Island and there are productive fishing waters all through the state.

Fine sandy beaches flourish along the Connecticut shore and in the western part of the state are the popular Litchfield Hills. The Connecticut and Naugatuck rivers flow through pleasantly wide, relaxing green valleys in the central part of the state.

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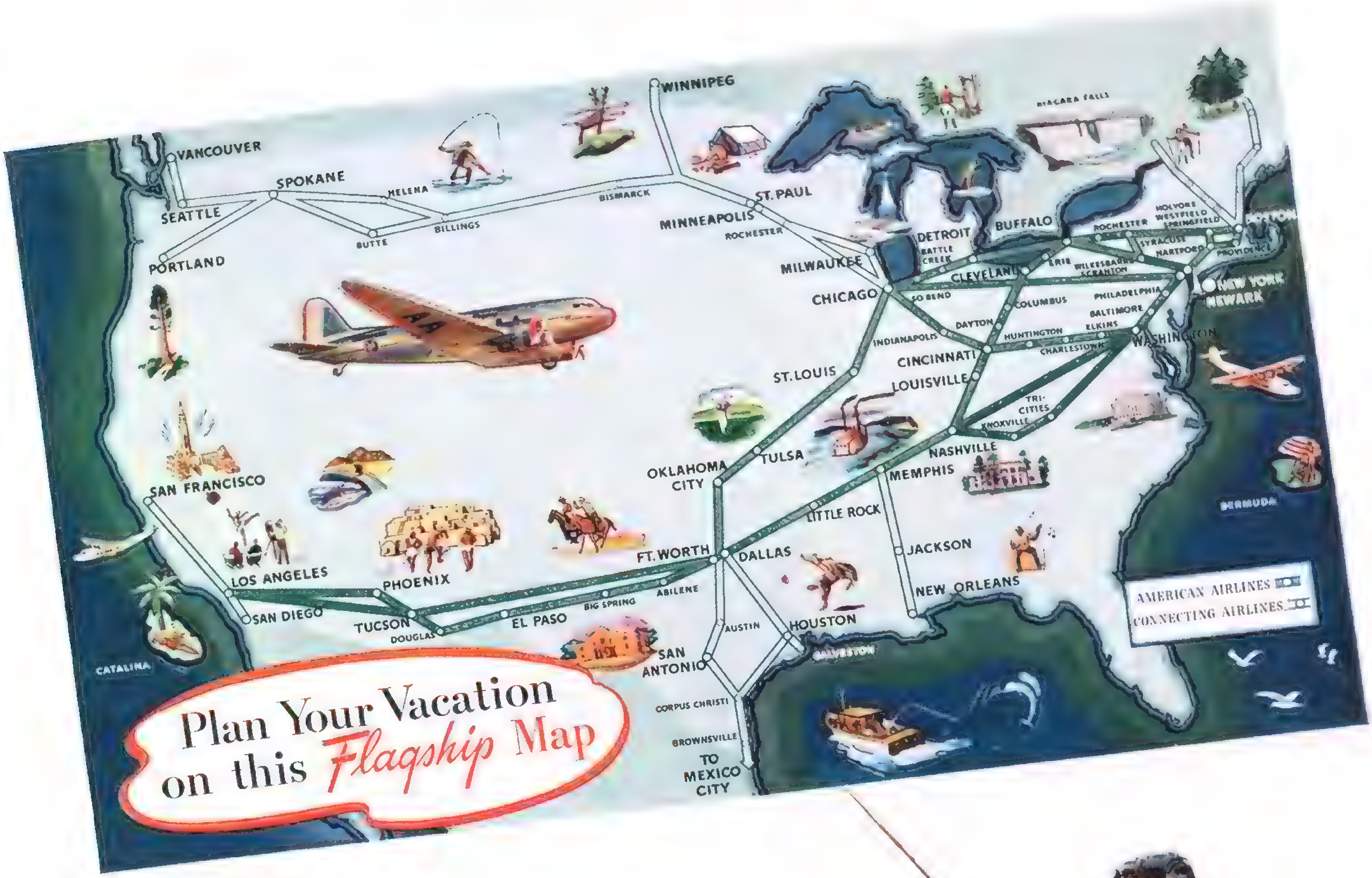
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—THE SHARPNESS OF RARE,
AGED CHEDDARS IN A CHEESE
WITH UNIFORM FLAVOR
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KRAFT MASTER BLENDERS
ACHIEVED IT!
SIZES: 2-POUND LOAF;
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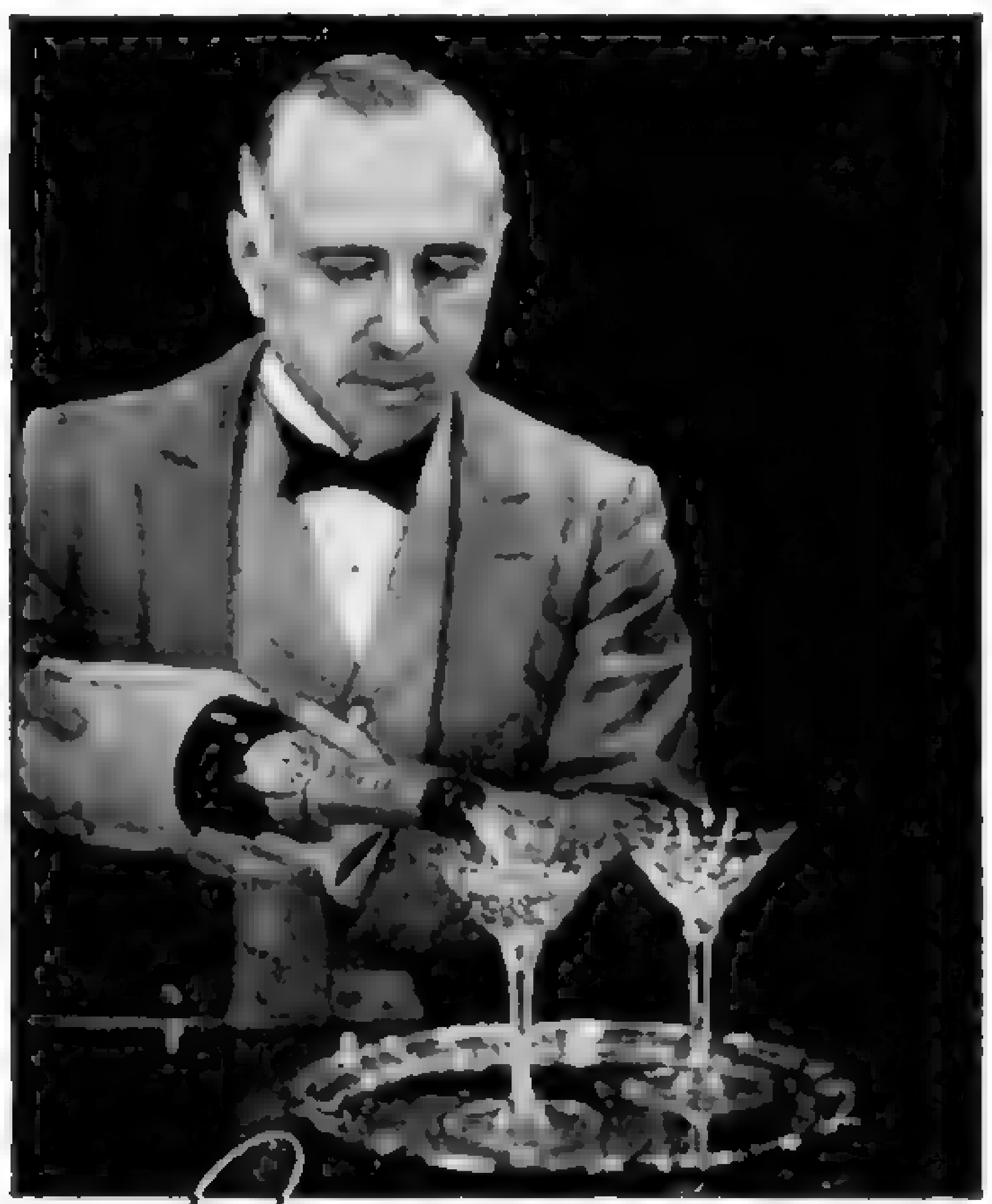

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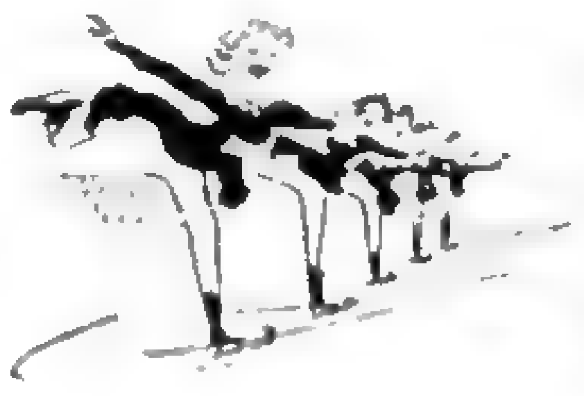
Seems like a return to the Great Days to see portly and surprisingly youthful-looking Jacques Bustanoby bowing amid the wine-buckets at his new Café des Gourmets, 148 East 56th. True, there isn't a Ladies' Bar such as he inaugurated to an astonished world at the old Beaux-Arts of fragrant memory. But neither gender need thirst, and in the eats line there's Sweetbreads à la Lillian Russell, Veal Kidney blazed in Armagnac brandy, Soufflé of Lobster, and Chicken Sauté à la Leon—Leon being the wizard chef captured from the S.S. *Ile de France.*

The glitter and plush of yore are zipfully re-created in Sweet William Rose's dizzy basement entitled Diamond Horseshoe, in the Paramount Hotel. Current events, styled "Nights of Gladness," are starry with Gilda Gray (remember when she was said to have the most beautiful floating rib in captivity?), Blanche Ring (alias Rings-on-your-fingers), Julian Eltinge, minstrels Eddie Leonard and Harland Dixon, and so on, and much, much gals. The management isn't responsible for eye-strain.

Flavor fanatic Ercole Marchisio of the Marguery has pitched his seasonal *Pavillon* in the stately open spaces of Vanderbilt Avenue at 47th, enabling you to camp over a dish of Bouillabaise or Sole Marguery or any other of his specialties for which the food-learned make pilgrimages. Always a few radio and Hollywood stars preening their egos on the premises, for it's smart to be here.



The Hotel New Yorker, not content with the climate the weather man dispenses, is having winter in its Terrace Room to the extent of snow-scene murals and a bang-up Ice Show featuring tall blonde British Belita as premier skateuse. Walley and Dustmas cut neat figures in the he and she manner. Trenkler from Vienna capers comically, and a chain of daisies balletize. It must be admitted, though, that the music of Larry Clinton is far from chill, and from what patrons are wearing and drinking you might almost think this was summertime.

Terrific the way business cares cause Grand Central commuters to miss trains. You'll find these slaves of duty heavy-sessioning in all sorts of favorite nooks and crannies, not least snugly in the catacomb, by the name of Men's Grill, of the New Rochelle House at 58 East 41st. This is a *maison* conducted by the father and son team of Paul and George, hitherto occupied only with the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel (256 West 52nd), which they still continue, the latter being seemingly unstoppable. As Murray Hillmen mine hosts (authentic French) possess, in addition to the basement grill, a white colonial Cocktail Lounge where the official drink is a New Rochelle Cocktail (Byrrh and Brandy) lovingly assembled by white-coated Phil, and a modernist main dining room aloft offering Gallic fare of a most gladdening sort. Timely suggestion: Sauternes with Seltzer. You may call this irreverent treatment of such a wine, but is it refreshing!

Refusing to be frustrated by the fact that the Metropolitan Museum isn't open evenings, wily adventurers in town are getting their eyefuls of art at Jimmy Kelly's (181 Sullivan Street) where sculpture is alive and kicking. Indeed, there's a lot here that would do nicely as book-ends, if you are that literary, but most beholders don't seem exactly in the library mood, what with the music, dancing, singing, quaffing and general cheerfesting. Even bald heads seem to afford hair to let down.

Yummous New Orleans cookery is contacted with gusto at the Sazarac down at 112 Greenwich Street, a block above Rector. But first there are preliminaries: not only the classic Sazarac and the Ojen Cocktail, but also the towering Zombie (stranger, take care!). Likeable host George H. Rice was reared on his father's Mississippi River show boat, labeled Rice's Latest Sensation. He runs *this* show ably.

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When you eat too well • When you drink too well
Try this WORLD-FAMED PICK-ME-UP
A jigger today . . . helps make tomorrow O. K.
SINCE 1845
At good Restaurants, Hotels, Bars. Keep a bottle at home—drug and grocery stores have it.
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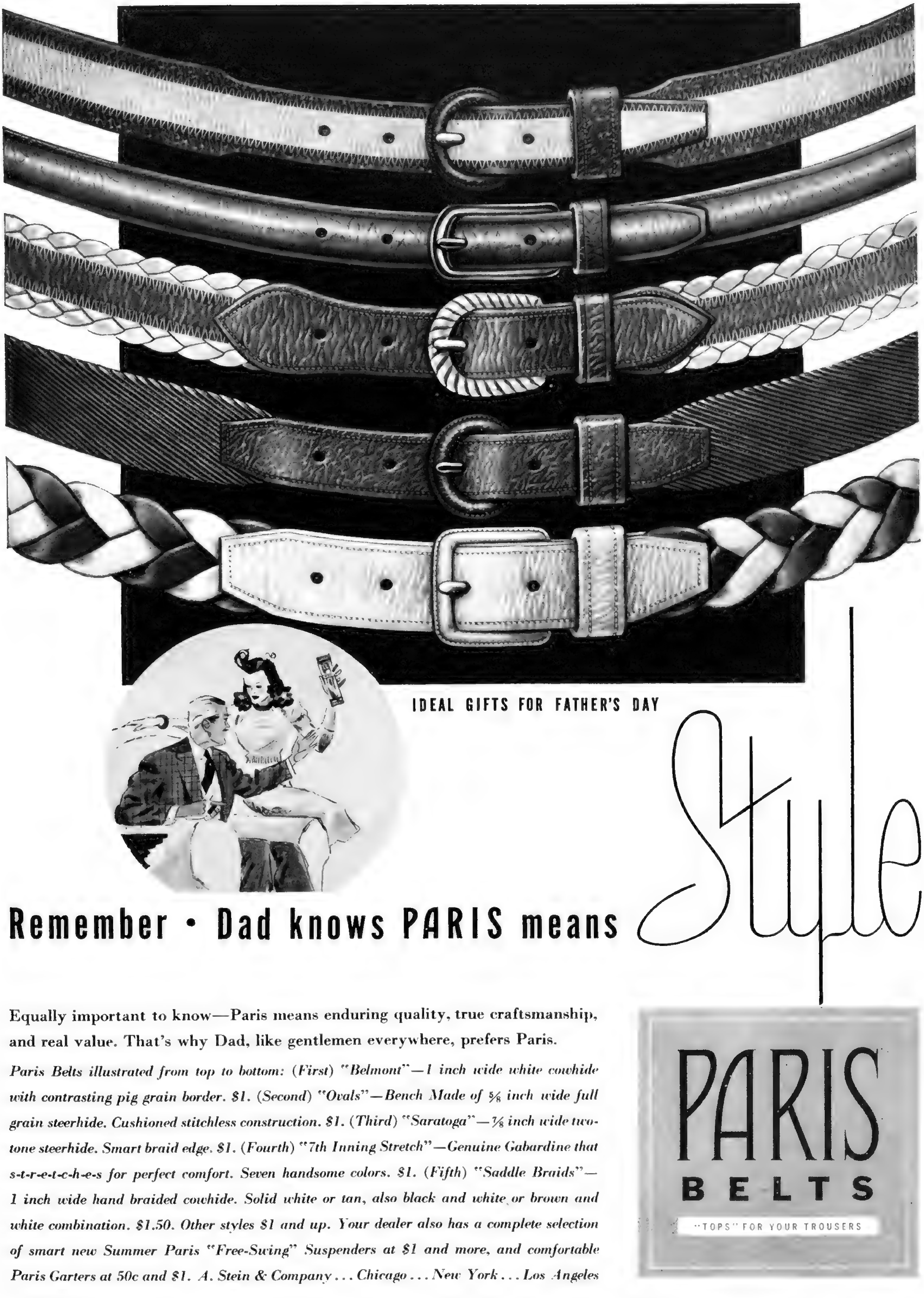

IDEAL GIFTS FOR FATHER'S DAY

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Deep as is our devotion to the spots of Manhattan, we have been skinning out now and then for a sniff of ozone in Long Island's better wilds. For instance:

Perched above the Northern Boulevard in Roslyn, the Blue Spruce Inn vouchsafes spruced-up charm of yore moistened with gratifyingly authentic Mint Juleps dispensed in silver mugs, bedewed with chill—the mint fresh-plucked from the garden, and the Bourbon beautiful. On the lighter side, the specialty is white wine with iced sparkling water, listed as a *Schorle Morle* in the Viennese manner, the spirit of this establishment being strictly Blue Danubian as is the excellent cookery under the aegis of Carl Werner, who ran the Hapsburg House in town before transplantation here.

The same Roslyn has the picturesque and pleasantly situated old Washington Tavern, full of antiques, fried chicken, and homemade pies. All very neat and quaint, but no alcoholic beverages. Lunchers, diners and afternoon tea-ers are supposed to get what kick they can out of the fact that George Washington was once a breakfaster *en passant.*

Seven miles beyond, at the crossroads of horsy East Norwich, flourishes Rothmann's provender institute, whose management is now in its second gray-haired generation, dispensing sirloins which are slabs of juiciness and chowdered and steamed clams of the noblest, the resources of Oyster Bay being close at hand. All drinks are served in valiant-sized glasses, and brand namers get what they ask for, as their palates attest. In the yoicks season the Meadowbrook hunt swoops ravening upon the fold and attempts to sop up all the champagne available, a feat which hasn't been accomplished yet. Indeed, no matter what sized multitudes endeavor to empty the Rothmann larder and cellar, host George keeps one jump ahead of them.

Huntington is copiously supplied with stoking facilities. Certainly nobody comes out faint from Dahlstrom's white Green Tree Lodge—northside of Jericho Turnpike—where the smorgasbord display is as big as a billiard table. A chipper little Tap Room, with chandelier made of a Swedish ox-yoke, helps put you in the mood . . . Further on, just this side of the Dutch windmill, Leo Gerard's 400-seater peekaboos out of the trees with promise of famous deviled crab in ramekin, Southern desserts (separate menu of them) and suchlike. The Bar stages a tall specialty called Smoky concocted with Sloe Gin, Bacardi and four secrets. Fridays and Saturdays—there's dancing . . . Almost opposite, hospitable Round Hill humps itself florally amid evergreens and things. Here portly Mme. Pouchan and blond-imperialed Peter Dellea have been ministering their admirable French food to the faithful for a raccoon's age. The amusing old mansion has a chummy atmosphere, and nowadays one may dine al fresco on the terrace . . . Of similar character, and all in the family, is the Beau Sejour, fifteen minutes southward in Bethpage, lording amid six acres of garden and park to give gourmets full scope for saying "Ah!"

Syosset's stretch of the Jericho Turnpike is punctuated by the swankose white Stockholm (same management as Stockholm in town) of Swede tidbits and skoaleries; and by the French-cuisined Villa Victor with linger-longer patronage of an intime sort . . . In Manhasset we come upon the capitol of song in the shape of the White House, conducted by Wall Streeters Paul Randy, Bill Bogue, and Bill McGovern, who built this tavern seemingly for vocal purposes, judging by what goes on there evenings. Chef Marchi, culled from the Lambs Club, is a skilled skilleteer and griller, the Irish ballads and opera arias giving him extra impetus . . . On your way back into town, a snack may be gathered satisfactorily at Topsy's, 112-01 Queens Boulevard in Forest Hills. "Eat with your fingers", the management suggests, but forks aren't frowned on; and there's quite a bar.

CHOOSE YOUR
AROMATIC TOBACCO
As You Choose Your Cognac

All "aromatic" brands are *not* alike. Rare tobaccos from over the seven seas are the secret of the *unique aroma* of London Dock—result of 88 years' blending experience. We sincerely believe that you have not discovered America's *finest* aromatic tobacco until you try London Dock.

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Meet, drink and be merry
Music by the Don Rogers Vibraharp Trio
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Rich Body
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A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
JOS. S. FINCH & CO. INC

FIVE GREAT WHISKIES *Wedded* INTO

Golden Wedding

A sip of any one of the whiskies in these decanters would be delightful. For, as you see, they are aged 4 to 11 years, and each is noted for one desirable, outstanding quality. But to taste each *separately* would be to miss the contribution of the other four.

For no *one* whiskey, however fine, gives you the full-rounded, smooth taste you always enjoy in *Golden Wedding*—in which all Five of these Great Whiskies are Skillfully "Wedded" into One! Tonight...serve *Golden Wedding* at home or try it at your favorite bar.

"HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS"

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof. As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in *Golden Wedding* are 4 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old. Copyright 1940, Jos. S. Finch & Company, Incorporated, Schenley, Pennsylvania.

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FOR FATHER'S DAY
Give Him Something
NEW!

$1

Of all the things you can give Dad on Father's Day, JOHN MIDDLETON'S VARIETY KIT will give the most satisfaction. Because it contains five generous tins of Middleton's famous Walnut, Regimental, Bin 56, Club and Old Mariner pipe mixtures, pipe lovers welcome this VARIETY KIT as the perfect gift. $1.00

Sold by your dealer. If not, send $1 for direct shipment: **JOHN MIDDLETON, Inc.**, 1211 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. "Blenders of Fine Tobaccos Since 1856".

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Most men prefer these big generous squares of softest cotton . . . neatly hemstitched. The all American label assures finer quality. For sale at all good stores.

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BELT
$1.00

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EVERY MOTION
...LETS YOUR
BODY BREATHE

IT S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S *FOR COMFORT!*

Stop choking your body! Forstner Sport Belts s-t-r-e-t-c-h for freedom. Cool, lightweight, *smart*. Cords: black, brown, maroon, blue, white. As illustrated, black or natural pigskin, white cowhide, $1.00. Wide model, black, brown or white cowhide, $1.50.

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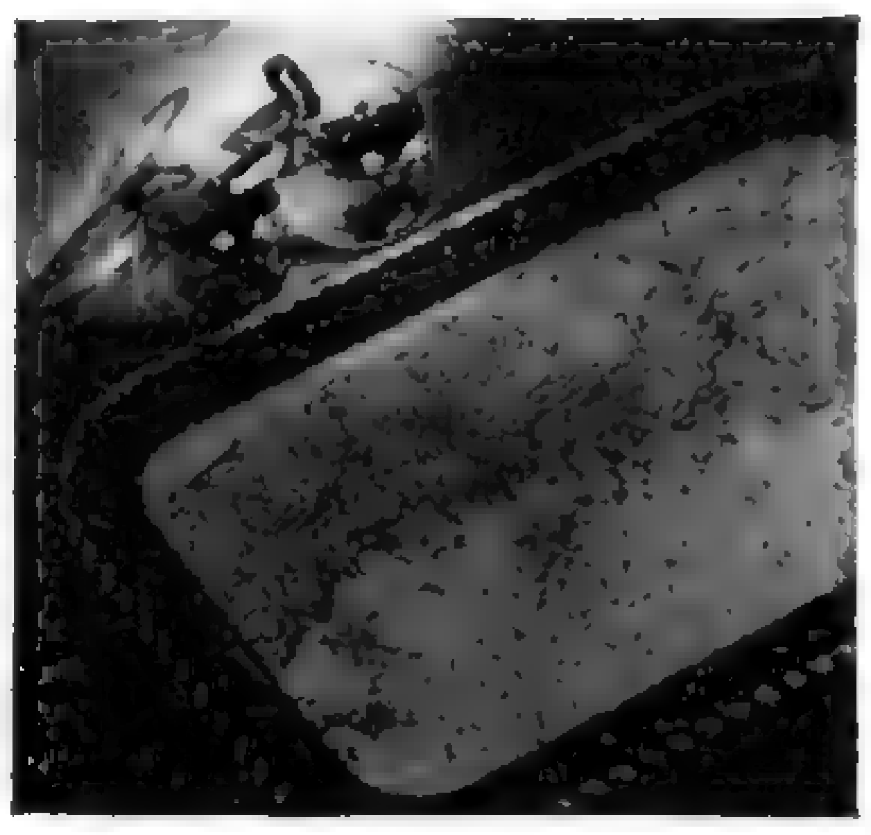
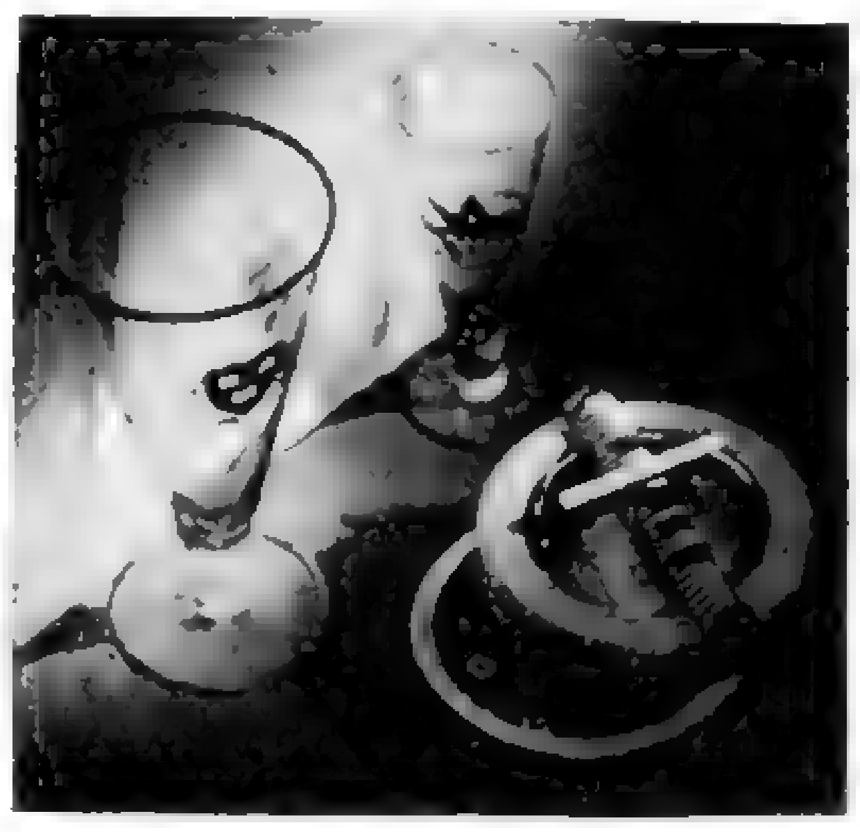
Width: ______ Leather: ______
Color of cords: ______
Name ______
Address ______

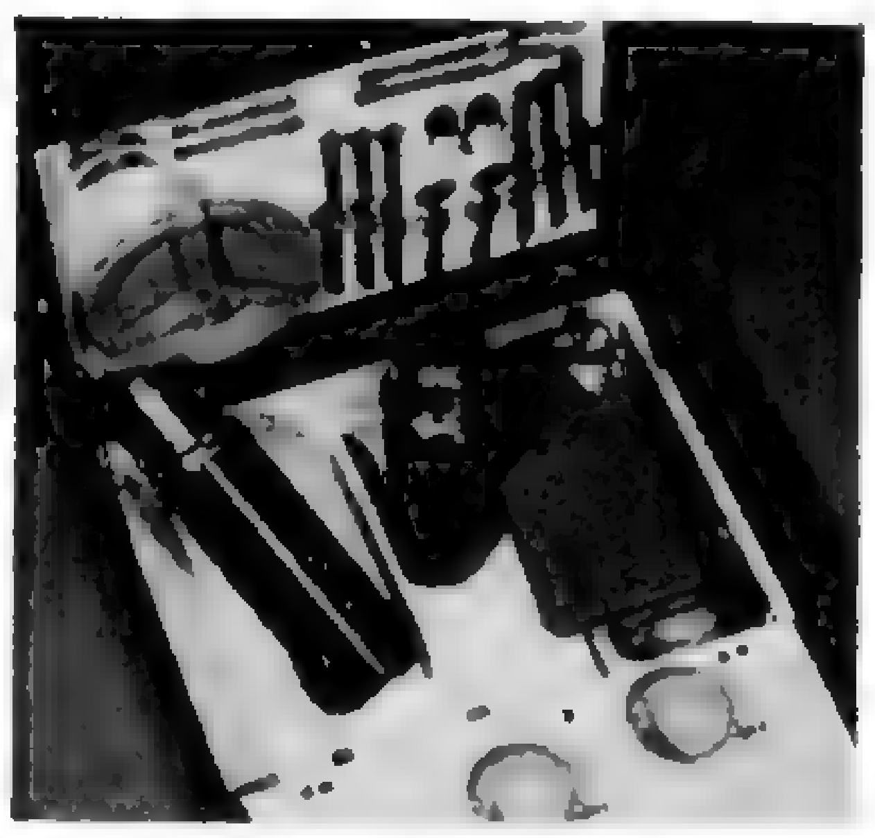
Father's Day Gifts



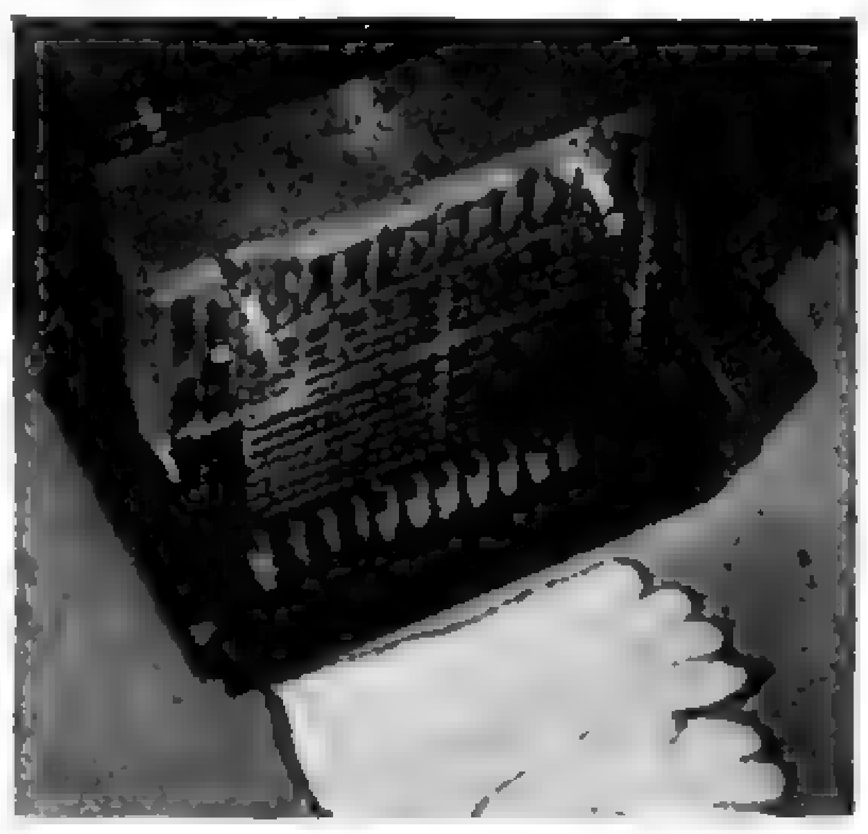
FOR SAILING, FOR BREAKFAST. Four star gift, this tray. Under the glass is a geodetic chart—you name your own waters, coastal or inland—and he has a chart of his home sailing territory. The frame is natural mahogany with brass cleats for handles, is bound with one-piece woven strand of marine rope. The double-barrelled marmalade set is hand decorated in color by Cyril Gorainoff, well-known sportsmen's artist. Swivel covers and frame are polished chromium.



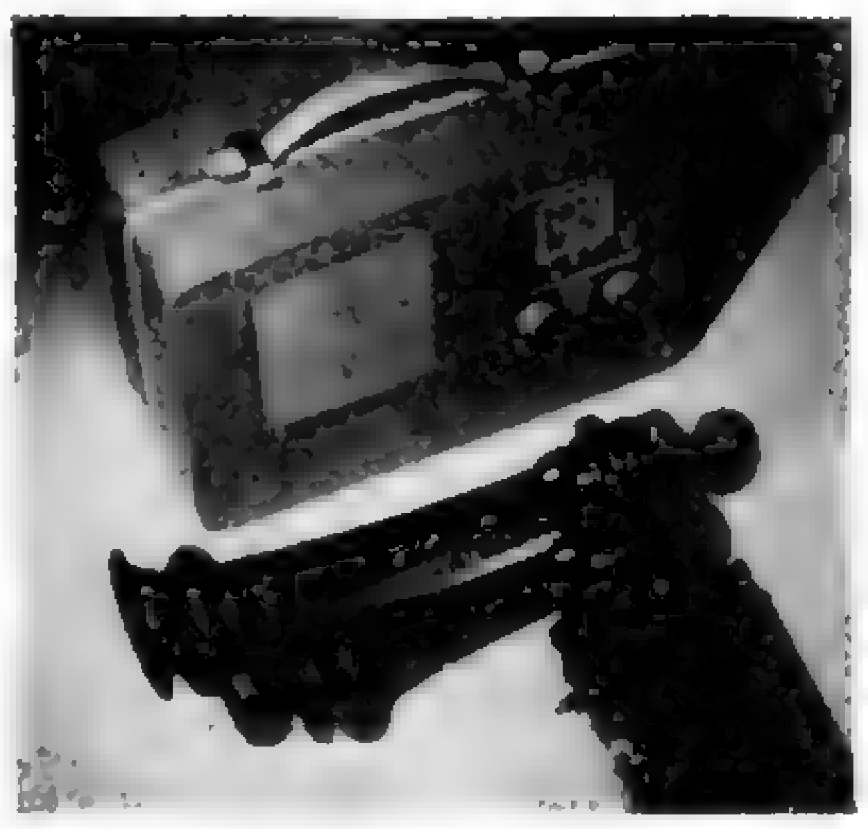
PILSENER AND POKER DICE. Imported from France is this handsome double-purpose, French birch ash tray. Up top is a removable glass tray with center bar for resting cigarettes and cigars. Midway it breaks in half and you have a green, baise-lined tray containing five poker dice, a swell game in its own right. The pilsener glasses come in two sizes, the large ones carrying college crests, the smaller decorated with the colorful crests of domestic beer brands.



WEEK-ENDS AND HOLIDAYS. Here's one he can share with the family—a new and eminently practical fitted lunch and picnic kit. It looks and hefts like a piece of airplane luggage, has a hinged inside cover with folding leg which, when open, forms a table extending out from the easily accessible kit itself. Red or green unbreakable fittings provide service for six. Covered in blue fabricoid, it is waterproof and washable, inside and out.

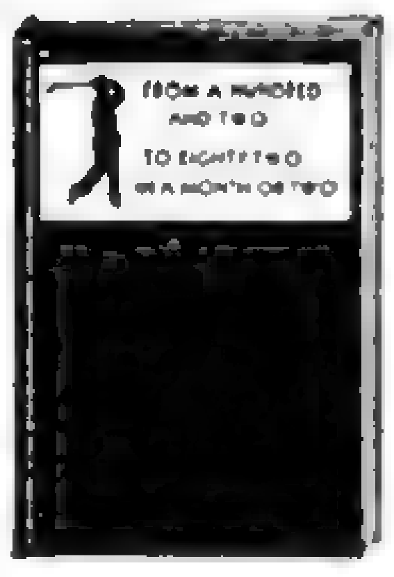


IT'S BETTER AL FRESCO. Nothing a man likes better than outdoor cooking. Presenting a means to this end, a vertical charcoal grill of cast iron, the perfect broiler for steaks, chicken, fish or pork chops. It's mounted on a black, crackle-finished steel base with a sliding ash tray at the bottom, and is chromium trimmed. The gloves are of woven asbestos cloth, are his best insurance against burn when handling cinders, burning logs et al.



GOING PLACES? With summer and a national political campaign ahead, a portable is a Father's Day gift "natural." And this model knows all the answers. It operates three ways—AC and DC house current and under its own power. Its automatic power shift precludes running down batteries and it's handsomely styled in sturdy old English grain simulated leather. The manufacturers of the automobile musical trumpet will give you any tune fathers want. It's a fine piece of workmanship, a motor-driven turbine supplying the air pressure.

GOLFERS

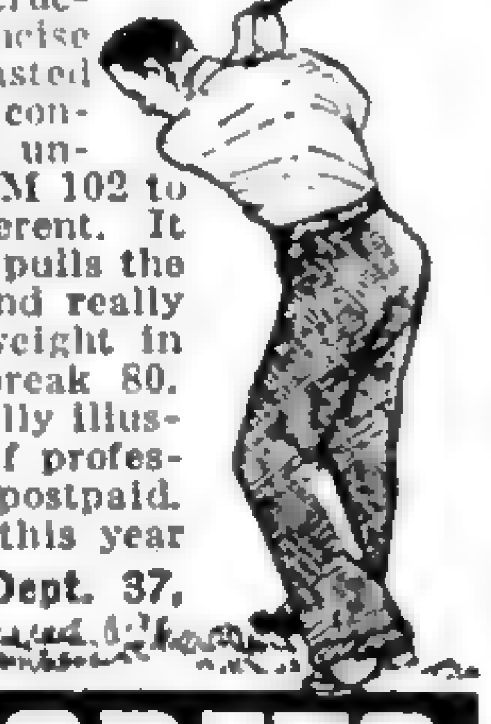


FROM A HUNDRED AND TWO
TO EIGHTY TWO
IN A MONTH OR TWO

Improve Your Game

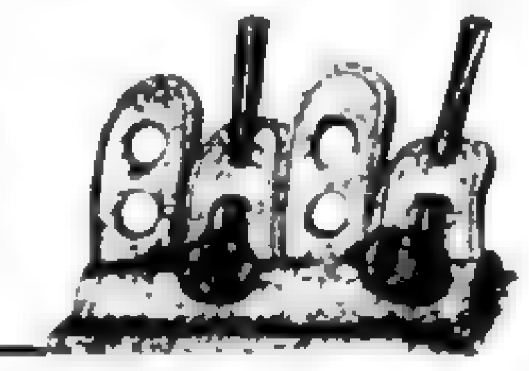
Stop slicing, pulling, topping, and divot-digging. Make every stroke count. Cut down your score to where you'll be proud of it. "FROM 102 to 82 IN A MONTH OR TWO" will help you. Shows you the **how** and the **why** of every move necessary to achieve professional form. Thousands have improved their game by this simple, scientific **new method** of self-instruction. Most complete yet most concise golf text book on market. No wasted words, no bunk, no mystery, no confusing technical terms. Totally unlike any other golf book. "FROM 102 to 82" is totally new and different. It really **teaches you the game!** It pulls the veil from all golf fol-de-rol and really shows you HOW! Worth its weight in gold to any man who can't break 80. Thirty-two practical lessons, fully illustrated. Highly endorsed by golf professionals. Price only $2.00 postpaid. Order today! **Play better golf this year**

GOLF SECRETS, Box 464, Dept. 37, Springfield, Ohio.



GOLF SECRETS

Does He Smoke a Pipe?



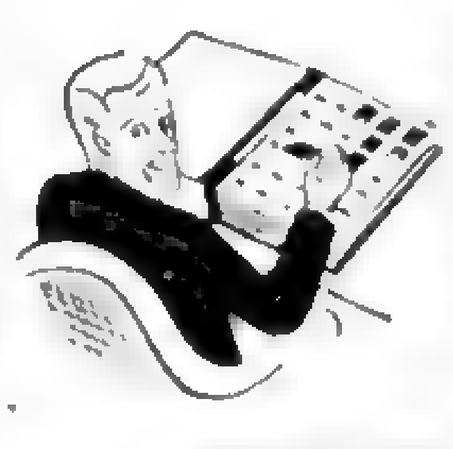
Then give dad (or him!) a handsome and ingenious PIPE NEST (patent pending). It's fashioned of Havana pigskin, saddle-stitched. The 2-piper is only $2, 3-piper $3, 4-piper $3.50, 7-piper (gold tabbed for each day in the week) $7.50. Featured by most better stores. If not, order direct. LEATHER TREND, 76 Madison Avenue, New York.

YOUR COMB NEVER LIES!

Hairs clinging to your comb tell the story. A stimulating daily rub with **LUCONE**, the **ALL-HERB**, *greaseless*, **NON-ALCOHOLIC** *Hair Tonic* will help prevent *Dandruff* and *Hair Loss*. Modern life makes us prone to hair disorders. Assure yourself of robust hair growth so necessary to good looks. Send $1 Today (we will pay postage) or C. O. D.

LUCONE CO., INC., 217-7th Ave., New York

Father Prides Himself



On his matchbook collection, even if he may not admit it. Because he knows that Master Matchless Album shows off his favorites so well. The Master holds 6 popular sizes and mounts them without paste or trouble. A beauty and only $2 at your dealers or write to

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Terrific Speed High Altitudes—*Protect* your Comfort... *Take*—
MOTHERSILL'S AIR SICK REMEDY
USED IN 64 COUNTRIES

BLACK MAGIC FOR A SORCERESS

To deign to dye white ermine black? Is this conceit? Ah, yes. Conceit and impudence, as well. The impassioned impudence of fashion, plotting colossal compliments for a lady certain of her charms.

Conceit, yes. And *cheek*. And *chic*. For, praise be, black ermine is black magic in furs . . . an ebon epic created solely for the mortal Lady who is glittering Priestess of all its name implies.

For such a lady, a cloak of such bewitching fur is Destiny itself. It marries her mystery . . . fitting the curve of her magnetism as the fleeting flame that fires her eye . . . as the high arch that lofts her brow.

Do you know this sorceress? Then why bring further helplessness upon you? Well, knowing such a lady presumes that she's your Folly. While, in aiding and abetting her, she may well become your Fate.

Choose, then, the lesser of these two charming evils. For, does not wisdom suggest that anywise, you're lost?

I. J. FOX inc.

America's largest furrier

fifth avenue, new york

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boston
philadelphia
cleveland
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The black ermine coat photographed is $2500

BARRETT GALLAGHER

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

KEEP YOUR HAIR YOUNG!

There's just one way. You must keep your *scalp* young, keep the blood stirred up, keep the hair-roots nourished. That's the Vitalator way. Nothing to apply but your finger-tips, through which Vitalator's baby motor sends its stimulating vibrations.

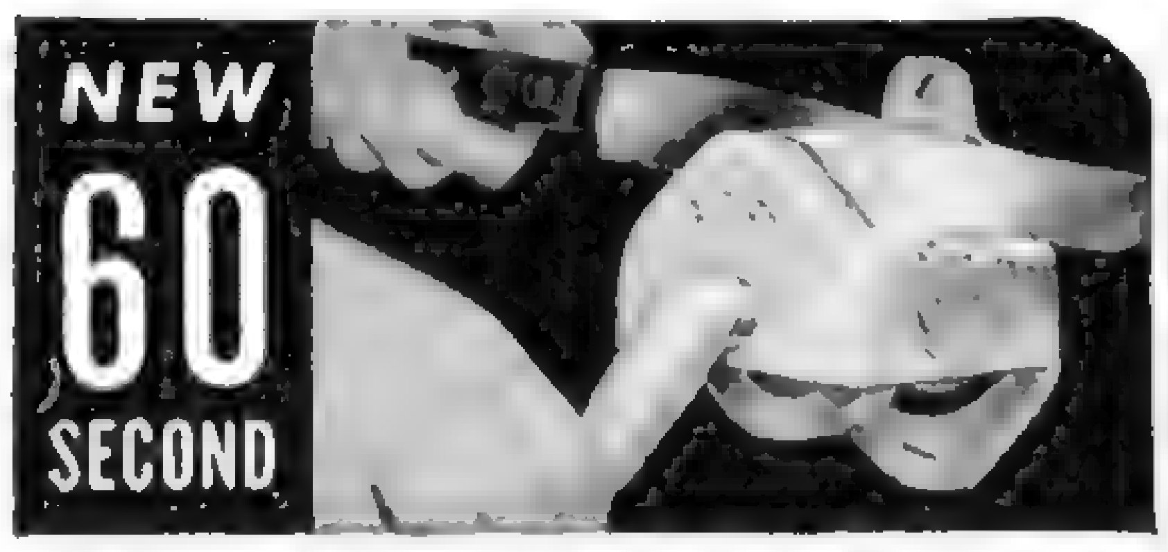
HELP YOUR WHOLE BODY

Work out soreness, tone up flabby tissues, relieve headaches and frayed nerves. How easily you can do this with Vitalator a single free demonstration will prove. Try one.

In drug and cosmetic departments of stores everywhere
or write The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn.

GILBERT Vitalator

Chrome finish $8.95
Plastic: maroon or ivory $9.95



KNIFE SHARPENER

Hones kitchen and carving knives razor-sharp in 60 seconds. Guide slots hold knife at correct angle for sharpening by fine corundum wheel. Precision built for a lifetime of trouble-free service. Baked enamel finish. Your choice of ivory, white, green, or red.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED—Introductory offer, postpaid. Kindly send check with order $2.25

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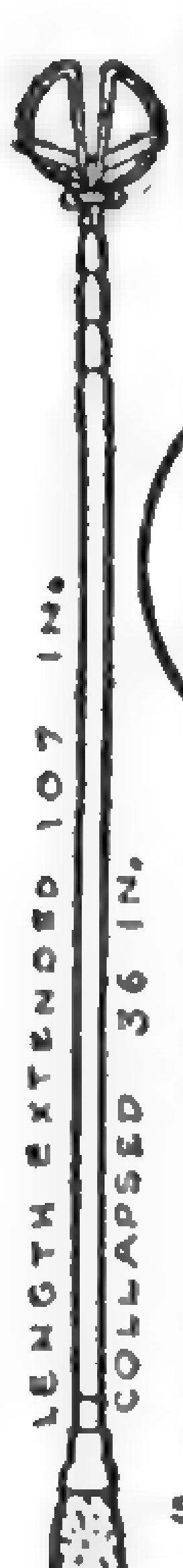
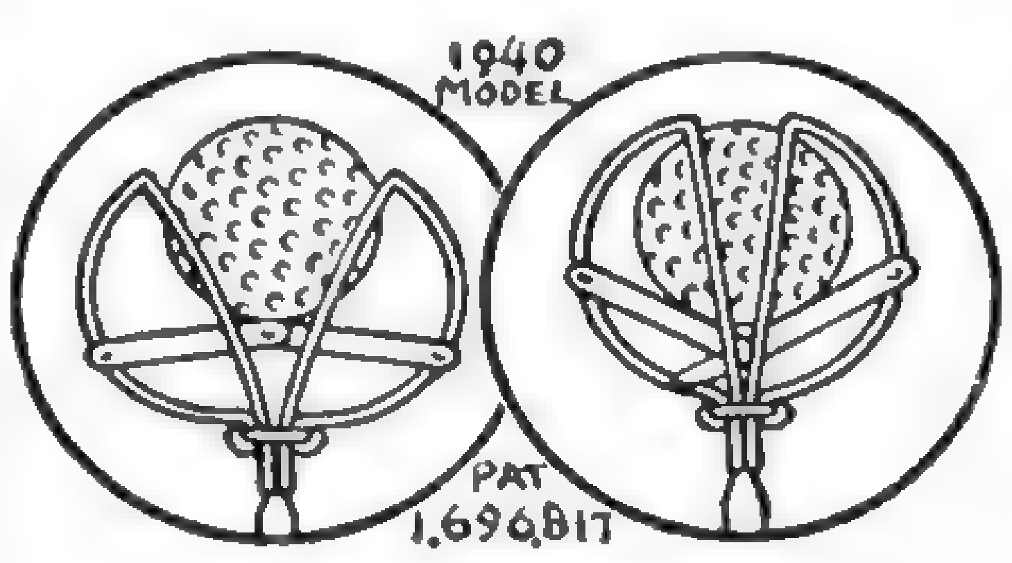
Leading Manufacturer of Industrial Knife Sharpeners

GOLFERS


LENGTH EXTENDED 107 IN.
COLLAPSED 36 IN.



When your ball lands in a water hazard retrieve it with a GRABBIT!

GRABBIT is a three section telescoping chromium plated stainless steel rod with patented GRABBIT retriever head (*see illustration*).

Easily operated, GRABBIT is a welcome addition to any golfer's bag and will save enough balls to pay for itself.

Express paid in U. S. . . . $5.00

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Enclosed is $5.00 each for ______ GRABBITS. Money back if I am not satisfied.

Name ______

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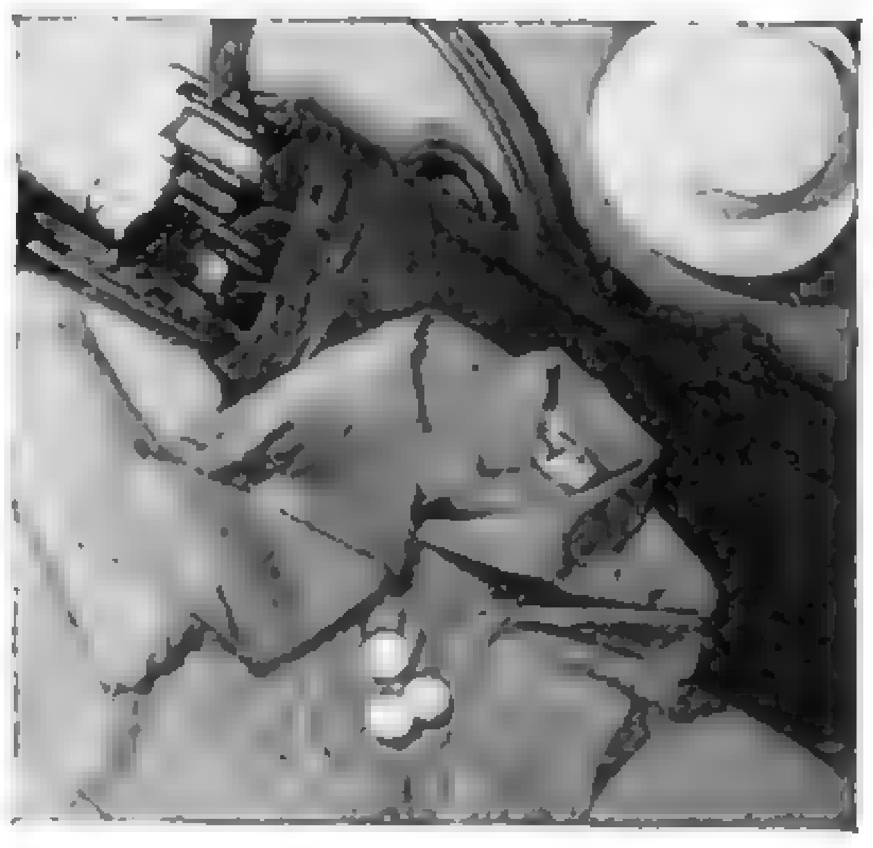
Father's Day Gifts

DOWN TO THE SEA. Market quotations, ball scores and newscasts—all at his elbow on the beach with this portable. Plugs in also on AC or DC current at home. Those swimming trunks are an authentic Hawaiian print, are cut conservatively, fully lined, have a button waist band. The blue moccasins, one of summer's most comfortable shoes, have cushioned crepe soles, non-slip (for sports) insoles and are thoroughly washable. Sunglasses, a highly important beach asset, should be selected with care. These will protect his eyes — their lenses are carefully ground and polished.



PROFESSIONAL TOUCH. The golf bag—made of tough water buffalo hide, the leather is unusually attractive as well as durable. The irons—a new club, introduced last winter and enthusiastically received. The jacket — windproof, showerproof and light in weight. Folds into its own pocket, the result being the small, convenient bundle to the left of the open jacket. The hat—practical for good and bad sporting weather.

BEACH SCENE. If he's really serious about his swimming, these are trunks for him. Made of finest worsted, they incorporate a supporter that's actually a trunk-within-a-trunk. Top kept snug by lastex band, they keep their trimness, wet or dry. The shoes are built for his *comfort,* have thick cushioned crepe soles and "cider press" fabric uppers. They come in several colors. Approved by the State of Connecticut, the sun glasses are ground and polished to give true neutral vision.

NETWORK. Don Budge has endowed this championship racket with his name and approval. Its frame, made of the finest second growth natural and blue ash, is his own design. The press, a combination of hardwood and a patented steel locking device, keeps an even tension on the racket frame. And the head cover, of sturdy, lustrous striped fabric, efficiently does the vital job of keeping both racket and press well protected.

Est. 1865

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"WE FIT ANY SIZE MAN!"

SHIRTS (Business, sports, dress & formal) to size 21; UNDERWEAR—*all styles*—to 66; PAJAMAS, to 70; SHIRT & SLACK Sport Combinations, Handsomely styled; SWEATERS (all styles) & WINDBREAKERS to 66; BEACH WEAR (Robes, swim suits, gabardine trunks) XLONG NECKWEAR; Hose to 16. Satisfaction guaranteed on mail-orders. Request Booklet E-3. FAT MEN'S SHOP, Inc. (Sig. Klein Est. 1865) 52 3rd Ave., New York, N. Y.

Cuban Cigarettes

Remember that cruise to Havana? Gaiety, music, smiling Senoritas—and how you enjoyed those Cuban cigarettes! Bring back memories of those carefree days with the aroma from real Cuban cigarettes—made the Cuban way, with choicest Cuban tobaccos. In white or brown paper, as you prefer. By mail, direct to you from the factory, $1.25 per carton of ten packages.

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Try it!
Original
RUM and MAPLE
BLEND 53
PIPE MIXTURE

• One delightful pipeful of the *Original* Rum & Maple Blend 53 will tell you why it has become America's No. 1 Fine Pipe Tobacco. There never was a tobacco like it. It's a master mixture of costly sun-bright Virginia, North Carolina and Syrian Latakia tobaccos blended in the English tradition, then *infused* with genuine Jamaica Rum and pure Vermont Maple Sugar. Buy the regular foil pack—25c was 70c; or the handy small size pocket-fit pouch—15c, was 40c. Also in 6, 8 and 16 oz. Rum Barrel Canisters.

Insist on the Original Rum & Maple Pipe Mixture, Blend 53. Guard against imitations. Write for generous sample, send 5c coin or stamps to cover mailing and handling cost. When you buy look for the words "Original", "Blend 53" and this name... RUM & MAPLE TOBACCO CORP., 108-J East 16th St., New York, N. Y.

"Women, *too*, like its aroma"

ELECTRIC EYE
ANNUNCIATOR AND BURGLAR ALARM

Stores, Homes, Taverns, Shops, Garages—score of others—waiting for the RAY-ALARM Burglar Alarm and Annunciator. Real Protection—guards against intrusions. Invisible beam of "Black Light," when interrupted, sounds continuous alarm. Plugs in any light socket. Unfailing demonstration takes 10 seconds - makes sales on spot. **SEND NAME.** Huge profits. Write AT ONCE for particulars of Distributor Plan or agent proposition. No money. Just send name.

RAY-ALARM 225 FIFTH STREET, Dept. R-667
DES MOINES, IOWA

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR FATHER'S DAY

KOOL-GRIP
ASBESTOS FIREPROOF GLOVES
CAMPFIRE
FIREPLACE
KOOL-GRIP
ASBESTOS
GLOVES

It's *Always* a *Real* Picnic for DAD with KOOL-GRIPS

Give dad a big thrill this year . . . something really for his own fun . . . a snappy pair of Jim Little's genuine KOOL-GRIP fireproof asbestos gloves. He'll use them the whole year 'round; camping, for the outdoor grill, barbecue, at the fireplace. Shift burning logs and coals. Handle hot grills, pans, coffee pots, etc. All fun. No blisters. You'll never find a better Father's Day remembrance. Unique. Useful. Good looking. In a swell gift box. At leading Department and Sporting Goods Stores. Or send money direct to yours truly, $3.50 A PAIR

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YOU COULDN'T ASK FOR BETTER BEER

Light! Refreshing! Thirst-quenching! Brewed according to the famous "Old Knickerbocker" formula. Have you tried Ruppert recently? You can get it on draught — in bottles or cans — wherever good beer is sold.

RUPPERT

"Old Knickerbocker"

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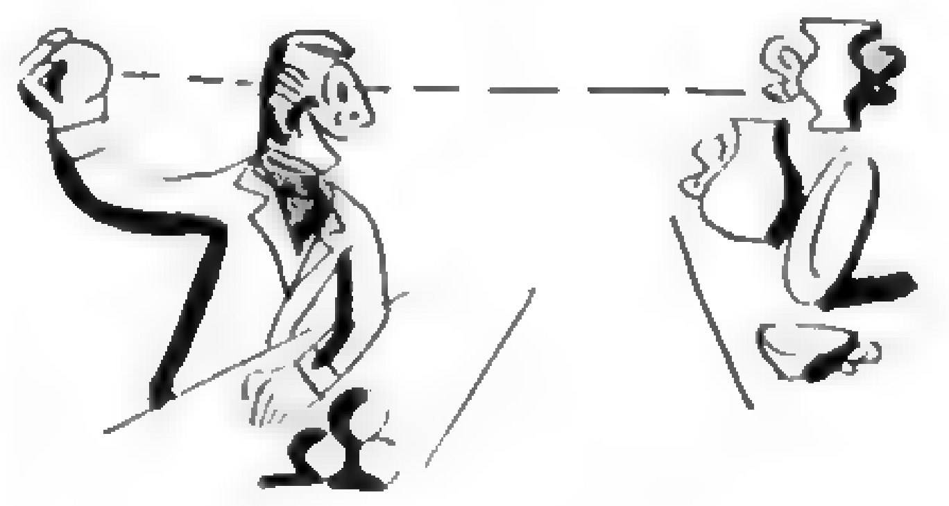
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ROUND-UP IN FLUSHING MEADOWS

In line with the less dignity more fun policy of the Forty Fair, some of the amusement area shows have gone in for patently screwball names. Examples—"Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea", "Believe It or Nuts" and "Cottons Up" . . . Frank Buck has what looks like one of the Great White Way's big money-makers in his Break-The-Crockery stand. As Buck says, "Man is naturally destructive, and this exercise will give vent to that basic passion." He has 50,000 crockery pieces in stock and the ball you throw approximates an ordinary baseball . . . Add unusual drinks—the Iraq Pavilion is dishing up a desert cooler, Arabian love, an oasis thirst quencher and a Bagdad cooler. They're all based on araq which is an anis-flavored killer . . . A vitamin B1 meter in the Fleischmann pavilion will tell you just how much of it you need in your particular profession . . . The Dancing Campus has the first dance floor specially designed to withstand the hectic gyrations of jitterbugs. It's underlaid with a network of steel springs which give in rhythm with the dancing . . . Chrysler just placed an order for 2,000,000 polaroid lenses which they'll distribute to viewers of their amazing three-dimensional, technicolor movie . . . The pitchmen and sidewalk concessionaires have their own colorful lingo that goes something like: mitt joint-palmistry concession, tips-crowds, grinds-spielers and barkers, bally-sales talk, blow-off—desertion of the concession by the crowd, turn—the psychological moment when the crowd is in a buying mood . . . The Forty Fair, better equipped medically than all preceding expositions, can handle all emergencies from a headache to an unexpected maternity case . . . The Mr. Oldfield who is track manager of the Goodrich arena is a nephew of famous Barney Oldfield, and an expert himself in the stunt and test driving daredeviltry devised by his uncle . . . The photographs, photomontages and documents in the Czech pavilion reveal with impressive clarity the drastic changes in the Czechoslovak way of life since the Hitler invasion . . . The "Talking Car" in the Chrysler Exhibit will read the numbers on your dollar bills, initials on your signet ring or call out the colors of the clothes you're wearing.



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Champagne at two-bits a glass has proved one of the Great White Way's best puller-inners . . . 100 accomplished waitresses are ready and willing to teach you the fine art of dunking at the Mayflower Donut shop and they're also able. They were all chosen at a donut submersion contest before the Fair opened . . . Gypsy Rose Lee at the last minute succeeded in having the "no strip tease" clause removed from her Streets of Paris contract. Said Miss Lee: "Just because I've been in the movies doesn't mean that I've gone high hat. I'm still the old Gypsy" . . . The 3,500,000 million miles traveled over the Fair roads last year in wheel chairs should come near being doubled this summer due to greatly reduced rates . . . One of last year's Fair personalities, the Rumanian player of the "naiu" or pipes of Pan, is now back home in the army, but his colleague, George Stefanescu is carrying on and packing them in daily . . . We've had a hard time figuring out why that line-up of lovelies who prescribe individual make-ups for female visitors to the Maison Coty aren't over on the Great White Way administering to the fatigue of T.B.M. customers . . . The 2,000 money handlers on the Fair grounds have had rigorous instruction in detecting phoney currency although only $500 out of the ninety million that changed hands last year wasn't issued by Uncle Sam . . . Michael Todd spent $2,500 on one of the costumes Gypsy Rose Lee wears in the "Streets Of Paris" . . . Muriel Page, the flame dancer, another one of Todd's employees, was less of a sartorial problem—at the climax of her act, her dress catches fire and is completely burned off . . . A skilled artisan in the Glass Center, using a cutting wheel, will cut your monogram into useable ashtrays—they make fine gifts . . . There are seventy-five men on one of Mayor LaGuardia's many committees who draw down a dollar a year for talking enthusiastically about the Fair to 100 people a day.

* * *

The Westinghouse robot, Nimatron, will gladly play you a game called Nim, which is similar to Fan-tan, but don't under-

Continued on page D

June 18th——New York gets a new kind of newspaper

Now we can publish the Editor's first confidential memorandum to his Staff

TO THE STAFF: PM imitates no existing publication. It has grown out of the question I asked myself: Suppose there were *no* newspapers . . . what kind of daily publication would be most *useful* to its readers?

Remember that word *useful*. It has shaped the way PM looks. It is responsible for the new way PM tells the news.

PM will be a complete newspaper. If you read PM you will know everything the readers of other papers know. But PM will also carry a great deal of news other papers don't carry. Radio, labor and the press, for instance, deeply influence our lives—so PM will develop these departments far beyond anything any newspaper has ever done before.

The way PM looks is news itself

We have used every practical advance of machines and materials to make this new paper easier to read than any daily you've ever seen.

. . . A new page size—shorter and squarer—easy to handle, won't buckle.

. . . 32 pages—stapled so they won't fall apart.

. . . Page 1 is entirely headlines and pictures—gives a 30-second summary on "What's news today?"

. . . Larger reading type printed on better paper. We use a revolutionary process of printing with "frozen" inks — they won't smudge your fingers. Print and pictures "stand out" with new clearness.

. . . More than half of the news will be told in pictures—both photographs and drawings.

. . . Eight pages will be printed in an extra color—to add variety—to give our artists a color to work with.

. . . Each story complete on same page — no "continued on page 18."

. . . Each department occupies the same page position every day.

PM will be written by men and women with a talent for words. Every story will be signed with the writer's initials. If the story can be told in 10 words, 10 words will be used. But some PM stories may be longer than standard press. If PM devotes much space to a story, its readers can be sure that it is an interestingly written story of major importance.

But—if pictures will tell the news better than words, pictures will make you an eye-witness. And if drawings tell the news better than photographs, our artists will cover the assignment.

Why PM carries no paid-for advertising

I have long felt that advertising as currently organized tends to limit editorial freedom, besides making newspapers cumbersome. So, once I had found a solution—a 5¢ price—I was sure a paper without paid advertising could persuade people it was a paper put out in their interest. And it would keep the minds of the management on the job of being useful and interesting to the reader.

At the same time I recognized that advertising is news—that many women buy newspapers primarily to read the advertising. The solution was to give readers advertising news but not to charge the advertiser for it. From this reasoning comes PM's section called the Advertising Digest. This department takes the advertisements now spread out over all other newspapers and makes them compactly available in a news department. To get the same information, the housewife would have to spend hours of reading.

Other useful news sections—"News for Living"

FOOD, CLOTHES, BEAUTY, EDUCATION, MEDICINE, FUN—These are features we will expand by enterprise and imagination. Each of these sections stands for PM's conception of a better life—a less expensive life with more fun for your money. PM aims to give several nickels' worth of information every day.

Biggest of these is PM's Food Page, which gives the 20 or 30 best buys in food for the day, then uses these foods in typical menus. A recipe is given for each dish with comments on preparation. And we recognize that housewives have refrigerators and refrigerators have left-overs . . . so each day recipes using yesterday's left-overs will be given.

PM will tell as much of the truth as it can find out

What kind of truth? We can talk only in terms of direction. That direction is what used to be called liberal. I say "used to be called" because there is a growing confusion over what the word liberal means.

It certainly includes a philosophy of optimism—that we can make the world a better place; that we should not resign ourselves to injustice any more than the scientist of today would resign himself to believe any disease will always remain incurable.

PM will be without political affiliations because the politician may presume to know all the answers, whereas PM admits it does not.

PM will be against religious intolerance. The accusation cannot be raised that PM is influenced by the race or nationality or creed of owners, advertisers or political factions.

A very early prospectus on PM set down:

> **"We are against people who push other people around just for the fun of pushing, whether they flourish in this country or abroad. We are against fraud and deceit, greed and cruelty, and will seek to expose their practitioners. We propose to crusade for those who seek to improve the way men live together. We are American and we prefer democracy to any other principle of government."**

PM still feels that way.

Ralph Ingersoll

RALPH INGERSOLL, EDITOR

PM
5 cents
NEW YORK DAILY

● HOW TO BECOME A CHARTER SUBSCRIBER—*And Get Special Preview Edition.* Curiosity alone can sweep every copy of PM off the stands the first few days. Don't be disappointed. Send in the coupon below and we'll have your newsdealer reserve a daily copy of PM for you. *Note: We can't guarantee to start delivery with the first issue. We shall, however, arrange to start as soon as possible after June 18th.* In addition you will receive the special PREVIEW EDITION sent only to charter subscribers.

RALPH INGERSOLL, Editor PM
P. O. Box 81, Times Sq. Sta., N. Y. C.

Enroll me as a Charter Subscriber to PM and send me the special Preview Edition. Have my newsdealer deliver it starting at earliest possible date. It is understood that I may cancel this Charter Subscription whenever I wish. *(Don't send check or money if you live within 50 miles of New York. Your newsdealer will bill you. PM is 5¢ Monday to Friday, inclusive, and 10¢ for the double-sized Week End Edition. By mail —$1.50 for one month; $3.90 for three months.)*

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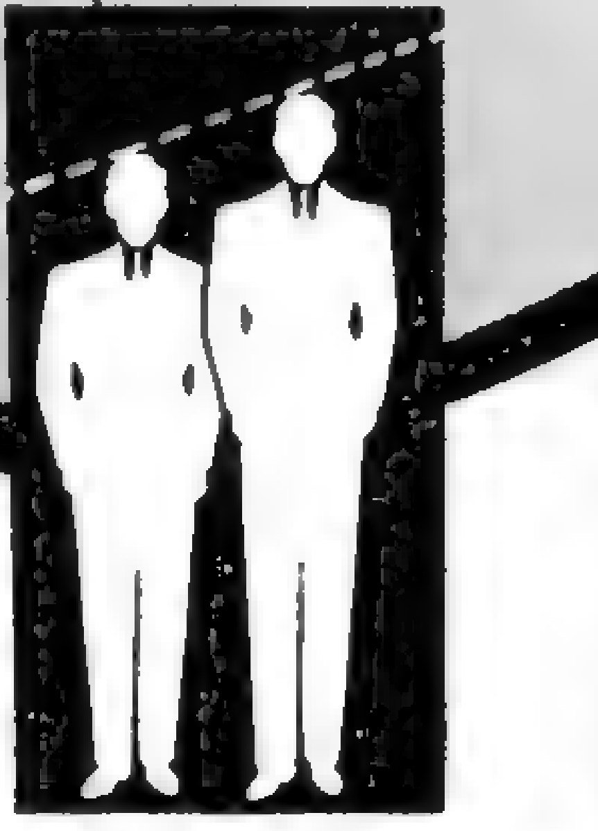
E 740

Now You Can Be

TALLER

Than "SHE" Is!



Step Into an Adler Store ... and Step Out INCHES TALLER, in Shoes that Look and Feel Like Any Other Fine Quality Shoes!

You can become taller, by simply changing your shoes! Yes, it's as easy as that to increase your height a **FULL TWO INCHES** . . . And the result is accomplished "confidentially"—for the outward appearance of Adler "Elevators" is just like that of other smart, fine quality shoes. The secret is a new achievement in the **INNER** construction. You *look* better, *stand* better and *feel* better!

An Invitation—We cordially invite you to come in and try on a pair of "Elevators" . . . see for yourself what they DO for you!

The Adler "ELEVATOR"

5 Smart Styles

CARRIED IN STOCK

With plain, perforated or wing tips. Black or Tan. Oil-stained if desired. Also models for Sports and Evening wear.

SIZES 4 TO 10 . . . . $12.50

MAIL ORDERS Filled Immediately. Write for Free Illustrated Folder. Address: Adler Shoes, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City

IN STOCK AT THE FOLLOWING

ADLER SHOE STORES

Open Evenings until 10

In New York City

128 West 42nd Street *(Between Broadway & 6th)*

249 West 42nd Street *(Between 7th & 8th Avenues)*

2547 Bway (Bet. 95 & 96 Sts.)

130 E. 14 St. (E. of 4th Ave.)

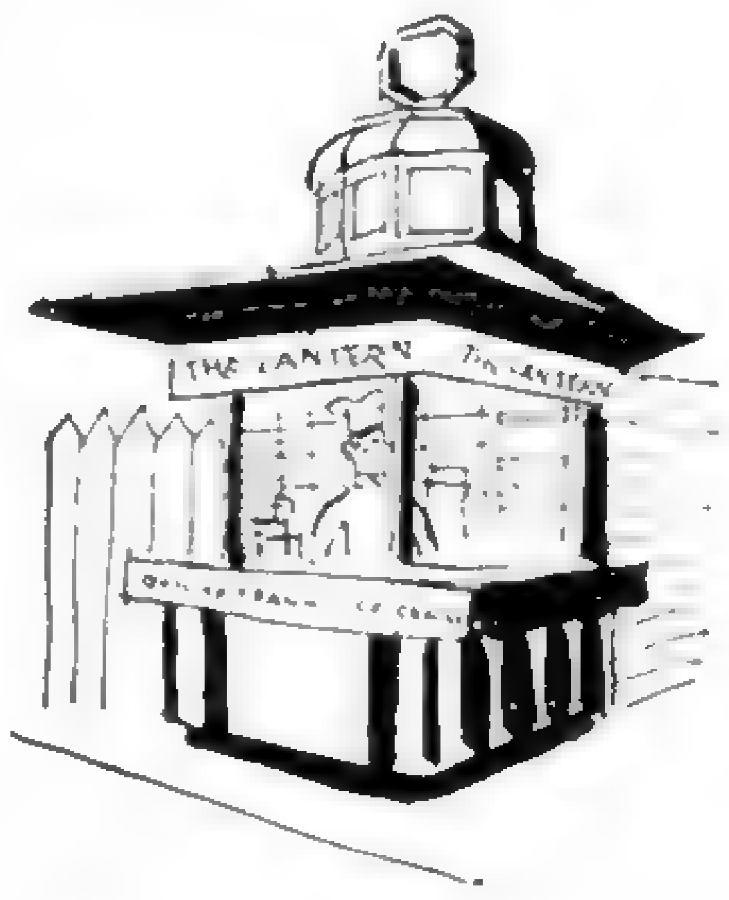
In Jamaica, L. I.

165-02 Jamaica Avenue

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page B

estimate him. The robot, experts say, will usually win . . . The Firestone exhibit, which features all the primitive mumbo-jumbo of jungle life, contains a life-giving water tree which, they'll tell you, sustains thirsty natives back in Africa . . . The Carrier attendants are having themselves a time with a delicate gadget which measures the heat content of the human body . . . "Doc" Kalen who's running the Gray's Drugstore at the foot of the Trylon and Perisphere probably knows more Broadway celebrities than any other man on the Fair grounds. Years ago he became salary trustee for many Broadway headliners, keeping their paychecks over week-ends so they'd have something left come Monday morning . . . You'll find Elsie, bovine star of last year's Fair, attended by 38 prize ladies-in-waiting this year and living in an elaborate glass-fronted boudoir . . . Camera addicts have been flocking to the "shooting gallery" constructed for them at the Goodrich arena, so they can get good action shots of Jimmie Lynch. The best photo each week drags down a ten dollar prize.

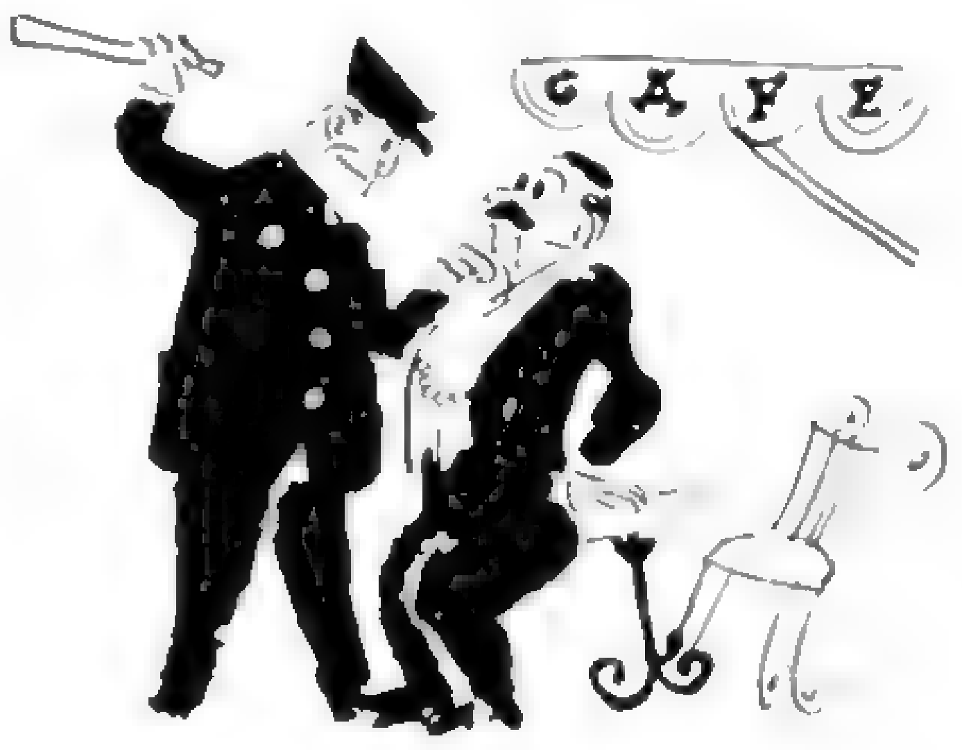


HOT DOGS AL FRESCO

Something that was bound to happen to Manhattan sooner or later has just seen the light of day over on Lexington Avenue just south of Bloomingdales—New York's first open air hamburger stand. A first cousin to the many drive-ins and walk-ins that thrive throughout the southland and along the west coast, it offers frankfurters and hamburgers and various forms of mild beverages to sidewalkers who can eat them standing or sitting in what is probably one of the smallest "patios" north of the Rio Grande.

The stand itself, which can be assembled and hoisted up in something close to half an hour, is a handsome and sturdy looking combination of shining chromium, monel metal and blue and orange paint. It's operated by one man with everything in arm's reach including the striped awning which comes down with great dispatch to protect patrons from Lexington Avenue's summer sun. Called the Lantern, which appliance it vaguely resembles in shape, its piece de resistance is a somewhat fabulous, 9 inch hot dog which tastes very good, as the Lantern's clients will gladly tell you. It's also very proud of its devilled relish and man-sized hamburgers.

We happened by opening night and found several of Manhattan's better known lads-about-town on hand, as well as a representative of the New York Times who seemed to be present in an unofficial capacity. If this sort of thing holds out, the Lantern is assured of brisk business, during the after-dark hours anyway.



THE LAST FRONTIER

Monsieur Jean P. Barrere is a Frenchman. That is not important. The importance of this story lies in the fact that M. Barrere is a Frenchman who is willing to go to jail for his principles. And the principles that he was willing to go to jail for consisted of his deep belief in the sidewalk café as an adjunct to society in Manhattan.

When his principles overtook him, he was managing the Brevoort on lower Fifth Avenue. He had something of a struggle talking the Knott Management Company into letting him put tables on the sidewalk. But M. Barrere insisted, as only a Frenchman can insist. Eventually the Knotts threw up their hands and told him if he must, he must. Why should they let a couple of tables on the sidewalk stand between a pleasant relationship?

So M. Barrere put tables on the sidewalk and put chairs around them, and then sat in an upstairs window to see what would happen. Everyone stopped and looked, and a few cautious people sat down and looked sheepish about it, and wondered if it was a gag. One of the earliest visitors, however, was a gentleman in a blue coat, and with a thick Irish accent, who saw no reason to clutter up the sidewalks. This he made clear to M. Barrere. He could take his débris back into the hotel or get a ticket. M. Barrere stood his ground and got the ticket, and argued the thing out in court. The upshot of it all was that a special license was created at a stipulated fee per table for sidewalk cafés. And these days in Spring a young hotel manager's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of sidewalk cafés.

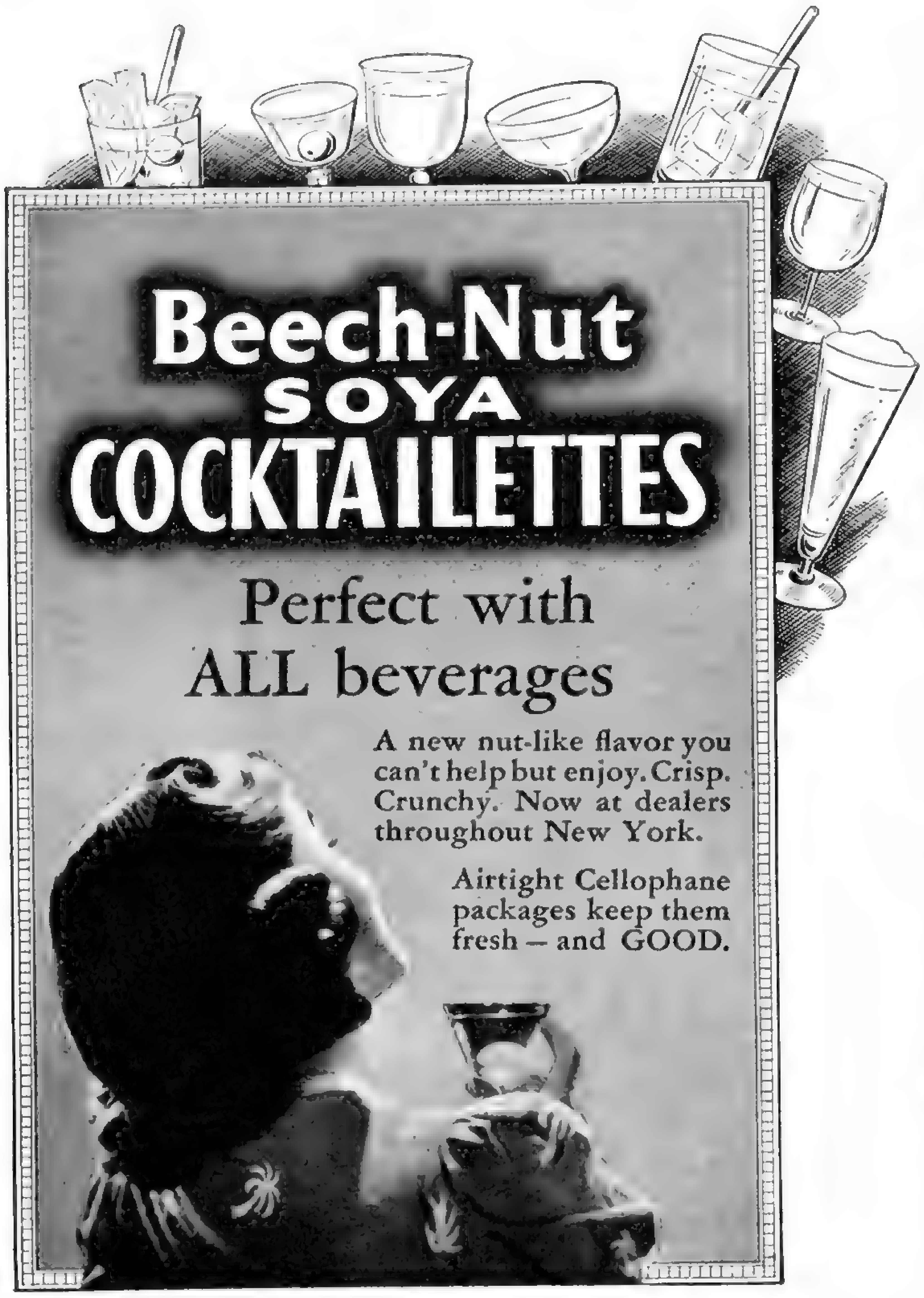
So when you're sipping your pousse café tomorrow in sidewalk comfort, don't forget M. Barrere who made it all possible, by going to bat with the law.

WHO KNOWS WHAT A NEW DAY HOLDS?—As the hush of night is battered by New York's clangorous wakening, masses move and individuals act—History, too, dons working clothes. And New Yorkers, readied for their daily stint, know that as the whirling world's news develops, it will be *World-Telegrammed* for same day reading. *News*—complete as to background and facts, and clear as a cloudless sky . . . *news* that is written for the million *bright* New Yorkers in over 400,000 of the area's better homes—the people whose mental breadth marks them as leaders, and World-Telegram readers!

New York World-Telegram

BY-OF-AND-FOR NEW YORKERS

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER



Beech-Nut
SOYA
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Perfect with
ALL beverages

A new nut-like flavor you can't help but enjoy. Crisp. Crunchy. Now at dealers throughout New York.

Airtight Cellophane packages keep them fresh — and GOOD.

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SERVICE
Borden's
Borden's
2 QUARTS
LIQUID
GOLDEN CREST
GRADE A MILK
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It's a honey for your money

...and it brings you Elsie's best!

HAVEN'T you heard? You can now save several ways every time you have rich, delicious Borden's Milk delivered to your home. This modern Econo-way Container does the trick. Just look at its many advantages.

SAVES MONEY . . . 1½¢ on every quart you buy.

SAVES WORK . . . no bottles to wash and put out.

SAVES SPACE . . . in your refrigerator.

EXTRA PROTECTION FOR PURITY . . . by actual test milk stays fresh for days in your refrigerator.

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

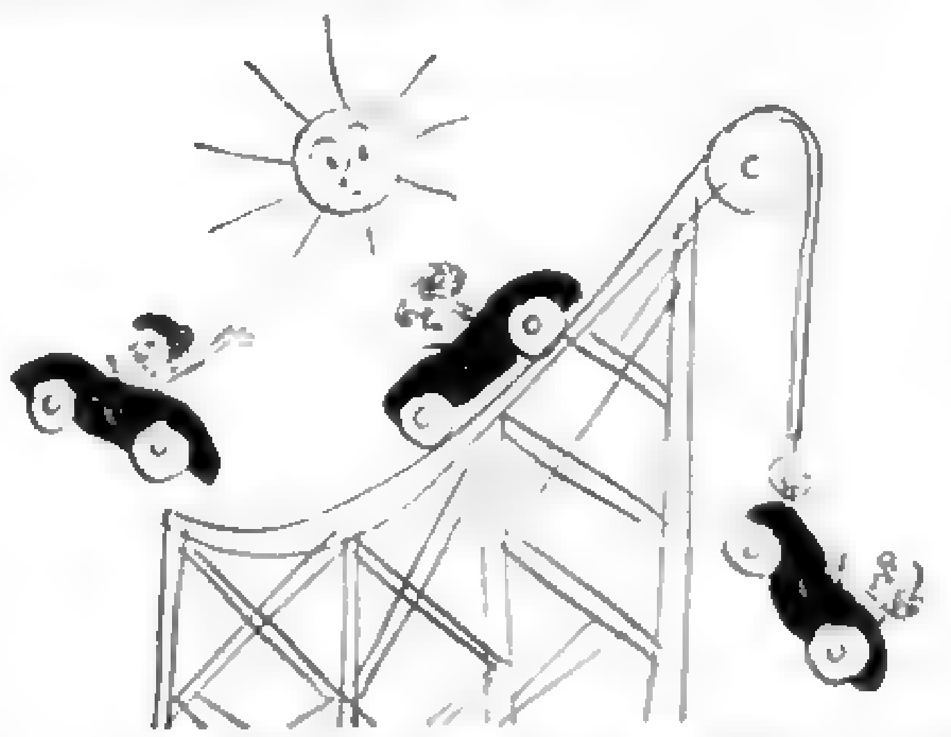
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

WHAT A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING

Holding the record for the safest exposition ever staged, the New York World's Fair opened its '40 season last month in the hope of duplicating the safety performance of last year. A survey of the Fair grounds indicates that that's a tough record to live up to. Between the riggers on the Parachute Jump, the girls who drive stunt cars and the electricians who handle high tension equipment, the Forty Fair has more than its share of dangerous occupations.

In the pre-Fair period, when the roller-coasters and other thrill rides were being readied, someone had to go along on their final test runs. It's alright to send a car around with a load of sandbags, but that last ride had to be taken by somebody. It's an eerie sensation to step into a car and be cut loose by the control man. A rivet may have loosened on the dummy runs, a plank become dislodged, a rail pushed out of line. If anything like that had happened, there'd have been a long and fast ride through the ether awaiting the number one human cargo.

In the General Electric exhibit, juice puts on a spectacular display of artificial lightning. Some five million volts are burst through the air with more than the greatest of ease and seeming safety. It's perfectly safe, of course, for the spectators, but the men who are running the show are in a somewhat different boat. There's a cage they retire to just before the show goes on and everything is controlled from there. No one has forgotten as yet to get behind that shield, when the lapse could mean involuntary execution.



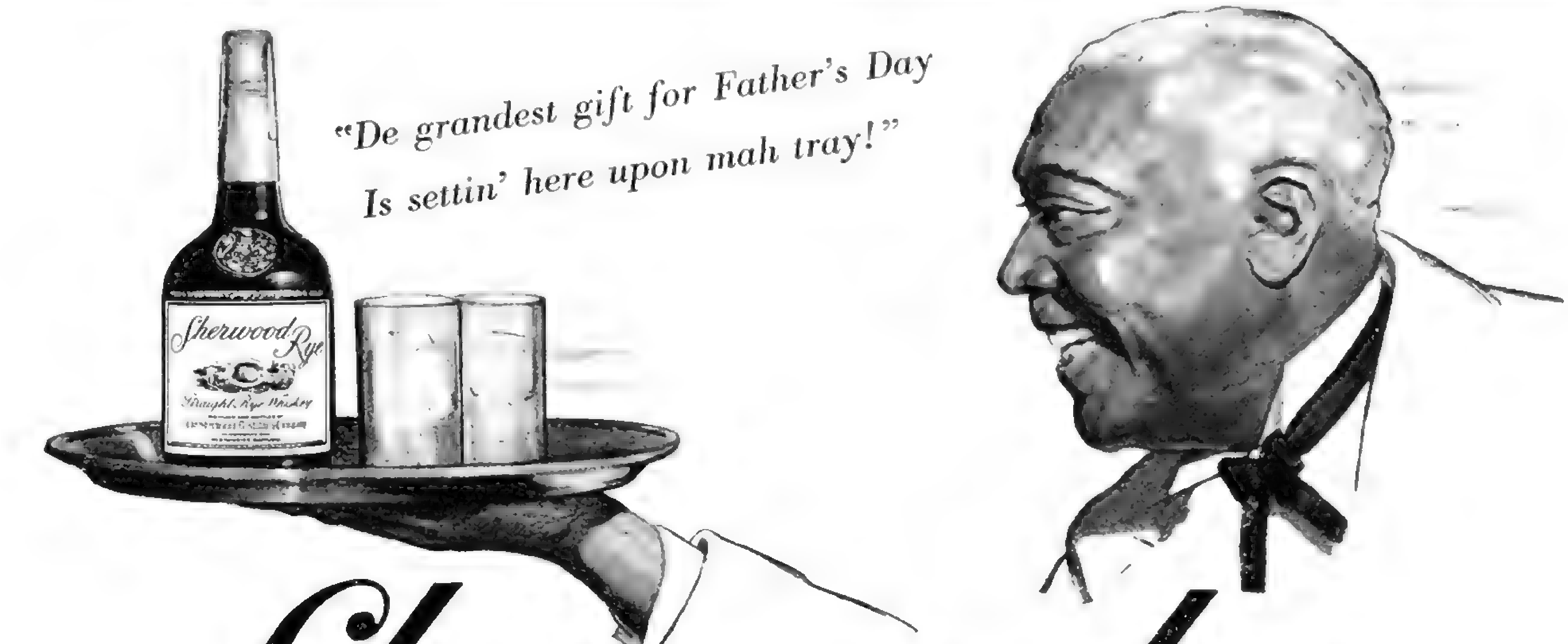
A couple of cute looking girls are tooling a pair of high-powered cars around the steep-banked track at the Goodrich Speed Arena. Hurtling the cars over high "ski jumps" that threaten to turn them over, ripping them through paper hoops set four feet off the ground, and throwing them into tight, flat turns that set the tires squealing, they constitute the latest attraction in Jimmy Lynch's troupe of well named "death-dodgers". Last year there were no injuries despite 63 thrown wheels and twenty roll-overs. But a fraction of a second in judgment could mean the difference.

And, to put it gently, how'd you like a Roman candle in the seat of your pants? There's a job for some hardy soul who likes to mess around in the middle of a fireworks display. Down by Liberty Lake there's a chap who rows around in the middle of the shooting and checks up to see why the last bomb didn't go off. A misfire of the high-powered stuff that makes for exposition pyrotechnic display is no laughing matter — let one of those things explode in your approximate neighborhood and it's celestial fireworks for sure.

Of course, the boys who keep the perisphere and trylon in shape aren't sissies. When you're slung out over that big ball with a paint pot, you're sitting in a bos'ns chair that doesn't seem any too secure. On the trylon, six hundred and fifty feet in the air, a look down is a certain guarantee of acrophobia, and the way they swing from one side to another to cover it with paint or fasten down a bit of the sheath has given many a spectator cold shivers.

Down in the Amusement Area, of course, there are dozens of men and women who take a good, long chance to thrill the crowds. One man takes a header from one hundred and fifty feet to simulate a hanging. It's spectacular and the crowds love it — but it's a rough way to make a living. Another couple do the shag on an eighteen inch platform a hundred feet up, while a daredevil, old time carnival man drives a midget car around a perpendicular wall with a lion sitting placidly beside him. During the rest periods, he sits in the motor silo and scratches his over-grown pet's ears.

Some Fair officials believe that they will repeat or better last year's record, but it's quite impossible to tell which way the cards are stacked. Already a workman has taken a very final spill from the top of the huge Heinz Dome. And we're told that in the circus tradition, when one thing happens, two more will break. The boys and girls who take the hazards to make the public gasp are holding their hats.


"De grandest gift for Father's Day
Is settin' here upon mah tray!"
Sherwood Rye
Straight Rye Whiskey

Sherwood
THE FINEST NAME IN Rye

The call is for Sherwood these days—"the finest name in rye." Try this distinctive whiskey tonight. Savor its glorious taste, rare smoothness, rich mellowness. Enjoy in Sherwood Rye a whiskey never surpassed for all-around goodness! » » »

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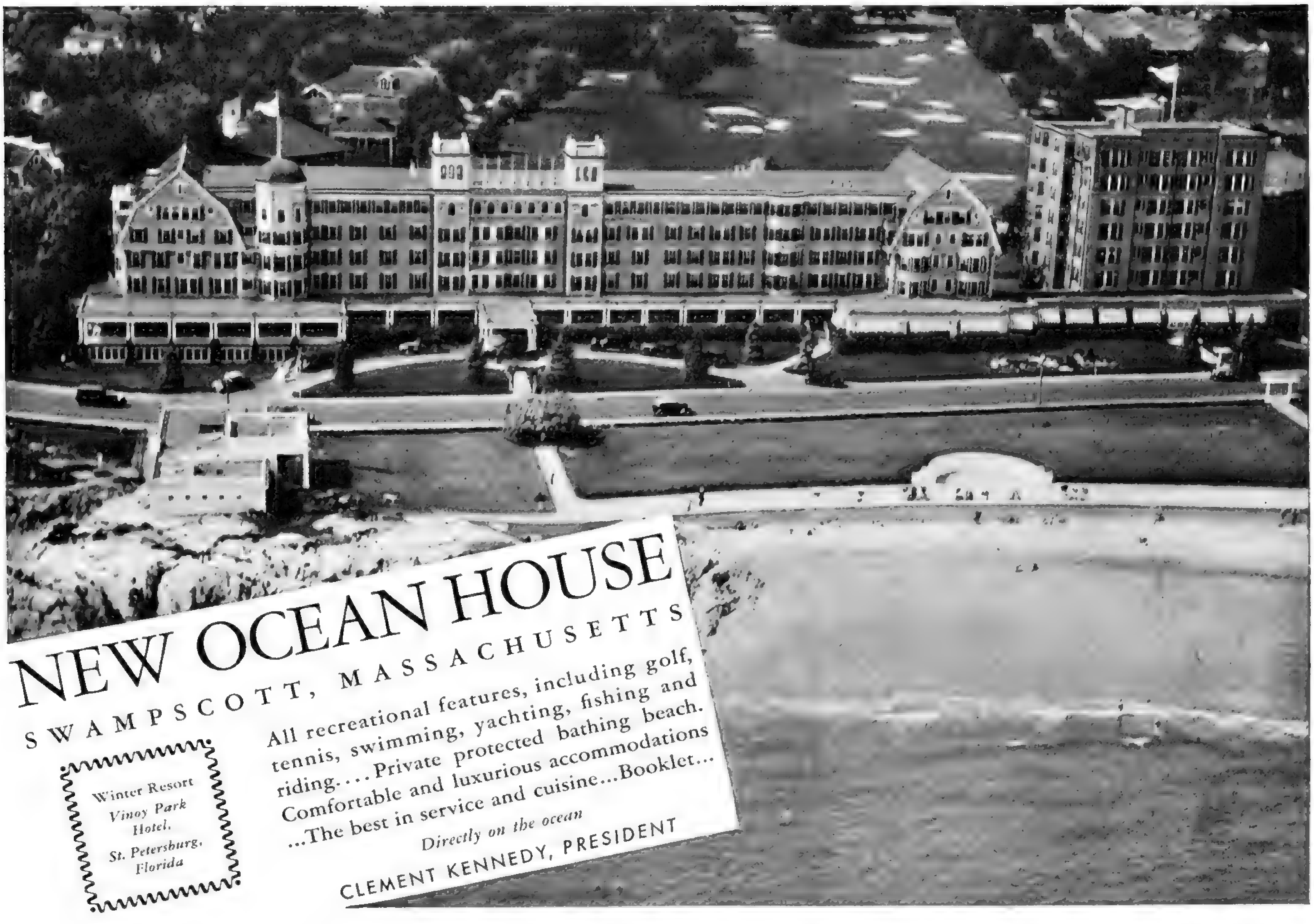
• Maryland Straight Rye Whiskey • 90 Proof • This Whiskey is 4 Years Old •



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Directly on the ocean

CLEMENT KENNEDY, PRESIDENT

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UNDER SUMMER COSTUMES..IT'S

NET BRASSIERES
by MAIDEN FORM

For sheer warm weather comfort, Maiden Form gives you the daintiest, lightest *net*, in exactly the same brassiere styles you've liked so well in *other* materials. At left, *"Allegro" for *"outlift"* as well as *"uplift,"* Peach or White Net — $2.00.

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
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"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

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Right: *"Maidenette" brassiere with low back — $1.50; with *"Curtsy" girdle No. 1458 (pantie, No. 1459) — each $1.50.

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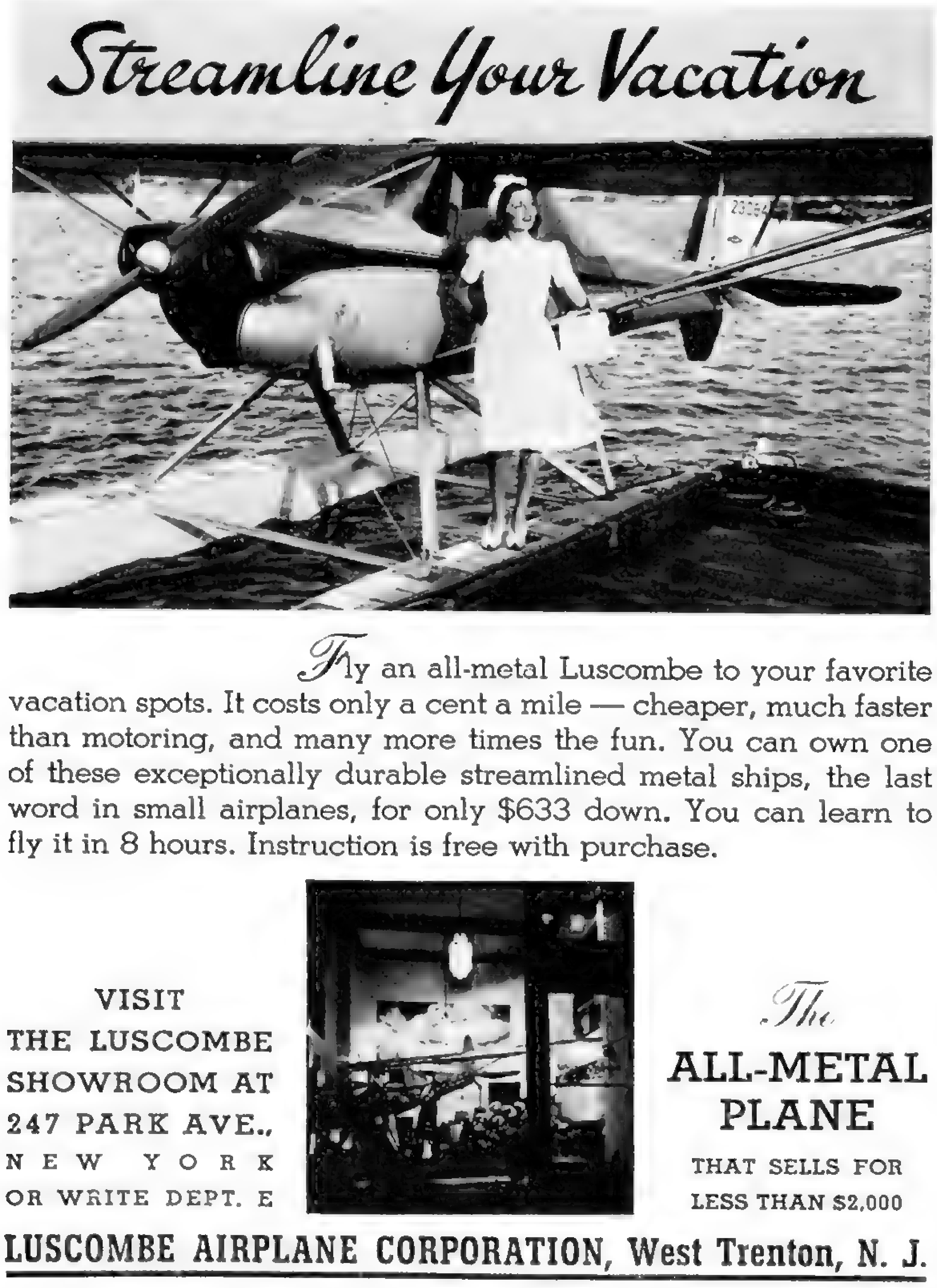
Send for *free* Foundation Style Booklet E: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.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Fly an all-metal Luscombe to your favorite vacation spots. It costs only a cent a mile — cheaper, much faster than motoring, and many more times the fun. You can own one of these exceptionally durable streamlined metal ships, the last word in small airplanes, for only $633 down. You can learn to fly it in 8 hours. Instruction is free with purchase.

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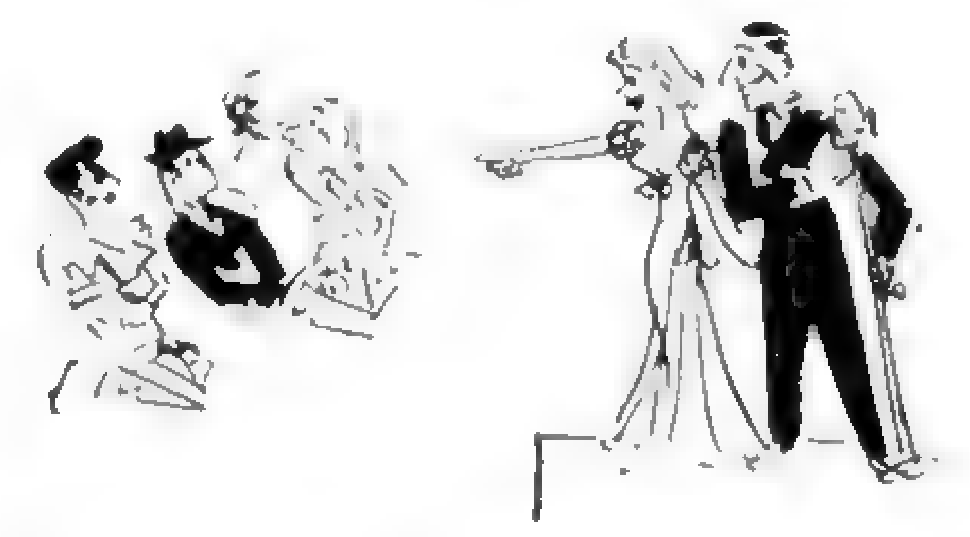
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

NOT FOR LIARS

There are not many individuals who'd like to get up in front of 1500 strangers and shout five nice things about themselves, knowing all the while that they had an audience of unestimated thousands listening in. But for some undisclosed reason, this and similar embarrassing tasks are making the distribution of tickets to the radio show, "Truth and Consequences", a thoroughgoing headache. The tickets are passed out as soon as they're printed and there's a surprisingly long waiting list of thousands.

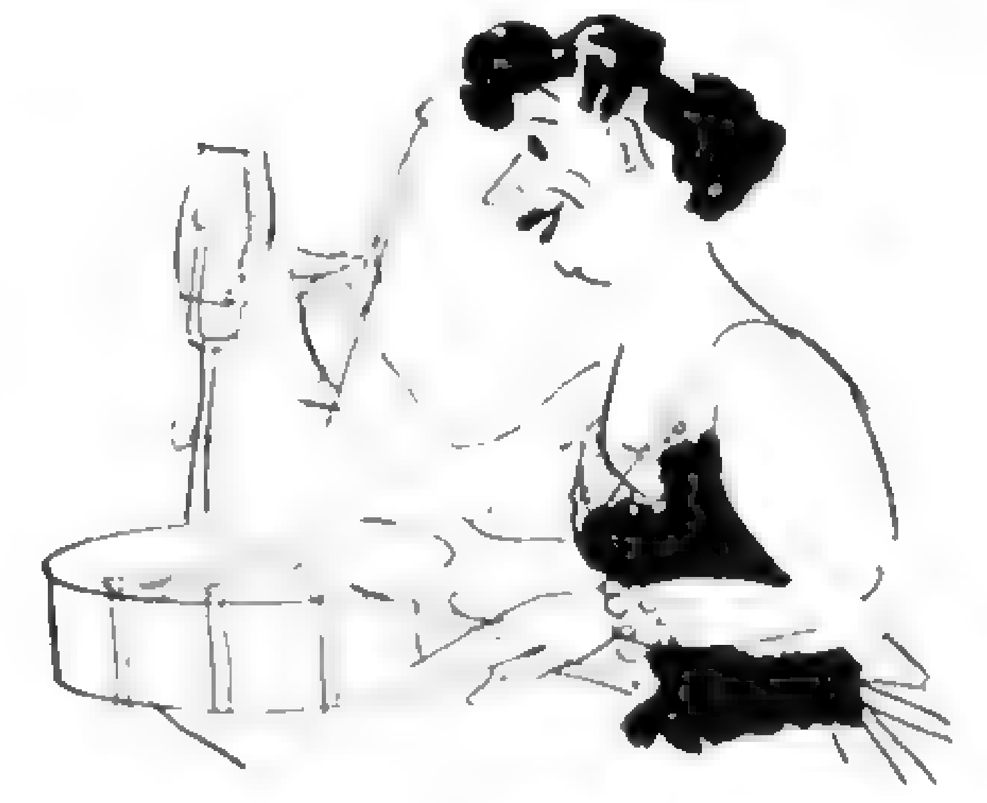
The program is the brainchild of Ralph Edwards, for the past few years a C.B.S. announcer and today a full-fledged master of ceremonies. It all came about very simply. What with all the quiz programs crowding the airwaves, Edwards figured it was high time to move radio out of the classroom and into the parlor.

The old game usually called for a group of kids sitting on the old horse-hair sofa: when Mary Jane refused to tell the assembled gigglers which of the boys she liked best, she "paid the consequences", which consisted of anything the young judge could dream up. The radio program is, in substance, identical, except that some liberty is taken for "truth". It's a little too much to expect, for instance, that a woman reveal her honest age, or that a man discuss what he really thinks about his wife. So, in the place of "truth", contestants are quizzed on anything at all. If they know the answer, they're $15 to the good. If not, they get five bucks anyway, and "pay the consequences". The studio audience gets so boisterous while the consequences are being paid that an extra engineer sits around in the control room toning down the studio mikes, so the program isn't drowned out.



There was, for instance, the taxi driver from the Catskills who had a particularly devastating accent. His consequences called for him to describe how to tie a tie while keeping his hands in his pockets. In two seconds it became a wrestling match with Edwards yanking Mr. Slobodsky's hands down, and Mr. S. jerking them up unconsciously to help himself in his description.

Then there was the secretary who was asked to describe her ideal man and pick him out of the studio audience. "I'd like him tall and fair" said the brunette, "about 6′1" and weight around 170. I like lean men. His name should be Donald. He plays tennis, likes Beethoven and rhumbas, John Steinbeck and Thorne Smith and boogy-woogie music." She finished with, "he should smell tweedy". "Fine", said Edwards, "now let's go find him". With a portable mike in his left hand and the woman's elbow in his right, they went strolling down the aisle of CBS Playhouse No. 2. She stopped abruptly. "That looks like him", pointing at a man in a brown tweed suit. Edwards invited the gent out into the aisle and proceeded to question him. He came very close to fulfilling her requirements. His name was Ronald, he was 6′, weighed 167, preferred Tschaikowsky to Beethoven, admitted liking Steinbeck and rhumbas, but hadn't heard of Thorne Smith and boogy-woogie.



The audience was ready for the kill. "Why don't you ask him to take you out to dinner", piped Edwards in the mike. The girl's face was a nice, bright red. "Oh, I couldn't!" "Why not", prompted Edwards, "after all it's only a game". "Will you take me to dinner?," queried the badgered girl. "I'd love to," her quondam ideal came back gallantly, but he unfortunately had an afterthought. "May I bring my wife?" he said.

Edward's favorite of them all, however, was a middle-aged housewife who was called on to play a snare drum solo to organ accompaniment. She went on to three choruses before they were able to pry her away from the drums.

Twenty-seven year old Ralph Edwards is particularly proud of the show's success. Four years ago he came here from California, one year out of college. The University of California yearbook predicted a "bright future" for him, so he came to the big city to track it down. Three weeks elapsed and so did his savings of $90. After blowing his last two bits on coffee and cake, he wired a friend collect and received $50. Two days later he got a break at CBS, and he's been with them ever since.

Four years ago he was strolling around town without a cent in his jeans. He's doing very nicely now. Did someone say it can't happen here?

Ranger

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

LIFE IN THE SEVENTIES

In more than sixty cities from coast to coast during the past few months, a barrel shaped little man with a leonine mane and swirling mustachios has strode springily across the concert platform and, seating himself at the piano bench, sent his fingers flying along the keyboard in performances of virtuosity that few other pianists in the world can match. Though more than 200 of the most formidable masterworks in the piano repertoire have been included in his programs, not a sheet of music accompanies him on his transcontinental treks. Not a bit fazed by the rigors of the road, he capably holds the center of the stage at after-the-concert parties, consuming great quantities of his favorite hot borscht, cold sausage meat and Bismarck herring, all the while discussing the philosophy of Nietzsche and the poetry of Byron. Next morning perilously near the crack of dawn he's up and working on a portable rowing machine or practicing a little jiu jitsu on a bell-hop recruited as partner.

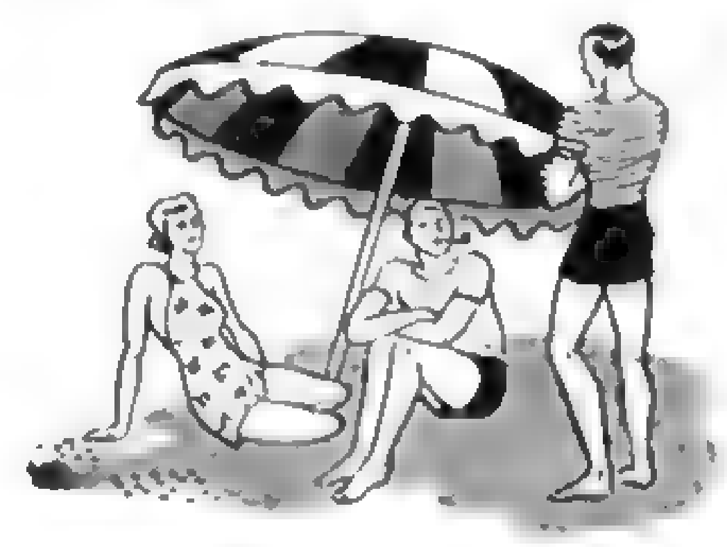
Seventy-eight years ago he was born, and he studied the "Second Hungarian Rhapsody" under Franz Liszt, accompanied Johannes Brahms to the premiere performance of his "C Minor Quartet", heard Wagner conduct "Tannhäuser" and possesses several bars of the "Fledermaus" waltz in the hand of Johann Strauss. With almost seventy years of concert activity around the globe behind him, Moriz Rosenthal is still a man with a future as well as a past.

Topping an ambitious list of plans for that future is the preparation of his memoirs. He will tell how at the age of nine he walked all the way from his native Lemberg in Poland to Vienna (now 18 hours by rail) to enroll as a pupil of the famed Raphael Joseffy. How for ten years he reported for a lesson with Franz Liszt each morning at eleven, the "old Thunderer's" constant companion during his last years at Weimar and at Tivoli near Rome. After the lesson Liszt would offer him a glass of sweet red wine from the bottle that invariably stood on the piano and then play for his pupil for hours. He will tell how thick set, white-bearded Brahms would puff his way up four flights of stairs to Rosenthal's little studio in Vienna, to listen while the young pianist would play his music for him, and how the two would afterwards, at one of their favorite sidewalk cafes, gorge themselves for hours on goulash and pilsener. He will tell about those celebrated Wednesday soirées of Johann Strauss at Ischl, to which he had a standing invitation and at which he often played. Gounod, Massenet, Saint-Saens, von Bulow and many others were his close friends.

He will describe the gay Rumanian court at Bucharest in the days when he was "pianist to the king" and set the poems of lovely Queen Carmen Sylva to music. And St. Petersburg as he found it the year Czar Alexander II summoned him to Russia for a season of recitals under imperial patronage and the patriotic young Pole set Palace tongues wagging over his refusal to address the ruler of all the Russias as anything but "sir".

The book may likewise reveal the 78 year old maestro as something of a star in firmaments other than musical. He holds degrees in both philosophy and medicine from the University of Vienna and is an avid student of literature, able, in fact, to place any line from the works of Heine given him. His talents at chess qualify him as a favorite opponent of such masters as Lasker and Capablanca, and as late as last year he polished off his pugilistics with sparring lessons from one-time, heavyweight contender Tommy Farr. He still can tear a pack of cards, lift a 500 pound weight, break an iron horseshoe or snap a taut piano string with one blow of his index finger.

There will be plenty to write about. But Moriz Rosenthal doesn't expect to let his autobiographical pursuits interfere with his concerts. "I'll go right on playing as long as there are audiences to listen to me" he said the other day when confronted with the rumor that he was about to retire. "When it comes to questions of age and youth", he said, "I like to refer to my favorite philosopher, namely myself. In my opinion a man is young if a woman can make him happy or unhappy. He enters middle age if a woman can make him happy but no longer unhappy. He is old and gone if a woman can make him neither. By that standard, I am a very young man."



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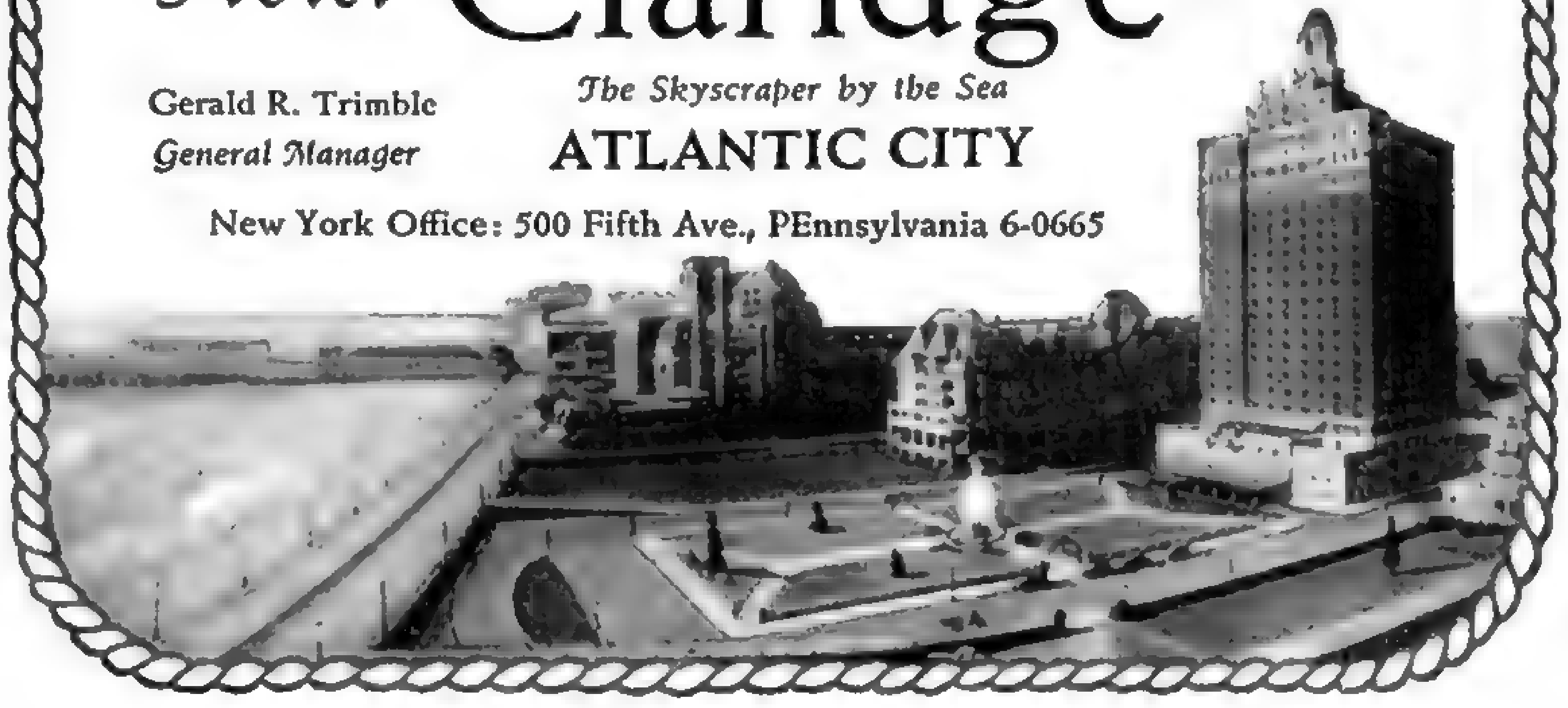

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94 PROOF

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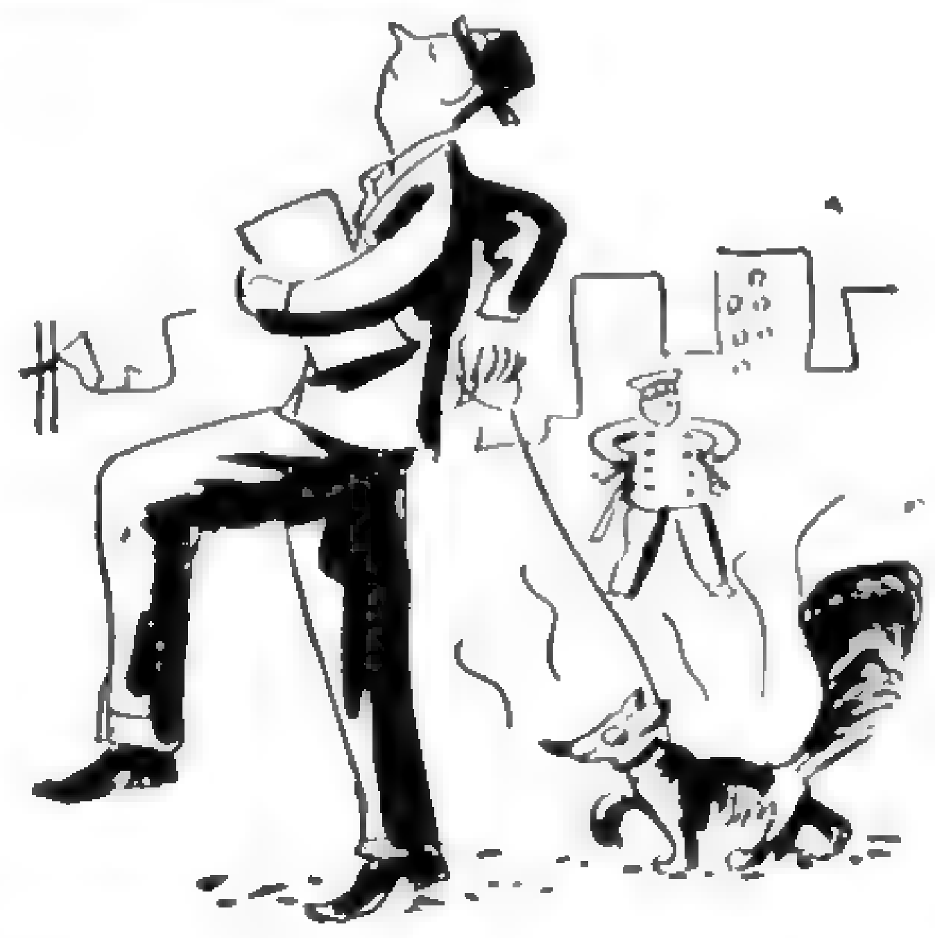
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FOR RENT MANHATTAN MENAGERIE

Add unusual enterprises—young Stanley Woolley's animal rental service. Mr. Woolley who's very liable to have a skunk or tiger in tow when you meet him, runs an agency which supplies assorted beasts to meet the needs of photographer, publicity committees, eccentric hostesses, and practical jokers. The skunk was ordered from the Middle West to be delivered in New York—purpose not stated. The tiger was caged for Mayor La Guardia's anti-Tammany campaign. Woolley has also furnished on request a pair of reindeer, a lion cub, a boa-constrictor (to wake up a drunk), an alligator, a piano-playing panther, a tribe of Indians, and some guaranteed debutantes, as well as sundry domestic animals.



The barnyard menagerie can be as hard to manage as the lion cubs. The duck that waddled across the April cover of *The American Magazine* was one of Stanley's jobs. It took two weeks in the photographer's studio to get the bird sufficiently reconciled to her smart hat, necklace, and handbag so that she would pose for her portrait with them—which might prove that a duck has more sense than a debutante.

It seems to be a business where the tame go wild and the wild grow tame and there is no clear line between them. For a fashion-show at a Manhattan department store he supplied the same duck, an ocelot, and a monkey-dog—the latter a Chinese concoction produced by crossing a Pomeranian and a monkey. One lady rented a seal for a birthday visit to a friend in a Fifth Avenue apartment house. Door man and elevator man did some plain and fancy spluttering, but he says that both the lady and the seal carried off the visit with perfect aplomb.

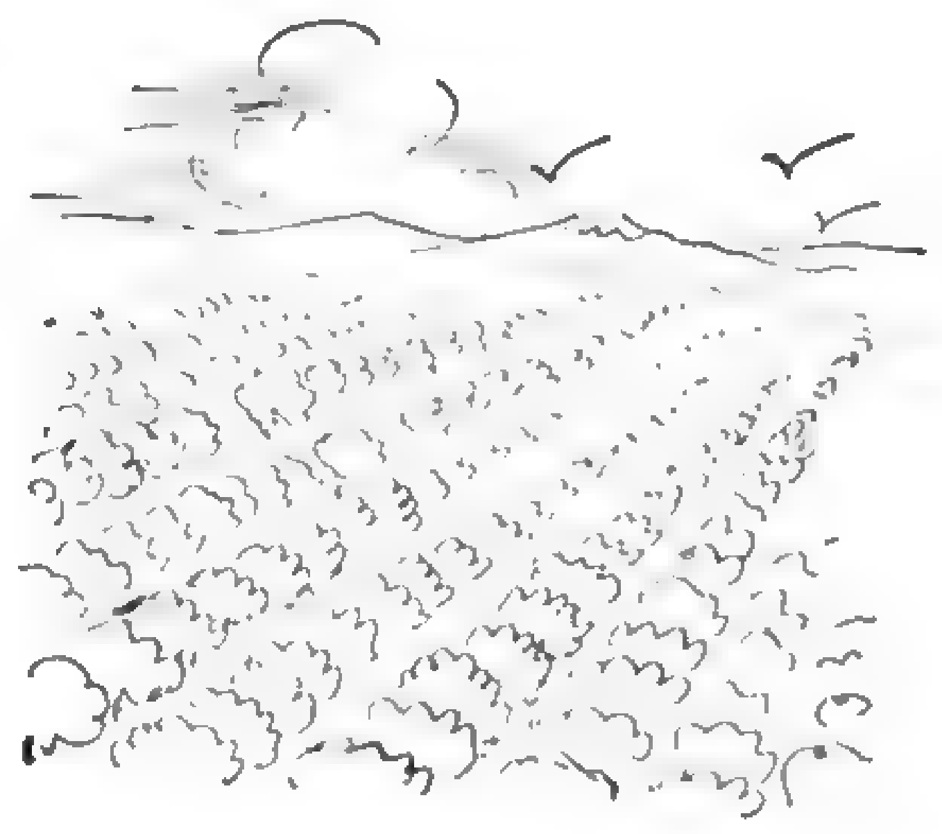
Another Woolley beast was tame to the point of boredom. An elephant, parading on Fifth Avenue for the benefit of Thrift House, got fed up with the performance and sat down to rest in the middle of the Fiftieth Street intersection. Traffic was snarled for twenty minutes before the keeper and the police force could coax the little pet into motion again.

A few weeks ago Woolley entered some goats in the bock beer contest. About the time they were delivered to the Brewers' Association on Madison Avenue, some Broadway stars arrived also and the combination was explosive. Part of the *Hellzapoppin* cast got one of the goats into a taxi; this fracas together with flash-bulbs of a press photographer drew a crowd; and once more, aided this time by Olsen and Johnson, the Woolley animals called out the police.

Stanley has now established the Party House to arrange all sorts of entertainment. So far the biggest job has been a Republican dinner, but whether he found the Republicans any wilder than the animals he refuses to say—he's a cousin of President Roosevelt.

THESE ARE PRUNES

Prunes could hardly be classed in the realm of exotic or unusual edibles; certainly not the run-of-the-mill variety. But we ran into some the other day that must be earmarked as downright delicacies as far as taste goes. We didn't realize there are prunes . . . and prunes. These are really a new fruit, originated and perfected in California's Vaca Valley. Unusually large, they're grown on unirrigated soil that gives them a quality other districts would have a tough time duplicating. To maintain the size, some 95% of the fruit is removed from trees by means of hand thinning in the very early stages of growth. The fully ripened fruit is carefully hand-picked from the trees, dried by the latest and most scientific method to remove excess water, leaving the original quantity of sugar and other ingredients. They're then processed and carefully packed by hand.



These prunes with a difference are usually eaten from the container as you'd eat candy. However, they're fine when cooked, three of them making a man-sized dessert portion. If you're prune-conscious, you'll find them in many of Manhattan's best grocery and delicacy shops.

Ranger

gift for Dad

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

WHIMSY DEPARTMENT SUITS FOR TWO

A rather alarming trend in dress habits was reported to us the other day by a Madison Avenue tailor, who's profiting by this unusual whimsy so is not wont to worry too much about it. It's the sudden desire of men and women, husband and wife we mean, to dress alike. Not that this desire has yet become epidemic, but several well-known-in-Manhattan couples have turned to wearing the same outfits, cloth, cut and all.

Our tailor-friend, who started out innocently enough as a man's custom tailor, found his customer's wives wandering in and asking—as a special favor to them—for custom-tailored suits and slack suits "just like their husband's". So this year he was practically forced into opening up a women's department. Women, he has found, are much better shoppers than men, don't take as long to decide on fabric and style, know just what they—and their husbands — want. He hasn't had to learn any new techniques either in turning to the distaff side of the tailoring business. He tells us, and we hope it's not a trade secret, that the only real difference between his male and female outfits are that the women's slacks are cut fuller in the back to give a longer, slimmer line. Men, he's happy to report, haven't begun to worry yet about long, slim lines.

IT'S THE INCHES THAT COUNT

There's more to the prosaic business of manufacturing shoes than meets the eye. It can often involve a good deal of applied psychology, as one manufacturer we know found out not so long ago when he put a line of "elevating" shoes into his stores and retired to hope for the best. These shoes are designed to make a man two inches higher than he would normally be in the bare, two feet that were presented to him at birth. The idea, not a particularly new one, took hold in a remarkable fashion, and our friend found himself rapidly approaching the stature of a full-blown psychologist. He was introduced through no probing of his own into the workings of the adult mind, both male and female.

His explanation for the whole thing is simple. It's all concerned with feminine angle. Consider, he says, how many a woman goes to the trouble of carefully selecting a lovely new gown, smart coat, unusual hat, etc., to enhance her beauty and then finds herself out on the town with a man whose lack of necessary longitude detracts woefully from her painstakingly nurtured, chic appearance. He's found that such a situation is near-cause of divorce, one woman telling him that one of the many things she wasn't particularly fond of in her first husband was his failure to measure up to six-footers. And he has many other stories to illustrate how widespread this condition is. One evening on John J. Anthony's advice-for-the-asking program, a wife came up with the problem that her husband refused to take her out because she was the taller of the two. Mr. Anthony suggested a pair of builder-uppers and recently received a letter cheerfully stating that all was now as it should be around the family fireside.

It has its humorous side too. A Wall Streeter who was awaiting delivery on a pair brought home a concentrated vegetable which he dropped into hot water, the mixture turning into carrots and peas, or some such vegetable. He thereupon attempted to impress his family with a magic power he possessed, which incorporated in the pills, was going to increase his height. The rude laughter which greeted him stopped abruptly one night when he came in a couple of inches taller. His family, by the way, is still wondering how come.

If trade falls off in the psychology business, its practitioners won't have far to look for the explanation. It's quite simple. Add two inches to an average citizen's height and you have no more inferiority complexes.

Ranger

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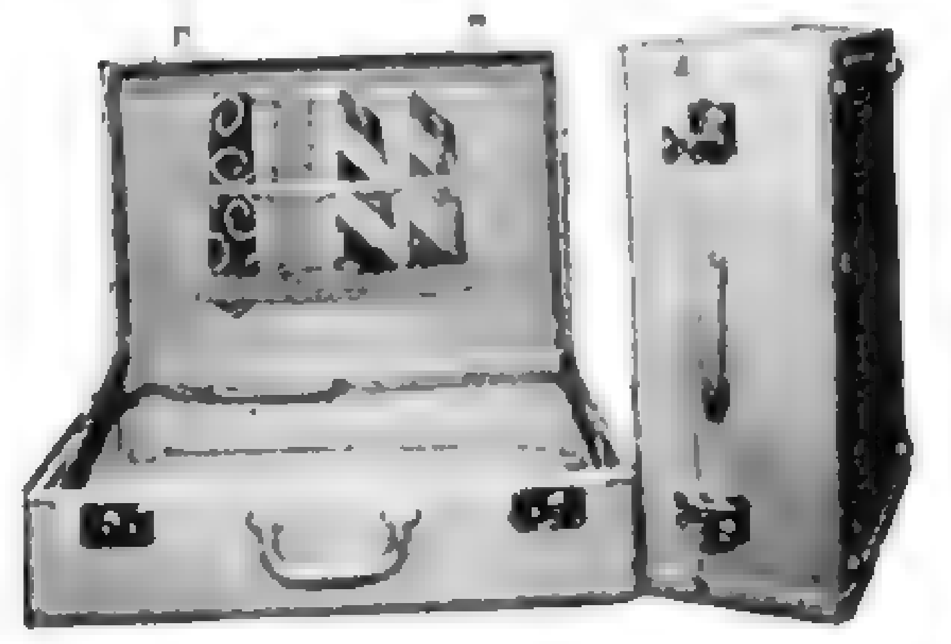

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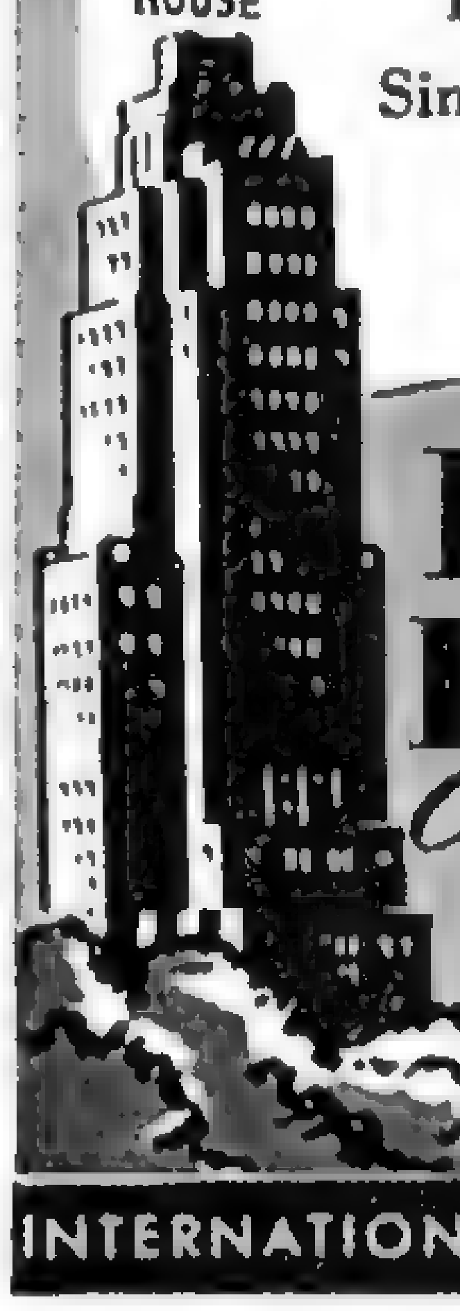

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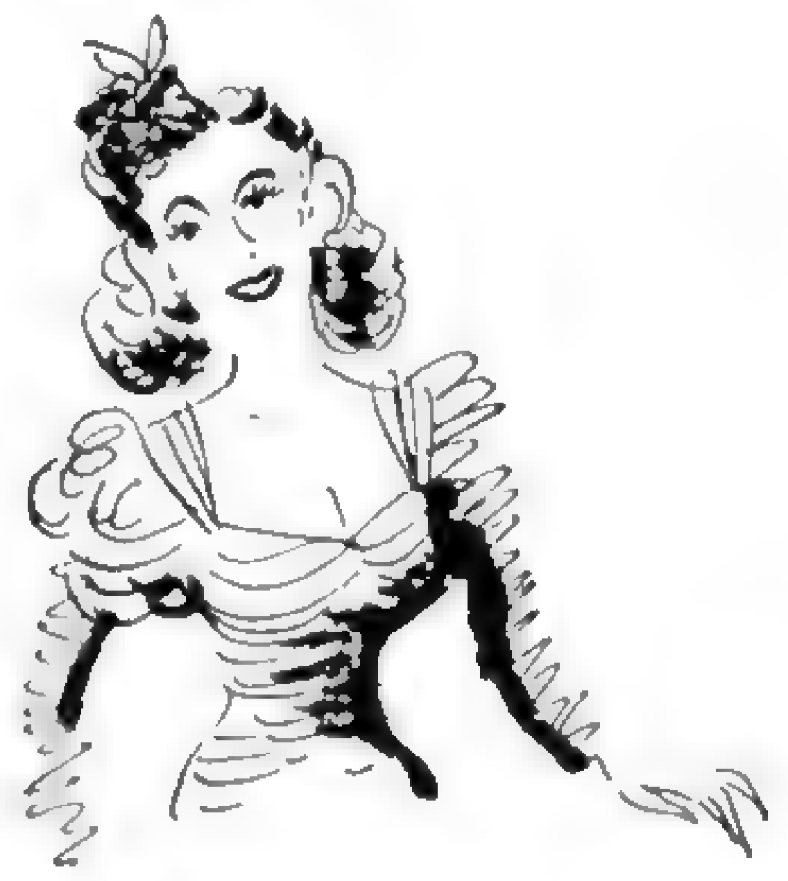
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

AFTER TRAINING, WHAT?

Next to talent, the most important asset for any singer is assurance. Those are the sentiments of Jane Pickens, reputedly the only singer of either sex who ever made good in the Persian Room—known to the nocturnal trade as the "toughest" Room in the city.

Miss Pickens, back at the Plaza for the third consecutive season, looks something like an animated Petty girl. Tall and blonde, she has the drawl of the South (she was born in Georgia) plus a goodly amount of poise which she garnered while studying music in Paris. A combination like that never did a talented girl any harm, yet it took a long, hard pull to get to the top. If looks and singing ability were all that was necessary, Jane would have been there long ago.



No. There's a lot more to it than that, she says. She studied at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, and won the Marcella Sembrich Scholarship for two successive years. Following that, she put in time at New York's Juilliard School, traditional nursing school for Metropolitan Opera stars, and won three fellowships there. From which she took off for Paris for a dash of continental study in music.

Back in New York, she found herself in a full-blown impasse. There was no one else under whom she could study—yet no booking agent would offer her anything. This is a state of affairs, Miss Pickens tells us, that thousands of music students are up against daily. "You can't hope to get a job unless you have experience—and no one will give you the opportunity to get it!"

An influential publisher-friend interceded in Jane's behalf, giving her a letter of introduction to the Shubert brothers. With her accompanist and a sheaf of music, she came to see them. Recalling it now, she admits her ignorance was appalling. Through a haze of cigar smoke, she sang a French ditty and a little English song (to Broadway musical comedy impresarios)—and the Shubert fréres kept up a running conversation throughout her efforts. About five minutes after she was through, they stopped talking long enough to offer a perfunctory "thank you" and ushered her to the door.

A few "auditions" like this made Jane realize she was up against the proverbial stone wall. And so she started deliberately planning her future—with an eye towards getting as much experience as it was possible to pack into a few short years. She put her two sisters to work and organized the Pickens Sisters, writing all their arrangements and orchestrations—the real "dirty work" behind music. It demands patience, musical imagination and unflagging attention to detail. On every one of their programs and theatre engagements, Jane did a solo—which was, by the way, her whole idea behind the trio set-up. It led, eventually, to her engagement in the last Ziegfeld Follies.

When the Follies closed—it was the same story, and so once again Jane took stock of the situation. She now had singing experience—but lacked, she felt, proper bearing. Nothing if not thorough, she enrolled in a dramatic school, and put in a long hot summer in a New England stock company—doing everything from "East Lynne" to whatever low comedy turned up in the repertoire.

Her audience at the Persian Room may not be aware of this background preparation when Jane stands in the center of the cozy room, smiling pleasantly at them—but they cannot deny her complete assurance and poise. And that, Jane reiterates, is what makes or breaks a singer. For an audience is psychic where entertainers are concerned, and vice versa. A singer must dominate the room or she's through.

All these, plus a hundred and one little things are second nature to Jane now—because they came with experience. But that's what's wrong with the whole set-up. For Jane contends that they should be a part of the regular curriculum at all music schools. Equally as important as training the voice is training the singer in stage lore . . . teaching the girls how to walk across a stage . . . the type of clothes that will do the most for them . . . what to do with their hands . . . how to carry themselves . . . how to control an audience and command attention—these are almost more important than voice.

As a matter of fact, Miss Pickens is taking this particular cause very seriously—and we wouldn't be surprised to find her at one of the better music schools, perhaps at the Juilliard, as instructor in stage graces one of these days. Also, rumor has it that Mr. Ed Wynn would like to see her in his next Broadway musical.

Ranger

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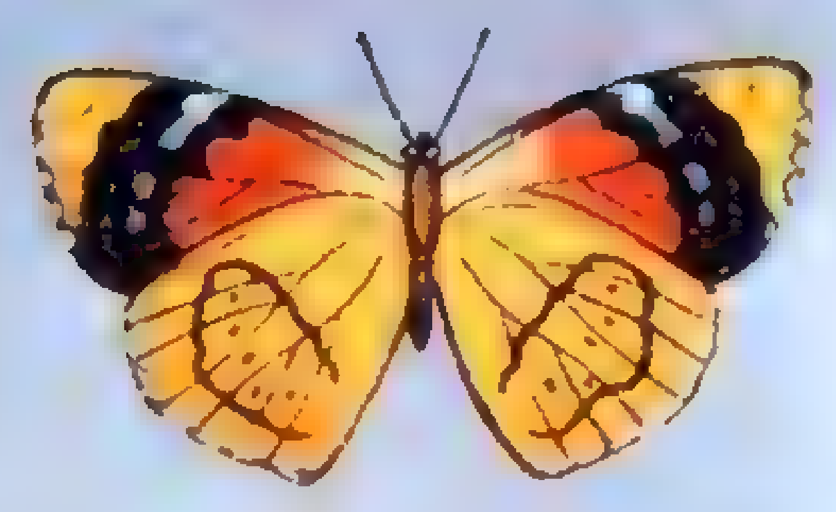

CATAGRAMMA CAMELITA, *a Bolivian butterfly noted for the beautiful coloring of its wings—chosen as this month's symbol of the exciting shades in Wembley Nor-East* Ties made from Priestley's Imported Non-Crush fabric.*

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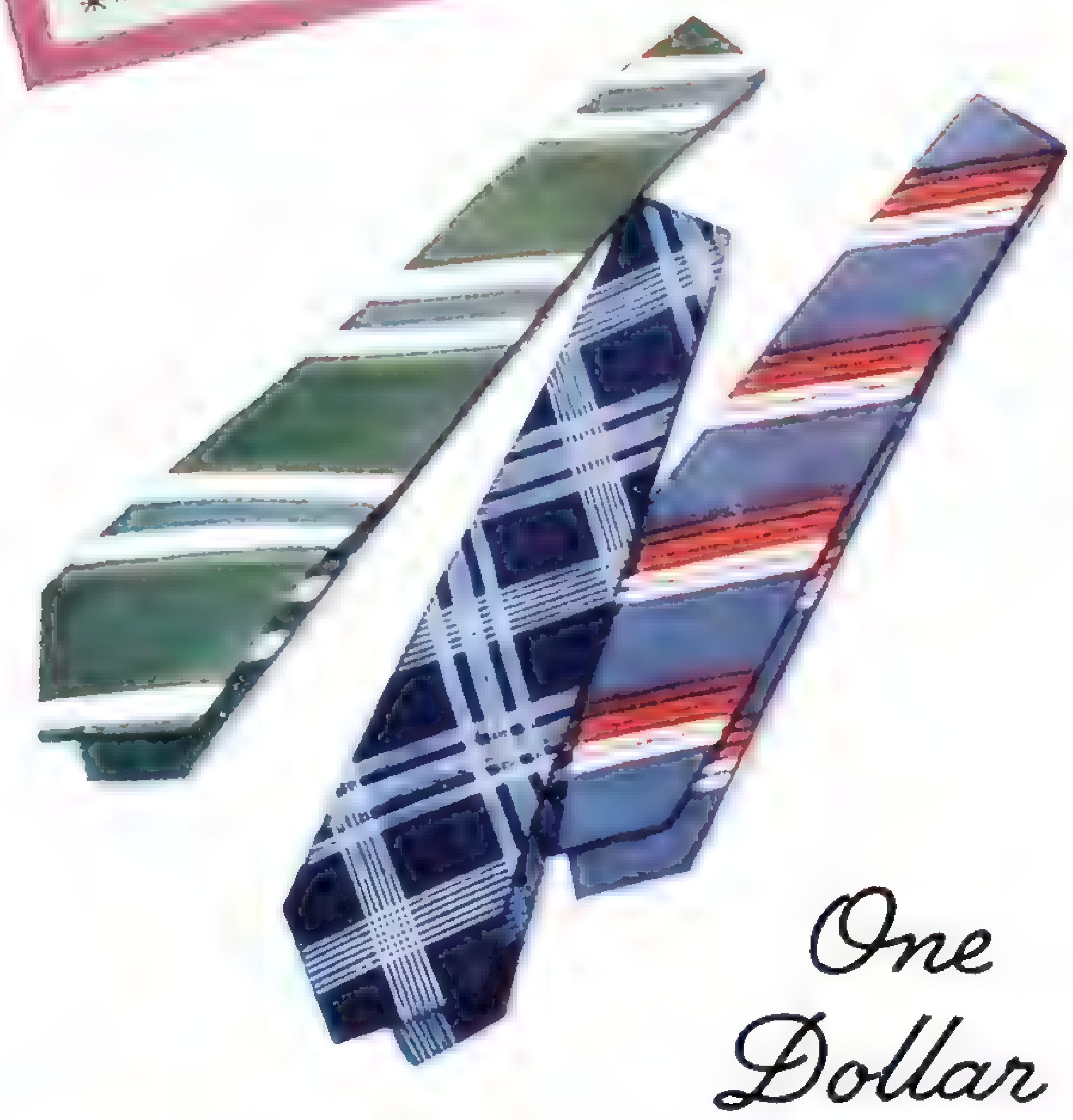

DAD: "Look here, whose ties *are* these? What are you, an Indian giver?"

JACK: "I should say not! But—I fell hard for these colors and patterns, and then when the clerk showed me how a Wembley *Nor-East* defies wrinkles, I told him to wrap 'em up."

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JACK: "That's great, Dad...then I won't have to borrow yours so often!"

Wembley, Inc.—New Orleans—New York

One Dollar

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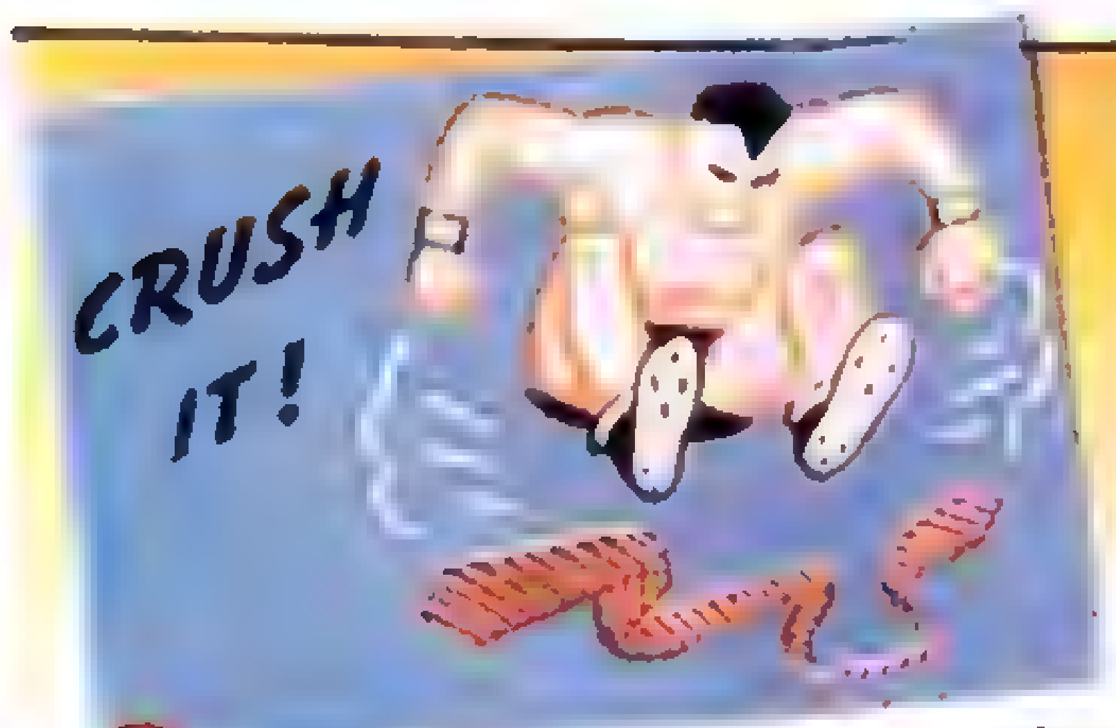

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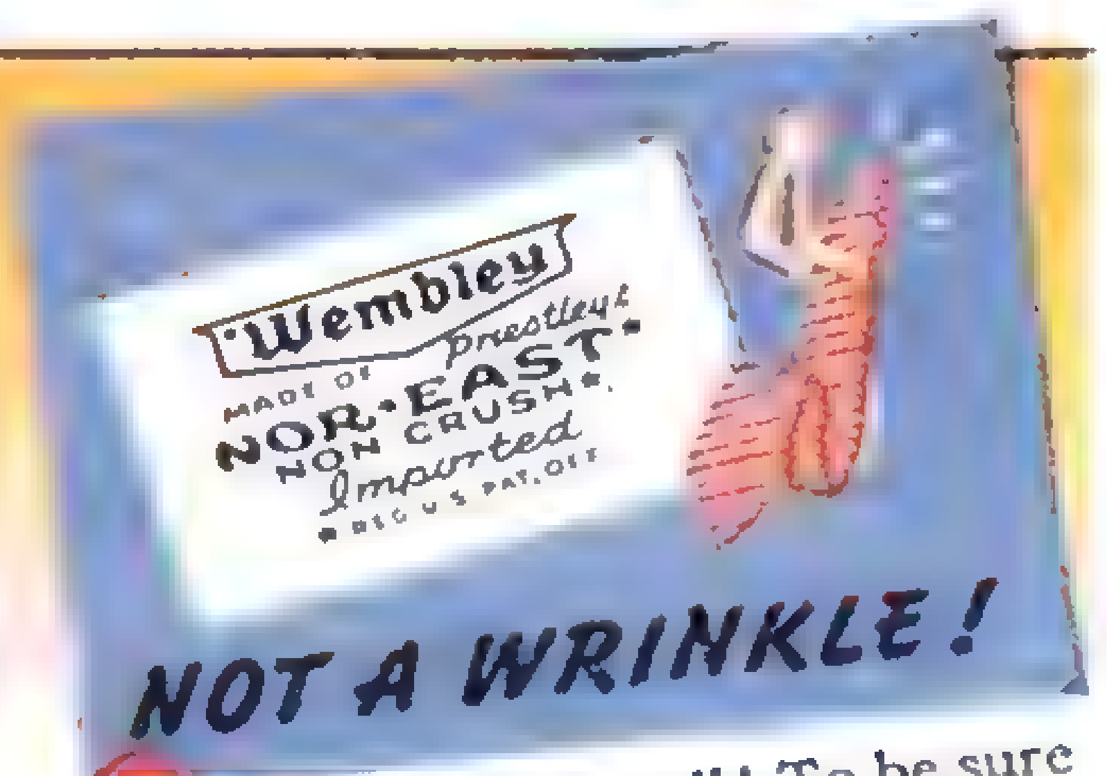
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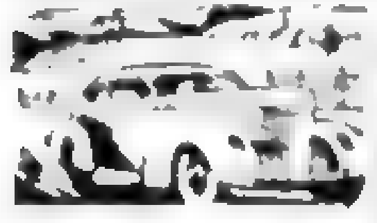

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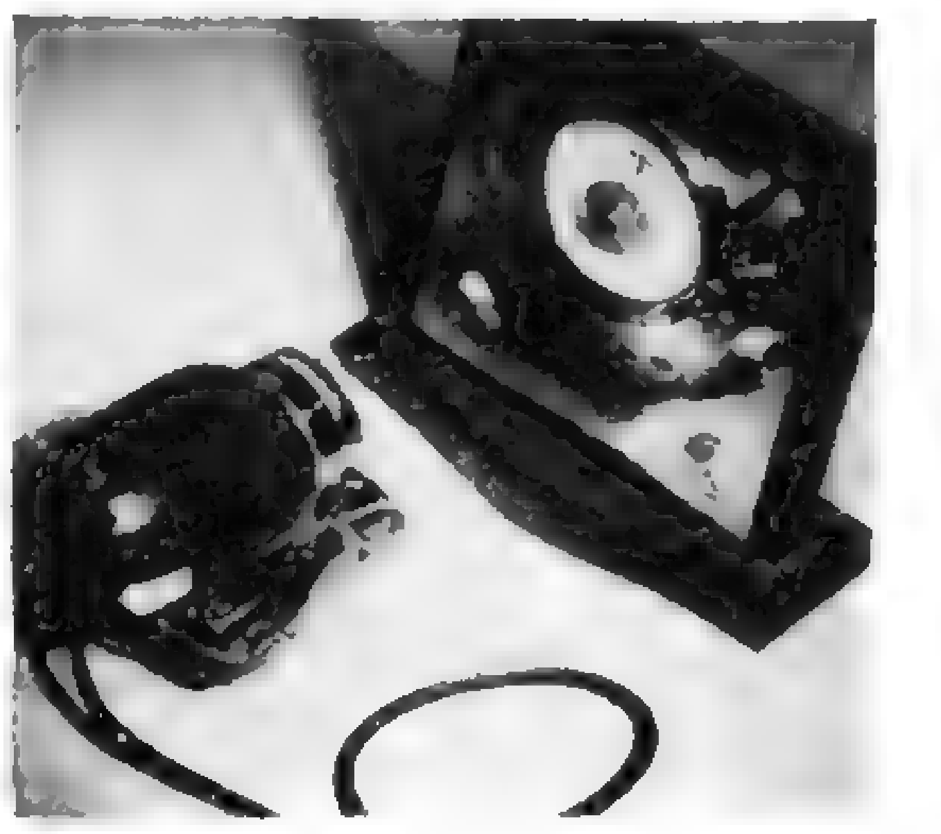

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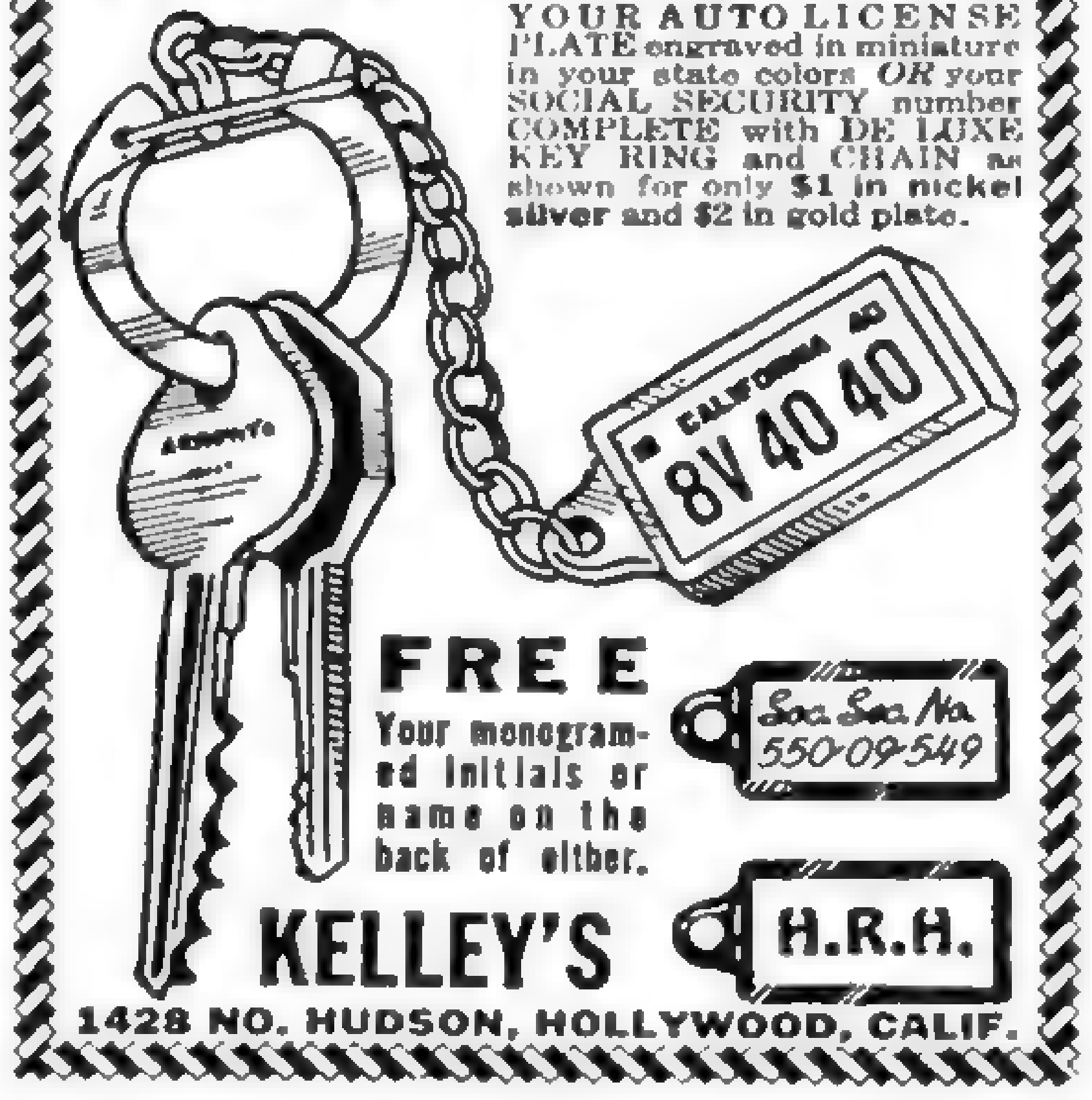

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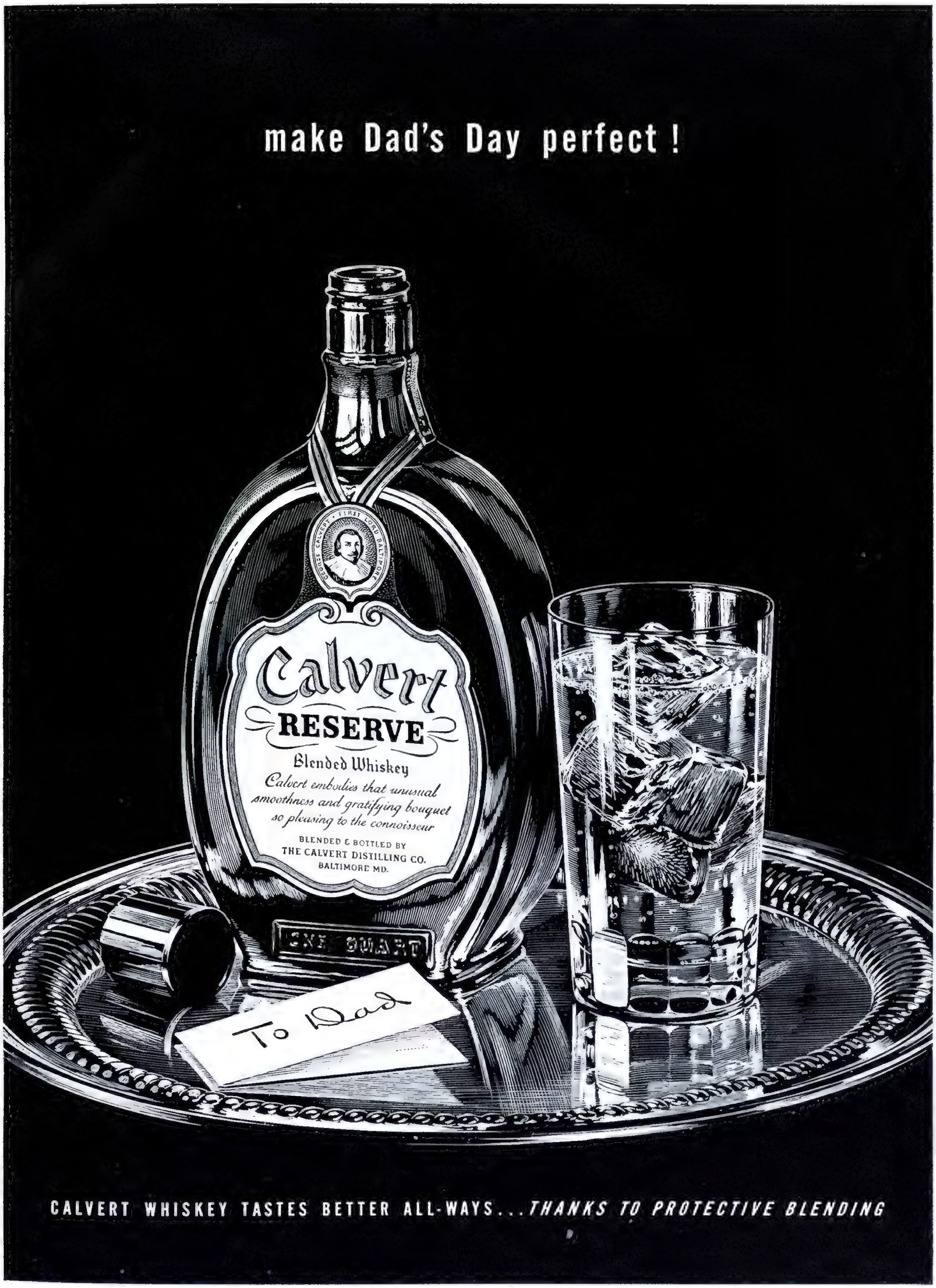
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Albert Carr

Albert Carr divides his interest between fiction and sociology, and he can't decide which is the vocation, which the avocation. Now thirty-five years old, he had planned to make his fortune by the time he was thirty, and then devote himself to writing. At the age of thirty, he hadn't made any fortune, and didn't see any prospect for it—so he decided to devote all of his time to writing, anyway. He made a few sales to the film industry, and that financed research abroad for sociological works on dictatorship and war. In 1939 Viking published his book, *Juggernaut: The Path of Dictatorship*, and he is now working on another. Carr didn't tell us whether he was or wasn't married, but we trust that his contribution to this issue, *My Wife Has Killed Three Men*, is correctly labeled as Fiction.

•

Compton Pakenham was born in Japan, but moved to England when still a youngster. He later entered the Coldstream Guards and served with them through the World War, attaining the rank of a Major. He came to America in 1922, and has written novels, biographies, and articles on historical subjects. For the past ten years, he has been a staff writer on the *New York Times*.

Compton Pakenham

Oskar Maria Graf was born in 1894 in the little Bavarian resort town, Berg, at Lake Starnberg. When sixteen, Graf ran away to Munich, determined to become a writer. He worked as baker, miller, elevator boy, reader, and postal clerk. Meanwhile he was writing stories and books, and was initiated into the world-famous Munich "Boheme," which he still considers his university. In 1913, Graf hiked through South Switzerland and Italy as a hobo. The outbreak of the war found him back in Berlin, at loose ends. During the war he served at the Russian front. In 1926, his autobiography, *Prisoners All*, appeared, and was pretty widely acclaimed. In 1933, when Hitler seized power of Germany, Graf voluntarily went into exile in Austria. Openly opposed to Hitler and his regime, his books were banned and burned in The Third Reich, and he became one of the first to be deprived of his citizenship. In 1934, Graf emigrated to Czechoslovakia, where he remained until 1938, meanwhile writing three novels. Since 1938, he has been doing his writing in New York.

Oskar Maria Graf

•

Alvah Bessie keeps busy writing short stories and novels. His most recent novel is *Men in Battle*, a narrative about Americans in Spain, with whom he fought in the Civil War in 1938. He holds a solo-pilot license, and he has used all that aeronautical background to write *Man with Wings* on page 81.

•

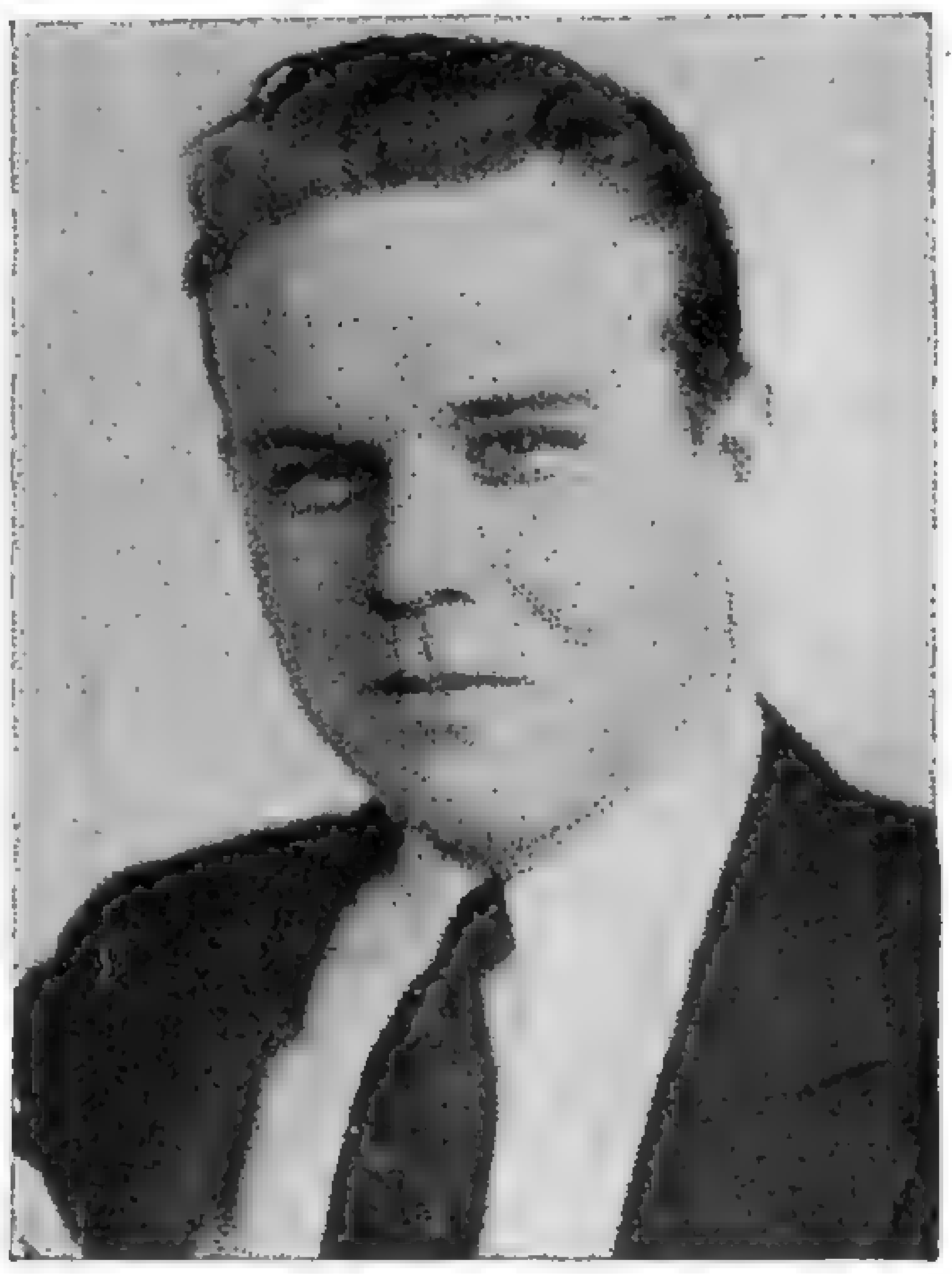
Erik Colijn had an article in Esquire once before. It was titled *Do You Body Surf?*, and it aroused shrieks of angry protest from the Antipodes, and other remote sections of the world. Included in his fan mail as a result of his bold assertions, was a letter from a very wealthy lady in Philadelphia who proposed marriage, augmented by a trip to the old country. It was declined. He feels that his current article on philately is equally unsafe, and that he is sticking his neck out at least a yard. He has been an avid stamp collector since childhood, and has designed and patented many improvements in methods of mounting and caring for stamps. M.G.M. is releasing a short subject tracing the history of stamps, based on his script.

•

Martin Stengel informs us that his first published story and the third he's ever written is *Come Back Soon*. He hopes that the title is prophetic regarding his next appearance in Esquire.

•

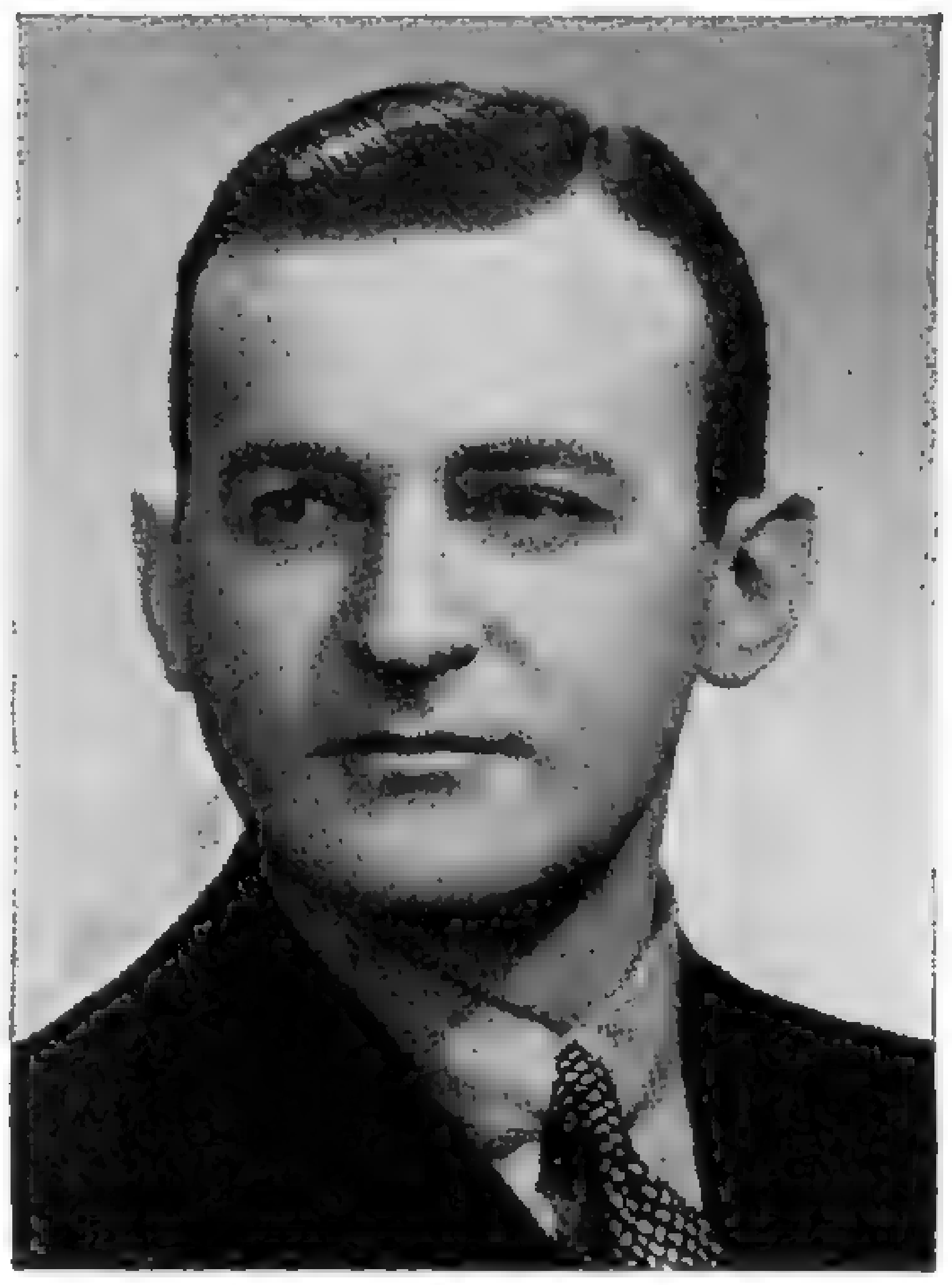
Richard McCann collaborated with us on this paragraph. The quotation marks at the beginning and end are ours. He merely did the rest. Here it is: "Born in Washington, D.C., the last and least of ten children. Father was an accomplished Irishman—concert and symphony violinist, poet, author, editorial writer, and as a lad, won the title of World's Fastest Hand Typesetter. I inherited only his stature, which is one of the reasons I won't be heavyweight champion. Since 1927 have written for three Washington newspapers, NEA Service, and King Features Syndicate. Lately have handled publicity for J. Walter Thompson Co., Committee for the Celebration of the President's Birthday, and Mike Jacobs—three strange bed-fellows, indeed. Have written sports for eight years, although never able to play any. However, never considered this a handicap because I've covered murder trials without enjoying the experience of either the defendant or the deceased. Once was a sparring partner myself—for Joe Kuhel, the ballplayer, during a clubhouse argument. Am married, and have a son, five-years-old."



Richard McCann

•

This virile looking young man was christened **Williston Canfield Rich, Jr.**, while still too young to object very strenuously about it. As soon as he was able to talk, he wanted his first two names changed. Having failed to sell the idea, he won a moral victory by starring in football, track and basketball at Shattuck Military Academy. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1930, and became a bond salesman. Business was so bad for him in those early thirties, that it wasn't long before his prospects were selling him *their* bonds. After a little of that, he decided to put his major in English literature to good advantage, and finally caught on as a reporter for the *Minneapolis Journal* in 1933. He stayed there for several years and then moved to the *New York Herald Tribune*, where he is a reporter with a constant craving for crime and political assignments.

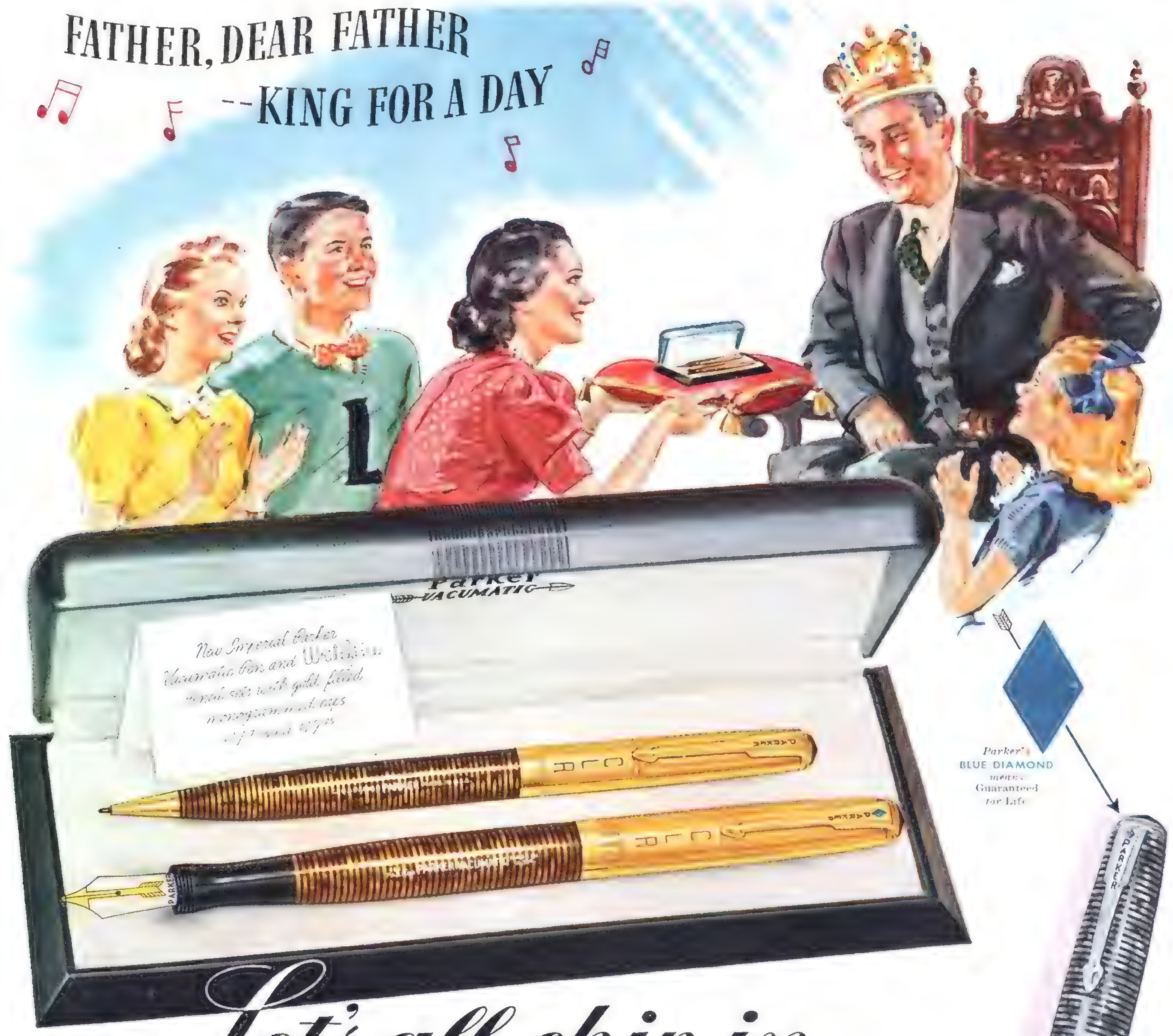


Williston Rich

•

Morris Bishop is a Professor of Romance Languages at Cornell University. He says that he is happy with his verbs, but happier hunting through the library stacks for the inspired thoughts of the Masters. If there is one thing he likes better than a good bibliography, it's a nice juicy index. Mr. Bishop reveals that he is the victim of a split personality. And often, especially in the evening, Personality B gets the better of Personality A. B is very contemptuous of A, but likes to compose limericks, insult honest worth, and sing in a cracked voice. In fact, it was Personality B which wrote *Cousin Rupert and the Smelling Salts*, on page 70.

Morris Bishop



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Esquire to you is a synonym for smartness and good taste. Therefore, to you, a well-dressed man is "Esquirish." That's a word you've added to the American language.

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about three times as much annually ($240.73 per year, to be exact)
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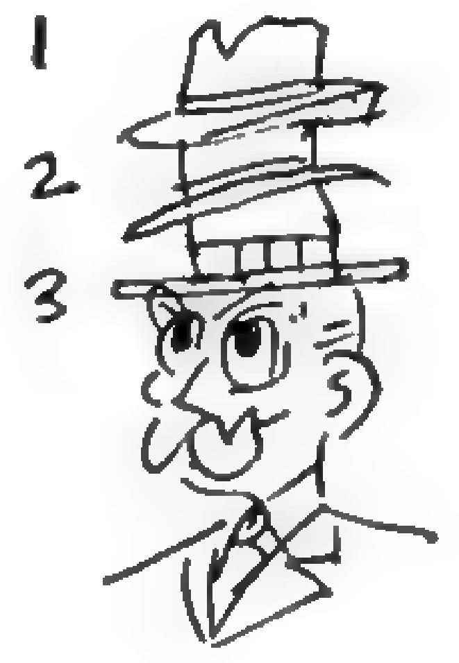

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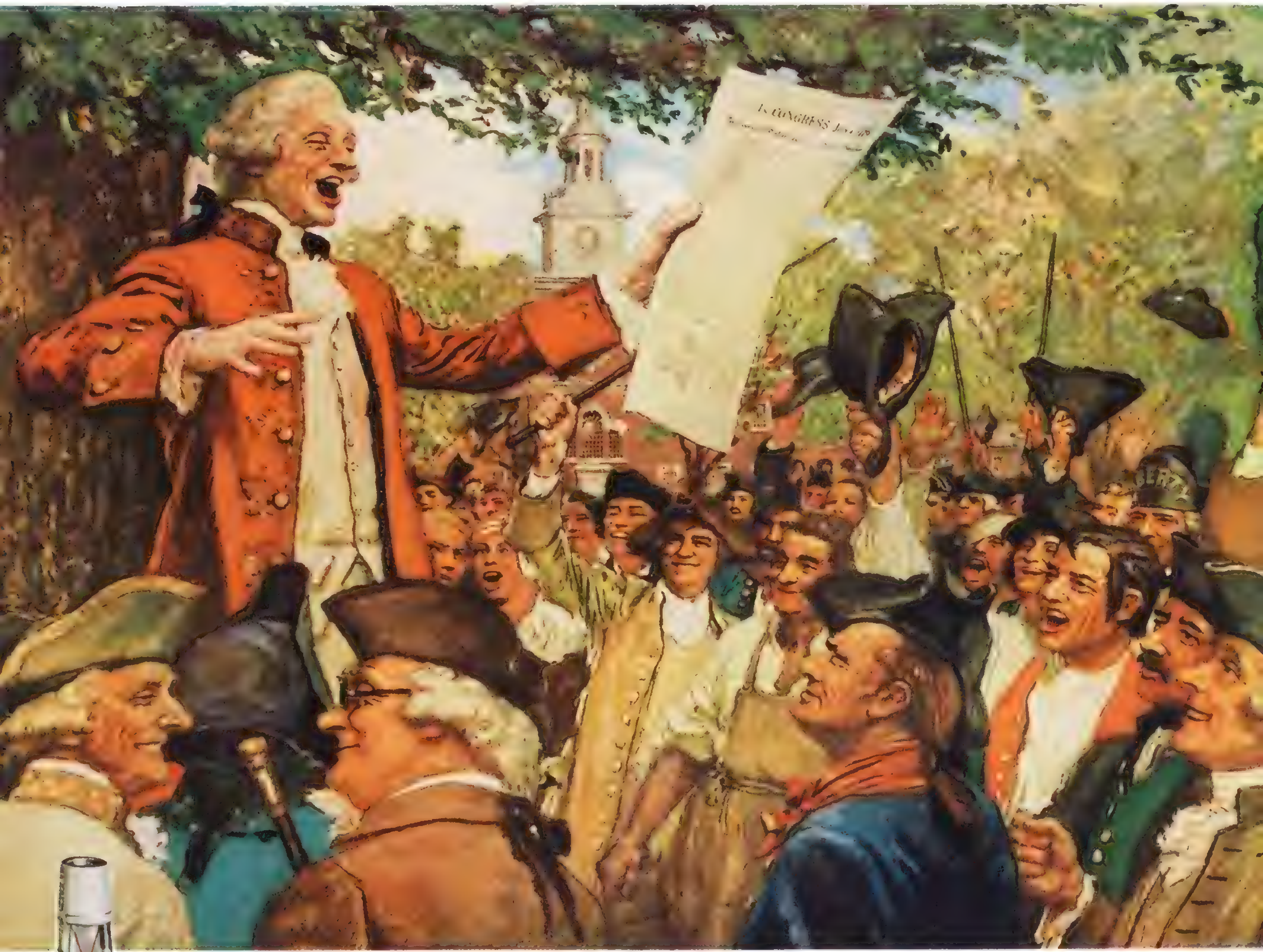
letters to Esquire, keeping a corps of correspondents continually busy.

The Declaration is signed

JULY 4TH
1776

Thus our Republic Won its Freedom . . . and in that Same Generation the Family of *James E. Pepper* Founded its Distillery!



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The Rats Are Still Fat

The war's real scoreboard is not in the headlines but in the back pages, in marine insurance rates

by COMPTON PAKENHAM

• ARTICLE •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article went to press at the time of the Scandinavian developments which were reflected by a prompt closing of the Scandinavian market and a refusal of underwriters to insure cargo to Baltic ports but no immediate alteration of the other zones. There may since have occurred many other military, diplomatic and economic developments, none of which alters the basic point of this thesis: that marine insurance rates offer the otherwise bewildered business man the one accurate long-term reflection of a constantly changing situation that is enormously confusing in its day-to-day aspects.*

FROM a yellowed letter during the Siege of Paris, "M. Gaspard the Confiseur, informs me that no matter what blunders the Emperor may make in the field, France is winning the war as long as the rats are still fat in Paris."

Possibly M. Gaspard's, which is the average European's, attitude toward warfare, brooks some American study, war now being quite the general state of affairs the world over. Europe accepts the condition traditionally, once faced with it—pursues its war-waging as a matter of course and never appears to be as hysterically appalled by its recurring phenomenon, as we, an unthreatened neutral, have been since last September, when we entered into that shameful period of Congressional keep-out-of-war babbling which resulted solely in implanting in the American mind the growing thought that there is an excellent possibility of our getting into this war before it ends.

In contrast to the attitude of the Government, M. Gaspard's—which is to say the affected business man's attitude toward war—is refreshingly practical, for it is motivated by the necessity to earn a living, and restraints of princes, acts of God or perils of the sea notwithstanding, the motivation persists. He must conform his business activities immediately to the changed conditions the war imposes, and readjust his safeguard of insurance to cover the new hazards. Through this insurance readjustment, we get the only true picture of the course of war.

These rate sheets tell us at a glance whose rats are fat and whose are thin.

Stripped of all propaganda—the angry shoutings of Goebbels and the most insidious indirection of Britain—there it is for what it is, etched in the acid of dollars and cents in M. Gaspard's till.

Now, well into the seventh month of war, the opening moves on the chess board are over. Britain and France at present hold the advantage. Their joint blockade of Germany is an outstanding success and the German undersea boat answer to it is a complete failure.

This can be stated unequivocably, because the rates of the American Marine Insurance Underwriters are on the average less than half what they were in the first fortnight of war. Amazing—when we consider the news of sinkings in the papers almost every day—amazing again when we consider that two great European powers are devoting their energies to an attempt to starve each other out before the fight begins, rather than to wait for the inevitable starvation that comes through natural causes after the fight ends.

But amazing or not, quite true, for the marine underwriter has no axe of propaganda to grind. His rates are based on conditions of hazard and the extent of risks. He is in business to feed and clothe himself and his children. And to accomplish this end he bets with you, on changing odds which he determines, that your cargo to or from the ports of the seven seas will get through. If he loses, he pays you your cargo's worth.

His chances of losing (at the hands of German submarines) are at present about one chance in a hundred, and he knows it, for those are the odds he gives.

An amusing game the marine underwriter plays in war time. At times, the conditions and rates he must impose vary almost daily. At other times he sits quietly by the fireside with no change whatsoever necessary in his conditions, regardless of the fact that Goebbels screams, Hitler decorates underseaboat skippers, and England loses battleships. He never needs a newspaper to tell him how the war is going, for his own rate sheet always tells him the true story. The conditions he imposes are not arrived at by chance; they are the inexorable results of definite causes. This is the way they evolve.

On the 24th of August, 1939, Germany and Russia signed their pact and France and Britain started mobilization. For four days the marine rate sheets were unchanged except that cargoes for German and Italian ports became immediately not insurable, but with one single exception one could ship anything anywhere else in the world at a premium of one-quarter of one per cent of the total cargo value. That is to say, the underwriter gave you a 400 to 1 chance of a safe voyage.

The exception was to Australasia and the Far East via Suez. The Suez Canal route, prior to the actual declaration of war, was considered a doubtful risk by the underwriters who specifically stated in their rate sheets that your cargo going that way had merely an 80 to 1 chance of safe arrival. Needless to say the Suez Canal is still an expensive route to insure on.

At the beginning of the war and for three weeks after it started, the underwriters sat still, watching Italy with a fishy eye, not committing themselves to her in any way.

As late as the third week in September, 1939, although Italy's position in the new scheme of warring Europe seemed quite clear to the newspaper reading world, nevertheless the Marine Underwriters rate sheets still car-

Continued on page 143

RODNEY de SARRO

BILLS
BILLS

Are You a Good Husband?

by HELEN FURNAS

1. Do you feel pretty sure you understand women?

2. Do the pair of you ever reminisce about your courtship? If so, which of you starts it?

3. Have you recently discovered any new games, sports or recreations together?

4. How recent a photograph of her do you have? Where is it?

5. Do you consider yourself as familiar as she is with literature, music, art? If not, do you do anything about it?

6. When she asks if you like a new dress she has, do you give the matter genuine attention or just say yes offhand?

7. Do you always impatiently snatch screwdriver or hammer away from her and do the job yourself?

8. Do you cherish a sneaking suspicion that you could run the house rather better than she does with half the bother?

9. If you don't know what she's talking about, do you try to find out?

10. Does it slightly worry you when one of your parties finds her talking clothes to the women and you talking business to the men?

11. Do you feel bored or resentful when she consults you on domestic problems?

12. Does she have a clear idea of where your money comes from?

13. Do you find it harder now than before your marriage to pick Christmas and birthday presents for your wife?

14. How long has it been since you gave her something utterly unnecessary without Christmas or birthday for an excuse? Was she pleased?

15. Can you remember offhand—quick!—what she wore at dinner last night?

16. In male society do you feel inclined to make her crotchets and foibles the subject of anecdotes?

17. If you opened by mistake an ardent letter to her from an admirer who was obviously a total stranger to her, would you think it was funny?

18. Do you ever daydream about going off on a long trip for say six months without her?

19. If you have or had a daughter, do you or would you like her to be just like her mother?

20. Are you inclined to postpone or altogether skip telling your wife about serious business troubles?

21. If she belongs to a club or civic group, do you know what its current program is and what part she plays in it?

22. Do you consider her most attractive when silent?

23. Do you ever wish she looked as smart or were as bright as the wife of somebody else you know?

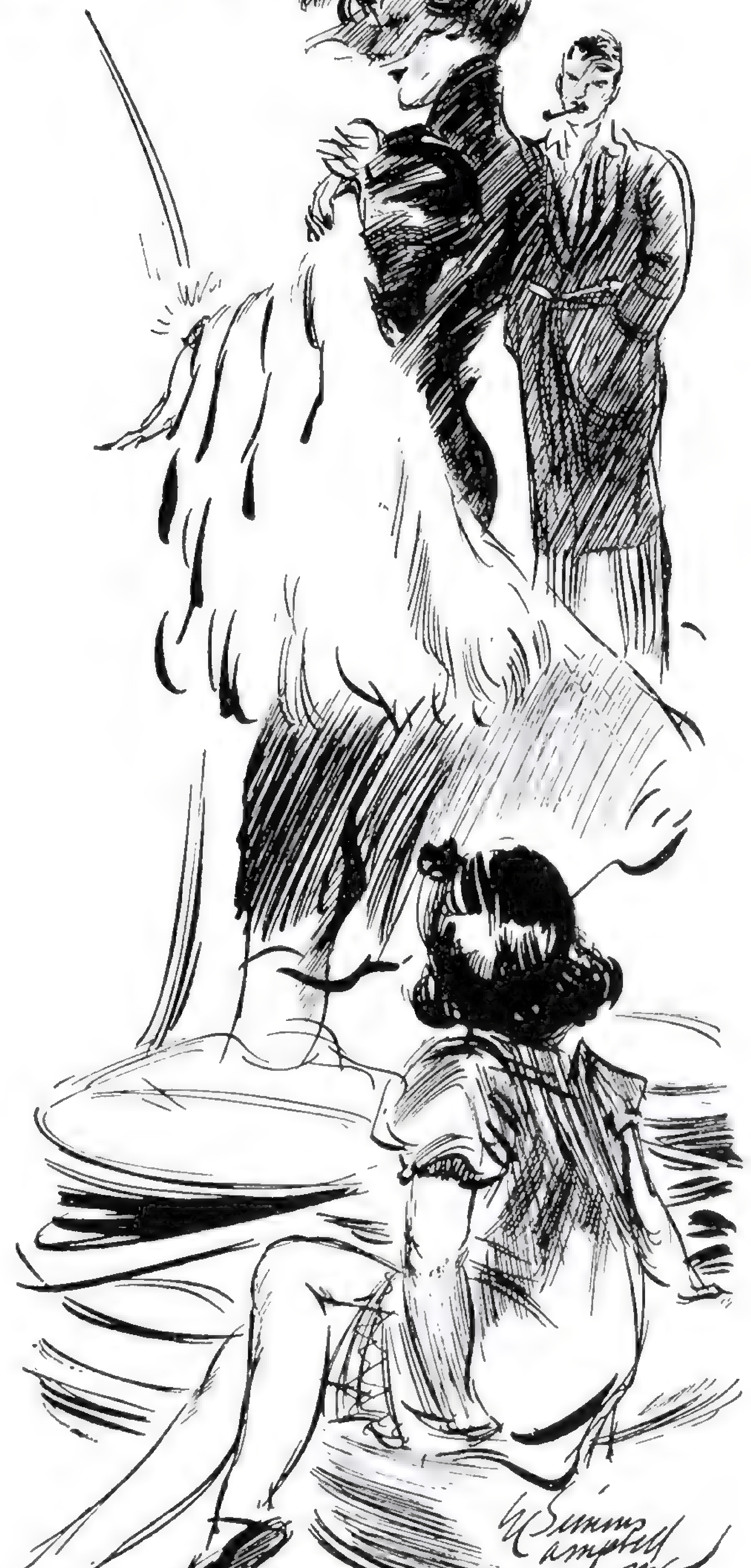
24. Can you tell when she's feeling low, even if her temper isn't affected?

25. What do you think of this quotation: "After marriage the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave"?

Are You a Good Wife?

by J. C. FURNAS

1. Do you wonder how on earth your husband ever got along before you married him?
2. Do you envy your unmarried friends their freedom from domestic worries?
3. Do you ever take his hand at the movies?
4. If he is in the house when someone telephones an invitation for both of you, do you hold the wire and consult him?
5. Do you correct him constantly when he's not getting the details of an anecdote right?
6. Are you habitually late when you meet him somewhere?
7. Do you criticize him seriously in front of the children or outsiders?
8. Do you turn to him too often for help in solving your own problems?
9. Have you asked him in the last two weeks what went on at the office today?
10. Can you detect it when he's worried about something?
11. Do you ever suggest leaving an interesting party early because he is tired?
12. Have you ever studied up on an interest of his with which you were not familiar?
13. Have you a habit of saying when he gets comfortably settled in an armchair with a book: "If you're not doing anything, dear, would you mind getting me . . ."?
14. Does he have a chance to hobnob alone with men-friends he particularly values?
15. Do you ever reminisce together about your first meeting, your engagement, your honeymoon?
16. Are you as well-groomed on evenings at home with him as when you are with other people?
17. When you have a complicated family problem to discuss, do you just plunge in without stopping to consider whether he's dog-tired or out of sorts or just generally not in the mood?
18. Is your mind apt to drift off onto clothes or the children while he's talking about something unimportant to you?
19. Do the two of you ever sit up an hour or so later than you planned because you got interested in talking and didn't notice the time?
20. Are you a chronic back-seat driver?
21. Do you make any effort to see that he's spending his spare time the way he most wants to?
22. Do you take personally every general remark your husband makes?
23. Do you put the burden of more serious child-discipline on him most of the time?
24. If you help buy his clothes, was it his idea or yours?
25. Which would you honestly rather do—go on a long, dull business trip with him or take a cruise with some friends without him?



My Wife Has Killed Three Men

She was always a good shot, but until this thing happened, she'd never aimed at a living target

by ALBERT CARR

▪ FICTION ▪

℞

There is something about the taking of human life that curiously commands respect even while it horrifies. Which of us, the passive and blandly conventional majority, meeting from year to year no adventure more startling than an argument with a traffic policeman, can help but feel a certain awe in the presence of those who have dared to commit the final act of self-assertion? Sometimes when I look at my wife's good-humored and gentle features, I experience a wave of what I can only call envy. I will never struggle out of the web of civilized fear and compunction that holds me, long enough to kill even one man, though I hated him; whereas she, quite deliberately and consciously, once killed three.

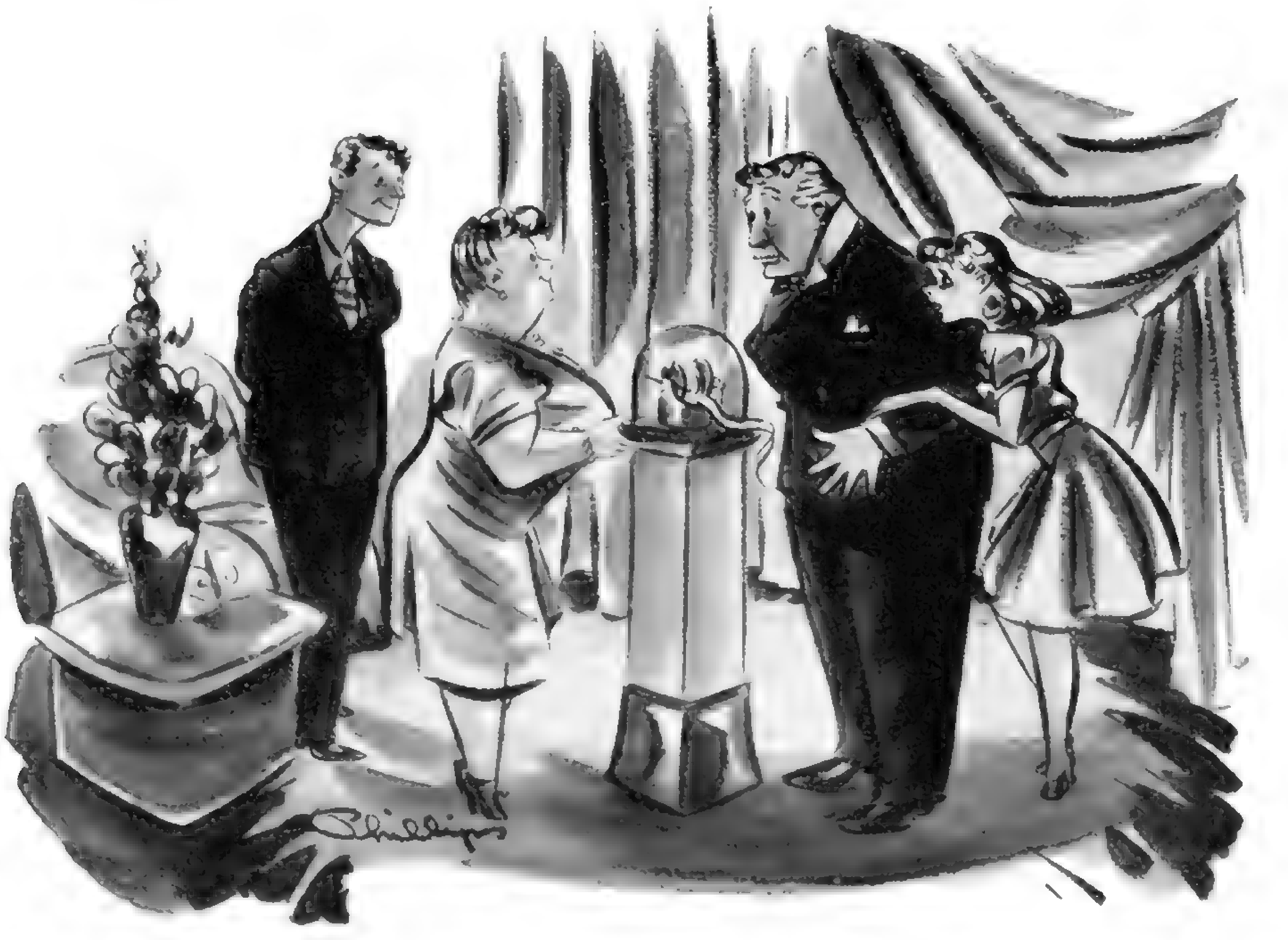
More than a touch of irony lies in the fact that she has always strongly disapproved of what she learned in college to call the traditional barbarisms of our society—hunting, capital punishment, and so on. When she and I first came to the upper Catskills to live I was irked by the sentimental militance with which she defended the wild life that abounds on our mountain side. The butcher shop in the village, four miles away, deprived me of any excuse for indulging the sadist in me—that was her view. Even woodchucks were sacrosanct. The result was that a certain amount of discussion took place before the vigorous "No Hunting" posts went up on our fifty wooded acres. Whenever it became my duty during the deer or pheasant season to point out the signs to some studiously unobservant fellow with a gun and a dog, I felt like a hypocrite, and was.

What irritated me most, I think, was the fact that my wife is a better shot than I. On an improvised rifle range in our orchard she took pleasure in mortifying me by Amazonian displays of off-hand shooting. She was content, however, with the academic exercise of this natural talent; until, as I have said, she killed three men.

Now that the unpleasant notoriety has worn away I can write about the affair, I think, quite dispassionately. This is how it was.

We were sitting on our lawn, on a warm October morning, my wife sketching her cat and I at work, when a small, commonplace sedan rattled up the mountain and turned down our lane. Living as we do, at the top of a dead-end road, with our nearest neighbor half a mile away, we are always interested in chance comers. I rose to greet the man who was the only occupant of the car, and Serious, our Irish setter, went up to sniff at him. He was large; loose brown clothes, good clothes, somewhat lessened the effect of stoutness; and he had a florid, clean-shaven face. At the time, I thought it a pleasant face, with keen blue eyes, a solid nose, and a strong mouth and chin. But I was never very good at physiognomy.

As he took off his soft hat I observed that the thick brush of his sandy hair was shot with gray. With a friendly hand on Serious' neck he smiled and said, "Forgive this intrusion." His voice was cultivated and somewhat high-pitched; and there was a trace of foreign accent in his enunciation.



"You've been complaining about the one you have at the office ever since 1929 so I thought it was high time you had a new one"

He introduced himself as Charles Hecklin, and handed me a card which bore under his name that of a famous museum of art. Then he said, "I read in a magazine several months ago of your collection of early American furniture, I think?"

We admitted it. The year before, my wife had inherited from her grandmother a number of really magnificent pieces, which had transformed our Grand Rapids household into a decorator's joy. The editor of *Beauty in the Home* who summers near by had asked permission to send a man to take photographs; and we had the satisfaction of seeing our possessions glorified on his glossy pages.

"The account struck my imagination," said Hecklin. "That is my specialty, you see. I am curator of interiors for—" He named the museum. "It happens that I am taking a little holiday—a ramble through these mountains. I thought to myself that while I am in this neighborhood, I might perhaps prevail on you to let me see your Phyfe pieces. At the museum we are now so interested in Phyfe."

My wife and I looked at each other and smiled with our eyes. I had always felt it incongruous that so much impressiveness in the home should be associated with so little in the bank, and my wife, too, thought it advisable to part with some of her too numerous heirlooms. We had hesitated, however, to call in a dealer, who we took it for granted would cheat us. Mr. Hecklin's visit seemed providential; museums are so respectable.

Enthusiastically, then, we led the way to the house, where Mr. Hecklin displayed an obviously expert knowledge that quickly won our respect. Over our Phyfe sofa and a lowboy by Gillingham he became really eloquent. "I shall be frank with you," he said at last, when we had been through all the rooms. "I should like to recommend those two pieces to the museum. Would you be interested, perhaps, to set a price?"

We were equally frank. We had never satisfied ourselves, we admitted, as to the real value of the pieces; but we were willing to part with them once we were assured of fair treatment. "Well, there is another way," he said. "Suppose I talk next week to my colleagues at the museum and we see how much my budget will stand. We will make you an offer. You can then bring in any expert you wish to advise you."

This struck us as highly satisfactory. We

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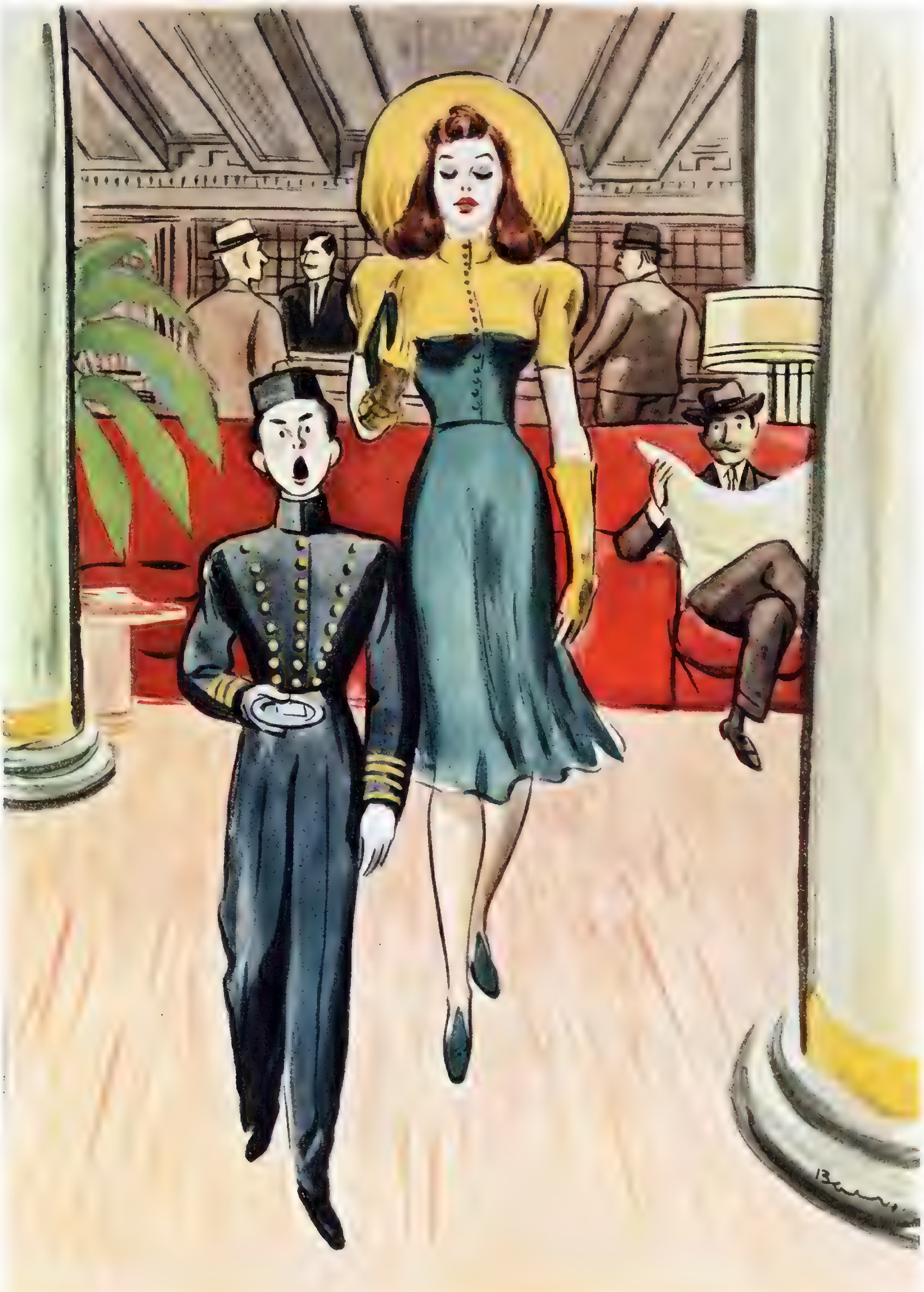
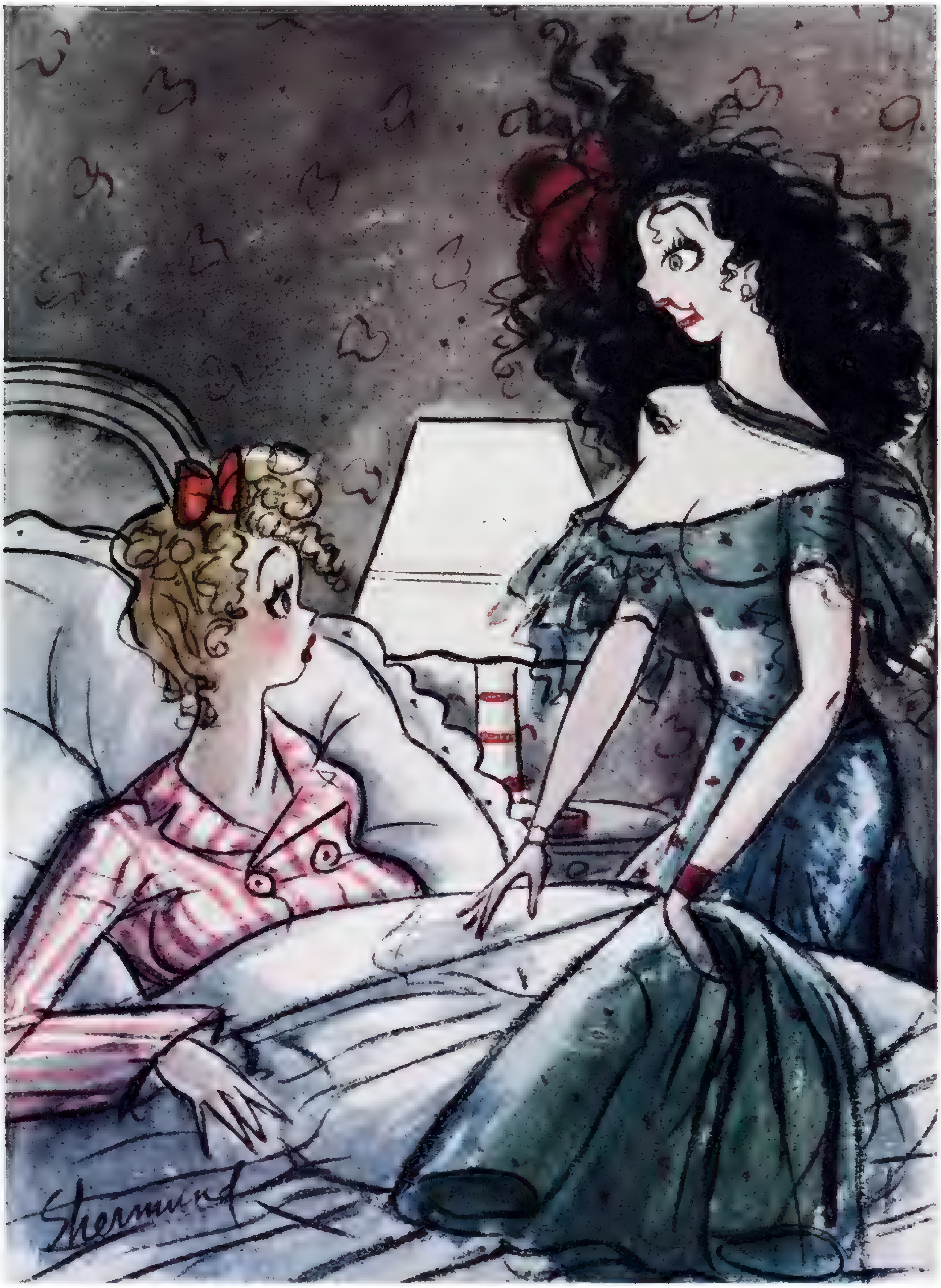


"Doll for Mr. Winters!"



"Well, you were right. He had it hidden in my contract in small type"

Father of Cesars

He conceded his sons did well in the entertainment business but he couldn't be proud of their output

a father's day feature

by KONRAD BERCOVICI

▪ ARTICLE ▪

R

If you had lived on the East Side of New York sometimes between 1900 and 1930 you would eventually have met Moritz Cesar; the lawyer who didn't practice law, the writer who wouldn't write, the bookseller who didn't sell books, the socialist who fought right and left wing socialists, the New Yorker who lived in Brooklyn, the father of Arthur and Irving Cesar.

Other East Side parents of talented sons and daughters lost their identity. The father of Mischa Elman became known as Mischa's father, the father of Sophy Breslau as Sophy's father, and the same thing happened to the fathers of George Gershwin, Max Rosen, David Friedman, Jascha Heifetz, Alma Gluck, and a host of others. There was a "Father's table" in Sholom's coffee house, on Division Street, next to a stable, and it was something to see the fathers of the celebrities gathered on an afternoon or an evening to drink tea from glasses and discuss the merits and the successes of their offspring.

"My Mischa is in Japan. The Emperor gave him a sword."

"My Jascha doesn't have to go to Japan for an audience. He walks across the street to Carnegie Hall."

David Friedman's father distributed gratis, five hundred magazines whenever his son's story was published; at Sholom's, the Royal Café on Second Avenue, at Grienberg's on Broome Street, or at the Metropole. The other fathers would distribute free passes to their offsprings' concert and show to whosoever wanted to look newspaper clippings relating to the concerts given by their sons.

But you never heard Moritz Cesar talk about his sons' successes. He was never a submerged father, to begin with and he didn't approve of either Irving's or Arthur's output. He had to be coaxed to the theatre when a musical comedy by one of his sons was premiered; and went only to please his wife or his daughter. He had had higher hopes for Irving and Arthur. They had failed him as far as he was concerned. Anything short of Tolstoi was not literature. Anything short of Ibsen was not drama. Anything short of Schubert was not music. These were his minimum artistic requirements which not even fatherly love could lower.

Six feet two and weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds he was as light on his feet as a dancer. He wore his brown wavy hair en brosse, and his mustache in the Vercingetorix style. He spoke with the voice of a drill master but his loud laughter and his drolleries were robustly Rabelaisian.

It was an ill afternoon for the "Fathers" when he sat down at their table. He had an annihilating wit and a vitriolic tongue when he was contradicted and made mincemeat out of them when they gabbed about their geniuses. His pet foil was Strul Friedman, whose son, David, was Irving and Arthur's best friend. Friedman and Cesar were both political exiles from Roumania. In his youth Strul Friedman, who had become a famous Yiddish writer in New York, had been a shoemaker. Cesar had been a schoolteacher. When the Yiddish Socialist paper, on which both were working, changed its policy, Strul the Yankee stayed on . . . on the job; because he had children to support. Cesar resigned though he too had at that time children to support. Cesar dismissed the incident with, "What can you expect from a shoemaker," and didn't speak to him, directly, for years. But when Strul entered Sholom's coffee house Cesar's voice rose, and no matter what the conversation had been about he'd boom out, "What can one expect from a shoemaker?" and go on with the conversation.

Cesar was a gargantuan trencherman. He ate with such gusto, such smacking of lips and rolling of eyes, I used to get hungry watching him eat. I lunched with him once at Beefsteak Jones's place on Third Avenue. The steaks were enormous, more than a pound apiece. When we had finished sopping up the gravy Cesar said to me: "I want another one. How about you?"

"I don't," I answered, leaning back from the table to emphasize that I had had enough.

"Order one just the same. I'll eat yours too. Three portions is my quota," he informed me. "The first two I eat because I am hungry. The third one because I enjoy the taste of the meat. Hunger is the worst cook there is. Watch the choice of women sailors make after a long voyage."

He would spend hours at the Museum and thrill, literally thrill at the sight of color and design. He was never without a book of poetry in his pocket to read in the car on the way to and from his home; Tennyson, Whitman, Goethe, Heine, Baudelaire. There were always two books on his bedside table. Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* and the Bible. It was he who first introduced me to the poetry of John Gould Fletcher. At a time when the "Fathers" and the middle-aged Jewish intelligentsia of New York spoke and read only Yiddish or German, Cesar was delving into American poetry and literature: Bret Harte, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Horace Traubel, Mark Twain and Robert Ingersoll. Women writers were his pet aversion.

I first met Cesar at Sholom's coffee house; on Division Street. It so happened that Cesar's teacher in Roumania, Osias Rossler, who had introduced him to socialism and literature, was a second cousin to my father. One day, when he heard me called by name to the telephone, he brought his glass of tea over to my table and asked me whose son I was.

"I thought so. My teacher often used to

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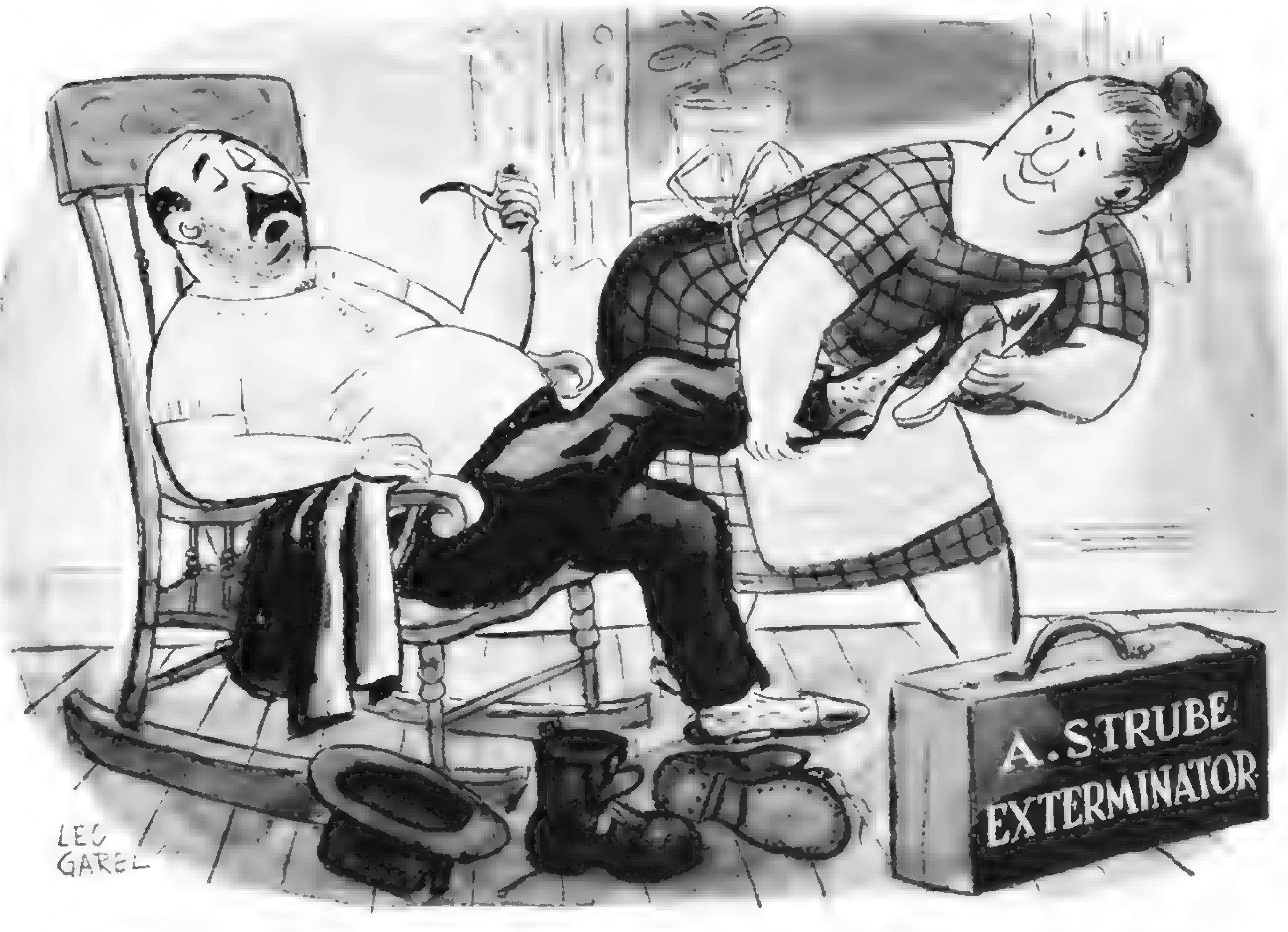


"What a day! What a day! . . . I deroached six kitchens and spread eight pounds of rat paste"

Peace and Refreshment

The Permanent Undersecretary meant to show those members of the Senior Ragoon he was every inch a Chairman

by STANLEY LOGAN

• SATIRE •

On a certain rainy evening in the spacious days of King Edward VII, the exterior of that somber monastery known to its members as "The Senior Ragoon"—and to members of more light-hearted clubs as "The Mausoleum"—presented a comparatively festive appearance. Vehicles, in unusual number, discharged quantities of elderly gentlemen in silk hats onto the glistening pavement and into the welcoming shelter of the gigantic "carriage" umbrella held by Tubbs, the club commissionaire, who escorted them up the steps like a Nubian slave in attendance upon Oriental Potentates.

And this gesture of Tubbs was indeed symbolic for those silk hats crowned some of the finest Proconsular brains (retired) in the British Empire. It was the night of the Disraeli dinner. Once a year the good people of London—not quite knowing why—wear primroses in memory of "Dizzy"; and on the evening of that day the members of The Senior Ragoon—knowing perfectly well why—dine in state to honor the great Premier and the Queen whom he served so well.

And now, taking the club steps two at a time, disdaining Tubbs and his portable "Purdah," came the lean, stringy form of Major Frederick Otter, A.D.C. to the Viceroy (retired) now Chairman of the House Committee. "Evening, Cocking," said the Major cheerily, to the hall porter—"Anything for me?"

Sergeant Cocking, a veteran who bore on his breast medals of campaigns long-forgotten except by himself and the oldest members, produced a buff envelope. "One telegram for you, sir," he said solemnly —for he disliked telegrams, telephones, and the steady rush of modern life.

The Major read it and breathed a soft "damnation."

"No bad news, I hope, sir?" inquired the Sergeant as a matter of form—for what else could telegrams contain?

"Not exactly bad—but awkward—devilish awkward," said the Major. "It's from Sir Godfrey Bynge—won't be able to be here tonight—touch of gout."

The Sergeant clicked sympathetically. "Too bad, sir. Sir Godfrey won't like that, sir."

"You're putting it mildly, Cocking, he'll damn and blast everything in sight. Why, I can't remember a time when Sir Godfrey didn't take the chair at the Disraeli dinner, can you?"

"No, sir," replied the Sergeant, smiling the youthful smile of seventy-four contemplating the frailties of eighty-six—"Sir Godfrey's not so young as he used to be, sir."

"Who *is*?—Tell me that! Who is?" said Major Otter, hurrying to consult with fellow oracles as to the filling of the Chair left vacant by the gout of Sir Godfrey Bynge.

As he entered the Northwest smoking room, he found the customary gloom of that vast chamber somewhat dissipated by an atmosphere of Anglo-Indian conviviality.

Now the basis for any Anglo-Indian conviviality is, as all the world knows, Scotch whiskey taken in the form of a "peg." A survey map of British possessions might well be contrived, clearly indicating to the traveler what to expect from each in the way of stimulant. In Malay, for instance he will be faced with gin "phatis" and in Jamaica, of course, rum. But throughout the length and breadth of Mother India he will be regaled by The District Officer, the Commissioner, the Deputy Commissioner, the Resident and all the Sahibs with nothing but Scotch whiskey.

And the members in the N.W. Room of the Senior Ragoon were no exceptions to this golden rule.

In point of fact they weren't exceptions to any kind of rule. They *were* the rule—and they loved it. It was a passion with them.

Of course there were fine shadings—certain nuances to vary the magnificent monotony of the thing. This Governor General, for instance, took his Scotch with plain water and lemon. That Chief Justice took his with seltzer—and so on. But the most colorful variation on the theme was supplied by one who was distinguished in this exalted gathering by bearing neither title nor rank . . . C. F. Carruthers, Esq. Yes indeed. For Charles Fortescue Carruthers, Permanent Undersecretary to the India Office, took his whiskey neat—with milk on the side. To say that he used milk as a chaser would be to convey an erroneous impression; for a chaser implies hurry and Charles Fortescue was never in a hurry. He invested his drinking with a dignity all his own. This was the way of it. A sip of neat spirit—Ah! Then—A sip of milk—Aahh! And so on ad infinitum. Observing him one was reminded of the alchemists of old, seeking to transmute the baser metals into precious gold. But where the alchemists experimented fruitlessly, the permanent Undersecretary achieved. And so he sat, on this "Disraeli" night, superbly sipping. Unruffled, untouchable; lending a courteous ear to a "Sahib" belonging to The Whiskey and Splash school of thought. Then, too, his likeness to the reigning Monarch was quite remarkable and a source of secret gratification to himself. The prominent blue eyes, the pointed beard and a general air of not being willing to stand any damned nonsense from anyone completed the resemblance. And his career—matching that of his king—had been long-brilliant and of outstanding merit. To his ultimatums the most truculent Maharajah bowed his bejeweled head; and it was an accepted belief of the official "caste" that not even the most Machiavellian Viceroy had ever succeeded in slipping one over on Charles Fortescue Carruthers. Contemplating this human masterpiece, Major Frederick Otter came to an immediate decision which he imparted to the "Pukka Sahibs" of the Committee. Here, he told them, was the only possible Chairman of the Disraeli Dinner! And they, with unusual unanimity, agreed with him. So it was that, in a few well-chosen words, Major Otter announced their decision to the Undersecretary:

"Sir Godfrey—unavoidably absent—regrettable indisposition—privileged to suggest to you —Sir—Great statesman—take chair—honor of other great statesman—most suitable."

The club, as one Sahib, rose. Tense, breathless, Scotch suspended in lean brown fingers, awaiting the reply of Charles Fortescue Carruthers, Esq. Their suspense was short lived. The Undersecretary, in a voice mellowed by long years of devotion to whisky and milk, accepted—also in a few well-chosen words.

"Great honor. Totally unexpected—most gratifying— Deeply regret—indisposition—one of oldest friends—Sir Godfrey Bynge—irreplaceable, of course—but will do best."

The club, as one Sahib sat down. Limp—relieved—Scotch tilted to lean brown lips, drinking the health of Charles Fortescue Carruthers, Esq. And what of him?—what of C.F.C.? Outwardly, of course, in true British fashion he remained calm. But inwardly—was he not moved? Most assuredly he was. For he had achieved his crowning ambition—to be Chairman of the Disraeli Dinner and to be one up on that confounded old bore—Godfrey Bynge! Chairman indeed! *He'd* show 'em what a chairman was like! Not a doddering Pantaloon with one leg in the grave like Godfrey B. "Gentlemen—the King!"

When he rose to propose that toast—resembling as he did so felicitously the Emperor of India—would it not have a double significance for his hearers? After years of contemplating the decrepit Bynge being assisted to his feet by two footmen—what a change!—thought the Undersecretary—he'd show 'em! And he did. Never in the ponderous history of the Senior Ragoon had such gaiety prevailed.

Anglo-Indian conviviality runs chiefly to reminiscences of the cutting off of tigers in their prime and the ineptness of the Administration in general. But on this night of nights—under the influence of the Chairman, tigers slunk away abashed and Government-House resembled an enchanted cottage.

Jokes were cracked! Songs were sung! Yes, even songs were sung! They reached the unbelieving ears of Sergeant Cocking who was selecting tomorrow's winners from the *Sporting Times* in his little office. He smiled tolerantly. "Young blood," he seemed to say.

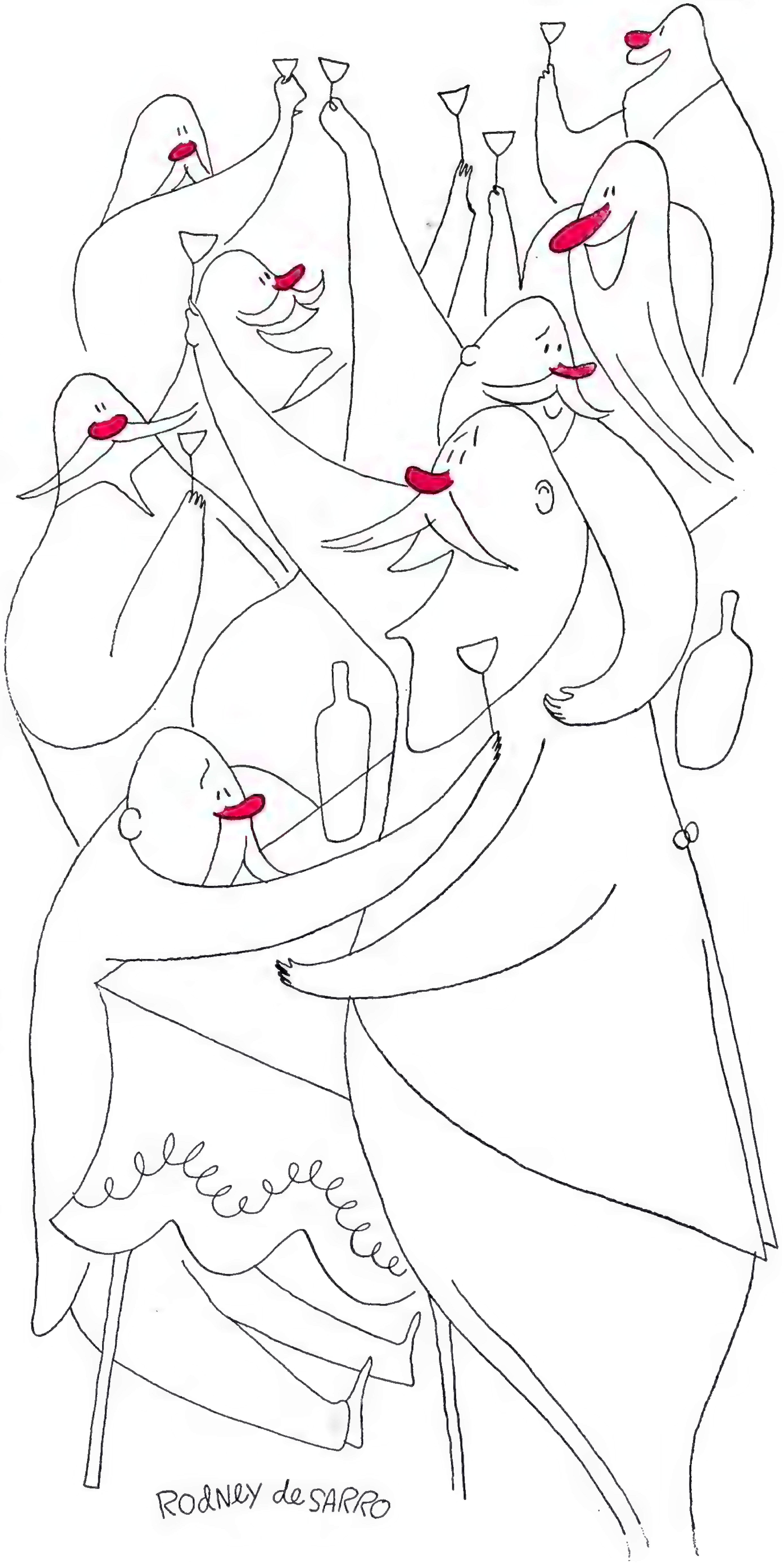
It was a great evening. The greatest of his long life, Charles Fortescue Carruthers had said in his speech. So perhaps it was very fitting that the next morning at dawn—seated upright in his great chair in the Northwest Room of the Senior Ragoon—he was found dead. Two untouched glasses by his side—one of whisky and one of milk.

The funeral service at St. Margaret's Westminster was properly magnificent. The Reigning House was represented. The Government and the Diplomatic Corps attended in a body.

The greatest of those whom he had served, and the humblest of those who had served him were gathered together in tribute to Charles Fortescue Carruthers. In one of the pews reserved for the Senior Ragoon, Sergeant Cocking sat with bowed head and near him Major Frederick Otter and old Sir Godfrey Bynge; their English eyes unashamedly misty. The service was drawing to a close. Suddenly a shaft of sunlight—rainbow-hued from the great Rose Window caressed the flag-draped bier. The Dean's voice lifted, suppliant yet reassuring. "—And grant to this, our departed brother, oh Lord, eternal peace and refreshment. . . ."

The Major turned and smiled at his neighbor, his heart—full—of celestial whisky and milk.

"Even up there," he whispered, "he's going to have it. Even up there!" #



Pat Hobby, Putative Father

An old Hollywood horsefly like Pat would expect most anything but a putative son from Madras

a father's day feature

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

▪ FICTION ▪

Most writers look like writers whether they want to or not. It is hard to say why—for they model their exteriors whimsically on Wall Street brokers, cattle kings or English explorers— but they all turn out looking like writers, as definitely typed as "The Public" or "The Profiteers" in the cartoons.

Pat Hobby was the exception. He did not look like a writer. And only in one corner of the republic could he have been identified as a member of the entertainment world. Even there the first guess would have been that he was an extra down on his luck, or a bit player who specialized in the sort of father who should *never* come home. But a writer he was: he had collaborated in over two dozen moving picture scripts, most of them, it must be admitted, prior to 1929.

A writer? He had a desk in the Writers' Building at the studio; he had pencils, paper, a secretary, paper clips, a pad for office memoranda. And he sat in an overstuffed chair, his eyes not so very bloodshot, taking in the morning's *Reporter*.

"I got to get to work," he told Miss Raudenbush at eleven. And again at twelve:

"I got to get to work."

At quarter to one, he began to feel hungry—up to this point every move, or rather every moment, was in the writers' tradition. Even to the faint irritation that no one had annoyed him, no one had bothered him, no one had interfered with the long empty dream which constituted his average day.

He was about to accuse his secretary of staring at him when the welcome interruption came. A studio guide tapped at his door and brought him a note from his boss, Jack Berners:

Dear Pat:

Please take some time off and show these people around the lot. Jack

"My God!" Pat exclaimed, "How can I be expected to get anything done and show people around the lot at the same time. Who are they?" he demanded of the guide.

"I don't know. One of them seems to be kind of colored. He looks like the extras they had at Paramount for *Bengal Lancer*. He can't speak English. The other—"

Pat was putting on his coat to see for himself.

"Will you be wanting me this afternoon?" asked Miss Raudenbush.

He looked at her with infinite reproach and went out in front of the Writers' Building.

The visitors were there. The sultry person was tall and of a fine carriage, dressed in excellent English clothes except for a turban. The other was a youth of fifteen, quite light of hue. He also wore a turban with beautifully cut jodhpurs and riding coat.

They bowed formally.

"Hear you want to go on some sets," said Pat. "You friends of Jack Berners?"

"Acquaintances," said the youth. "May I present you to my uncle: Sir Singrim Dak Raj."

Probably, thought Pat, the company was cooking up a Bengal Lancers, and this man would play the heavy who owned the Khyber Pass. Maybe they'd put Pat on it—at three-fifty a week. Why not? He knew how to write that stuff:

Beautiful Long Shot. The Gorge. Show Tribesman firing from behind rocks.

Medium Shot. Tribesman hit by bullet making nose dive over high rock. (use stunt man)

Medium Long Shot. The Valley. British troops wheeling out cannon.

"You going to be long in Hollywood?" he asked shrewdly.

"My uncle doesn't speak English," said the youth in a measured voice. "We are here only a few days. You see—I am your putative son."

II

"—And I would very much like to see Bonita Granville," continued the youth, "I find she has been borrowed by your studio."

They had been walking toward the production office and it took Pat a minute to grasp what the young man had said.

"You're my what?" he asked.

"Your putative son," said the young man, in a sort of sing-song. "Legally I am the son and heir of the Rajah Dak Raj Indore. But I was born John Brown Hobby."

"Yes?" said Pat. "Go on! What's this?"

"My mother was Delia Brown. You married her in 1926. And she divorced you in 1927 when I was a few months old. Later she took me to India, where she married my present legal father."

"Oh," said Pat. They had reached the production office, "You want to see Bonita Granville."

"Yes," said John Hobby Indore, "If it is convenient."

Pat looked at the shooting schedule on the wall.

"It may be," he said heavily. "We can go and see."

As they started toward Stage 4, he exploded.

"What do you mean 'my potato son'? I'm glad to see you and all that, but say, are you really the kid Delia had in 1926?"

"Putatively," John Indore said, "At that time you and she were legally married."

He turned to his uncle and spoke rapidly in Hindustani, whereupon the latter bent forward, looked with cold examination upon Pat and threw up his shoulders without comment. The whole business was making Pat vaguely uncomfortable.

When he pointed out the commissary, John wanted to stop there "to buy his uncle a hot dog." It seemed that Sir Singrim had

Continued in center of page 172

"What'll I do now, K-36? General Denton wants me to come up and see his etchings tonight"

"Well, Henderson, you were the one who thoug

ht we should give him a free hand"

"This one was appendicitis"

Dennis Campbell '40

Flight Into Egypt

Perhaps Ben Shaba's life was spared in Jerusalem so that he might play a small part in the greatest of dramas

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

The yoke of the tyrant Herod weighed heavily upon the people. Palestine was filled with spies. And the entire population chafed under the load.

The great wall, with its many watch towers, girded the over-crowded city tightly and a sharp glance of suspicion was everywhere. Ruthlessness, cruelty and terror reigned supreme. And over the face of this ancient world fell an uneasiness, a twitch, a convulsion. These were the social heralds announcing events to come.

After a long and wearisome journey through the far-off lands of Arabia and Persia, Ben Shaba tied the knees of his eight camels and caused them to kneel beside the wall of Jerusalem. It was an hour or more before dawn and leaving his valuable caravan in charge of his two drivers he walked toward the entrance known as the Fish Gate. The gate was beside the Tower of Antonia which now served as a Roman garrison.

The great doors, sometimes called the "needle of the city," were closed and could under no circumstances be opened before sunrise. But a smaller hinged entrance set into the large massive door, called "the eye of the needle," could be opened to citizens and friends if the guard was willing. A fee of two small silver coins was expected for this service.

Ben Shaba stepped through the small opening and exclaimed: "At last! After four years I am returned."

"You come from afar?" asked the Roman soldier.

"Yes. A long journey. As soon as the gates are open I will bring my merchandise into the marketplace. But now I want to be the first to enter the Holy Temple this morning, for it has been so long . . . From one land to another . . . Four years."

"Let me warn you, young man. I see a dagger in your girdle. You had better dispose of it before you are seen. There has been so much trouble of late within the walls: riots and street disturbances that . . . It is against the law. I merely warn you."

"Very good, sir, I will cover it. But it must remain with me. I carry a precious load and no law could deprive a person of protection for his property."

"I merely warn you; the rest is no concern of mine."

He walked through the narrow street beside the wall of the Roman Garrison. The dim light of an oil flame, shielded by squares of mica, lit the rude pavement. He walked to the great cistern and here in one of the heavy copper basins attached to the stone wall by a chain he washed his face and hands. Then, replacing his turban and making certain that the great jewel set in a frame of pearls was in the center of his forehead, he proceeded toward the Holy Temple.

It was an hour before dawn and already the streets were beginning to show signs of life. A line of goats and bleating lambs was being led to the Temple's outer court to be sold for sacrifice on the altar. Cages of pigeons were carried by the vendors to the Temple yard also for this purpose. But arriving at one of the four archways which led to the court, all had to wait; the bleating lambs, the goats, and the boys with their cages of pigeons and even Ben Shaba, rich master of an overland caravan.

Men with lanterns and with brooms and great buckets of water were washing down the pavements, made filthy by so many animals during the previous day. From all sides men were sweeping the slime into a great pile while others with shovels were filling the boxes at hand which they were soon to carry off.

While waiting, Ben Shaba spoke to one of the animal vendors.

"How do you sell your sheep at this season?"

"Sheep or goats, it makes no difference. They are fixed in price."

At first he did not quite understand the words of the vendor, for the people of Jerusalem speak their Aramaic with a quicker, lighter and more bubbling tongue. Hebrew was the language of the Temple and Aramaic the language of the people.

"What is the price?" he asked finally.

"You do not know?"

"I have just arrived from far-off lands."

"The price is a copper penny a pound. The animals must be weighed in the public scales and the weighing is inspected by an official."

"That is very cheap, a copper a pound."

"Yes. There is little profit to be made in meat these days. And the public scales are light weighing scales. In the old days each had his own scales, as the money changers have to this day, and then if one knew his business . . . A heavy finger in the right spot and one had a chance for a little profit. . . . Perhaps, my good sir, you would like to buy an animal this morning?"

"I would, no doubt, a little later."

"Why not now? Before the scales are set up I could give you a bargain."

"I could not pay for it for I have only Egyptian and Persian money in my purse and must wait for the changers to set up their booths."

"The changers! Each has his own scale and each is different. Your silver and gold, they weigh lightly and the coins they give you are so clipped that the edges cut holes in your wallet. Not one of them is to be trusted."

"Why is it, my friend, that your animals are weighed by a city official and the money changers are allowed to carry on with brazen dishonesties?"

"Ah, my good sir, I believe you now when

Continued on page 119

"Psst! Is it still raining outside?"

Powder Smoke from Boot Hill

Granted there was some basis for Western yarns, did the old-timers shoot any better than we do today?

by LUDLUM SMITH

▪ ARTICLE ▪

FICTION and legend have familiarized every growing youth with the days when a heavy investment in shootin'-irons was the best insurance available, and when Mr. Average Citizen squinted over the sights of his smokestick he had a fair idea of what he was going to hit and nobody thought anything of it.

From the rifle for meat to the six-gun for defense was a logical step, and it only required a few years of diligent practice for a certain amount of fast work with the latter. Since a reasonable ability with the handgun will put a brittle glitter in the eye of even the humblest brow-beaten, bent-backed bookkeeper, it was only natural that in a short time the Western frontier was bristling with individuals whose respect for the law was confined to an unshakable faith in Judge Colt. The mere fact that this same arbiter was often on both sides of an argument seemed to have little or no bearing on his decisions.

But as the gunfighter, like the Injun, rode over the horizon, tales of his doings grew somewhat taller. And taller. This phenomenon is evident today when Pa, who couldn't hit a bull on the back with a banjo, keeps his young-un from trying out a new .22 while he relates, in detail and with gestures, how he once shot the bazzaza off a philly-loo bird at a thousand yards.

And the old man's recitation gets the same response as the gunfighters' tales: It's either swallowed wholeheartedly or the kid heads for the nearest tin can with his tongue in his cheek.

But something must have happened sometime, somewhere, to start these yarns. It did. A bunch of hard customers with enough guts to shake off the sedentary habits of civilization moved forth—as they say—into an unsullied wilderness. These gentlemen were motivated by the basic emotions and desires of the human race, and they sallied forth with the distinct intention of sullying up the aforementioned wilderness to the best of their assorted abilities. They were very competent. No romantic intentions or looking forward to the day when they'd be Western heroes. Just the idea that there was something West they wanted; land, gold, adventure. . . .

All right, you get the idea. Under such circumstances it isn't a question of, "Could the old-timers shoot?" They could and did. The question is, "Could the old-timers shoot better than we can today? And if so, how and why was it possible?" The best answer to that is a comparison of their legendary abilities with known facts. If they don't always jibe, let's temper our criticism with the knowledge that a tale well told is naturally subject to a little improvement. A *little* improvement.

One of the first things we meet is the question of shooting a six-gun from the hip. At least one reputed authority has it that Wild Bill Hickok thought nothing of perforating a spot the size of a dime from his hip at fifty paces. And that quite consistently. How our guns and ammunition have degenerated! If there are any revolvers now on the market, of any caliber, that'll equal that stunt from a machine rest, the manufacturers could sure sell a lot by advertising the fact. And Bill was using cap-and-ball revolvers with black powder!

Now, contrary to popular opinion, hip-shooting is not a lost art, but its legendary accuracy has been very much debunked. In the first place, it's an awkward position in which to handle a gun. If you're going to point at anything, you don't leave your hand at your side and raise your finger; you raise your hand and point your finger. Why should a gun be any different?

For just one reason: lack of time. If your adversary is close enough, say across the table with three kings protruding from his sleeve and in the process of reaching for his own hardware, it behooves you to shoot as near the instant that your gun clears its holster as you can and be sure of a hit.

And there we have the hip-shooting situation: Accuracy versus time. The farther away your man is, the more time you will take to bring your gun up toward a sighting level. You will if you entertain any notion of being pointed out later as the man who tucked away so-and-so.

Available evidence indicates that shooting from the hip not only existed but still does and is very effective—but only at close range. Its use among old-timers is further supported by statistics which show that—even today—nearly all defense shooting takes place at *fifteen feet or less.*

But ten or fifteen feet isn't fifty paces, and a man is bigger than a dime, and that makes it reasonable to assume that a dime, or a bucket of them, is out for Wild Bill Hickok or anyone else who insists on shooting from the hip at no less than half the length of a football field.

Other records argue that Bill never shot from the hip in his life, which sounds a lot more plausible since he held his own with the best of them. It looks as though his actual style of shooting consisted of raising his weapons chest high or better and well extended, where long experience had perhaps taught him a manner of sighting on a plane slightly above the barrel. And if his target was far enough away there's nothing to show he was crazy enough to ignore a couple of protuberances the makers had put on top of his guns and catalogued as sights. In fact, he might have lived to a ripe old age if someone hadn't talked him into sitting with his back to an open door.

Speaking of sights, you've no doubt heard of the super bad-men who filed those articles off their guns to keep them from catching on something at a critical moment. Well, this is probably as good a place as any to state that guns without sights are good for, and designed for, just one thing: shooting someone in the tummy at three to five feet. Any sensible man would carry a derringer for that purpose and not ruin a gun whose sights had already been smoothed at the factory so that they weren't likely to interfere with a quick draw.

Another popular fallacy is that the act of "throwing-down" on something consists of waving your gun around your head a couple of times and then bringing it down in the general direction of your target. Somewhere on that downward path it is supposed to go off—at the magic instant, of course—and get you a bull's-eye. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

A revolver is a projectile-throwing device, and as such it wants to be just as steady at the instant of discharge as it's possible to hold it. This condition is hardly fulfilled by the above antics, so let's say no more about it.

If, however, you care to interpret the term "throwing-down" as meaning the quick-draw, that's another story.

It's pretty hard to disprove tales of the split-second draw when modern gun artists can pull two double-action revolvers and, shooting with both hands, put ten shots in a playing card at fifteen feet or better. The time? Probably less than two seconds from start to finish. Or, if you'd rather stick to one gun, which is a lot more common, how about settling for five shots under the same conditions in about one second? Of course, that's using modern weapons. If you want the performance with the single-action (that's the old Frontier Six-Shooter, or Peacemaker), it'll take a little more time for the five shots, but the first one will appear in one-quarter to one-half second. Not bad, eh?

No, the quick-draw is not a figment of anyone's imagination. It's very real, and holds true of both the older style hip holster and the more modern spring-clip shoulder type. With the latter, there's not much sense in drawing a gun from under your arm and then lowering it to your hip to shoot, however, and perhaps it's contributed something to our standards of accuracy. In any event, fiction writers are on pretty safe ground when they refer to the gunman who "filled his hand" quicker than the eye could follow.

Perhaps the reference above to the use of two guns reminded you of the traditional two-gun man. He existed, all right, only he did not percolate the same way Tom Mix does.

Very few people, gunmen included, are ambidextrous. At the same time, not many situations would be more unpleasant than to find yourself in the middle of a juicy scrap with an empty gun. Hence a second one in reserve. Even ambidexterity wouldn't imply an independent motion of each eye, which would obviously be needed to shoot at two separate targets simultaneously. Anyone afflicted with muscular eye trouble probably has his hands full brandishing one gun, let alone two.

It has always been good strategy to get there fustest with the mostest, and if a two-gun man facing odds could find a place of concealment before he was shot up, he not only stood a good chance of contributing profitably to the fracas, but of holding his own for an indefinite period, since one gun could be reloaded while the other was ready for use. There wasn't much sense in firing them both at once; a man can only tote so much ammunition.

An infrequent ambidextrous gunman does have the advantage of not having to shuffle his weapons around, and if the going gets hot he can fire alternately from each one.

No really proficient gunman had anything but contempt for the gun-fanner. As is commonly known, the process of "fanning" a six-gun consists of either removing or tying back the trigger and, while holding the weapon with one hand, brushing the hammer back rapidly with the other. At high speed this probably gave the impression that the gun was being "fanned."

There's no doubt about the speed of this manner of shooting; the greatest difficulties apparently lie in the durability of the working parts and the ability of the operator to hit anything farther away than the muzzle of his gun. It's easy to imagine that while a gunman might die of fright upon being confronted with such an explosive spectacle, if none of the sky-rocketing hunks of lead happened to connect with him, all he had to do was wait till the pinwheel ran down and shoot his opponent in the chosen portion. Such tactics were responsible for a high mortality in the ranks of gun-fanners.

This is borne out by the experiments of one Ed McGivern, probably the fastest exponent of two-gun work of modern times. He has a single-action Colt rigged up especially for gun-fanning, with a custom-built hammer and the finest tempered, hand-honed working parts. Fancy revolver shooting has been his hobby for over twenty years and he can shoot amazing groups in an unbelievably short time—proved with the aid of witnesses, photographs, and electric timers built into his guns.

But as good as his groups are and fast as his shooting is, his gun-fanning doesn't equal his work with regular double-action revolvers. He states in one article on the subject that this custom-built single-action cost, before he finished with it, as much as three standard guns, and is still always breaking parts that just can't stand the strain of such abuse. And older guns didn't have the advantages of modern steel. Would you want to trust *your* life to such tactics? Perhaps some did, but they must have been rather unintelligent.

A little stunt that is often confused with gun-fanning is the art of slip-shooting. This method of handling a gun is really effective and is used today by many of the more accomplished disciples of the single-action re-

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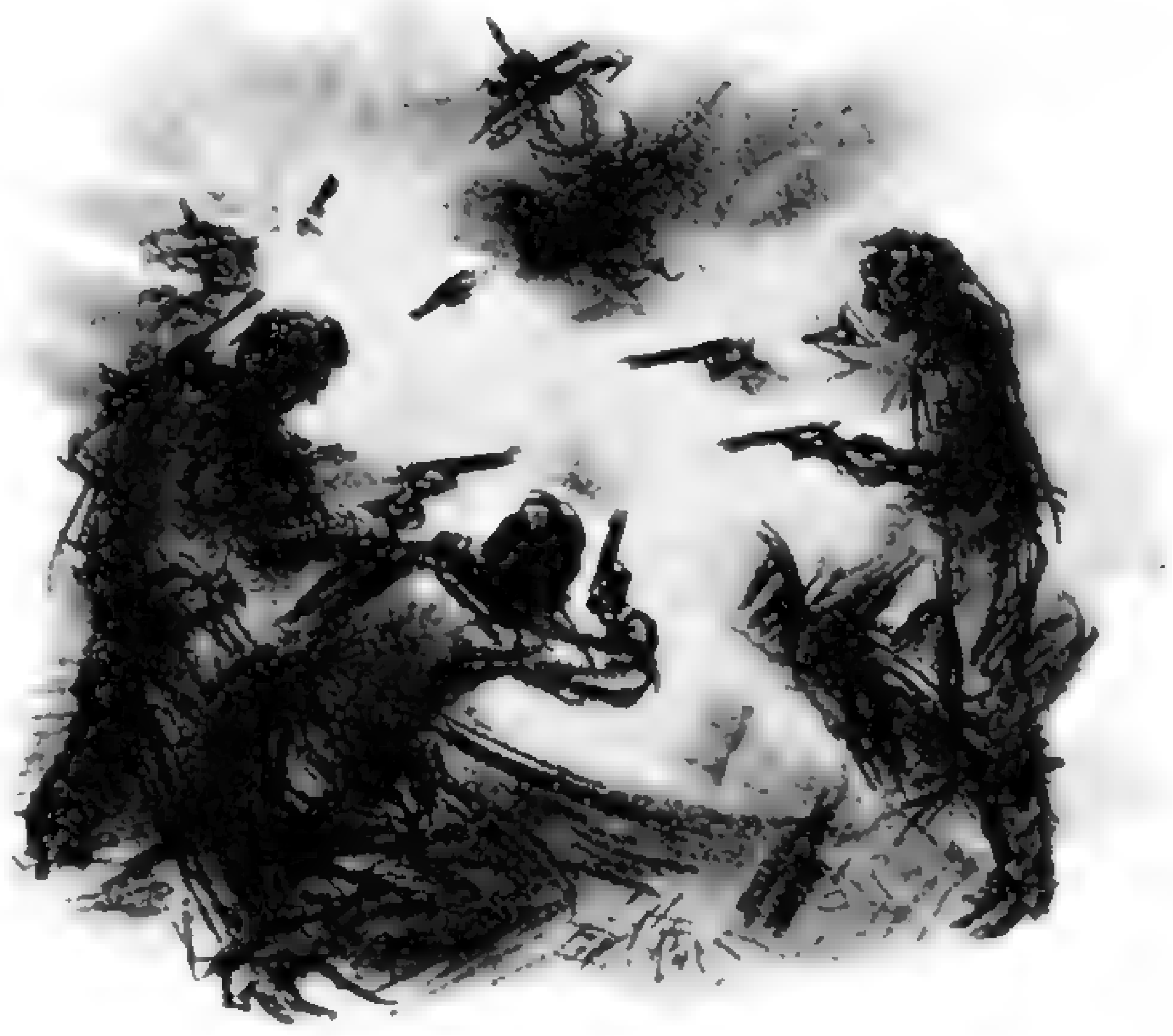
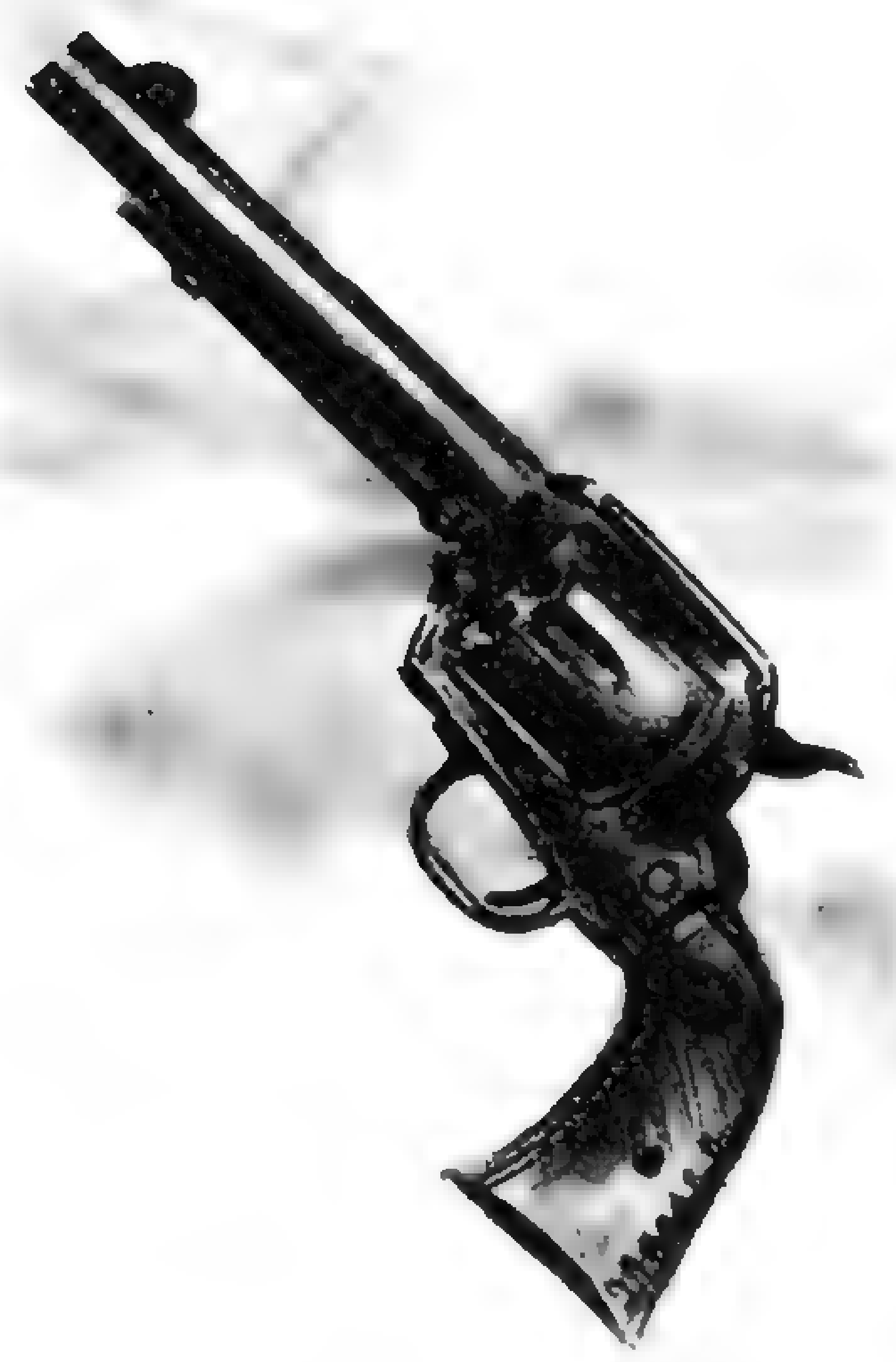
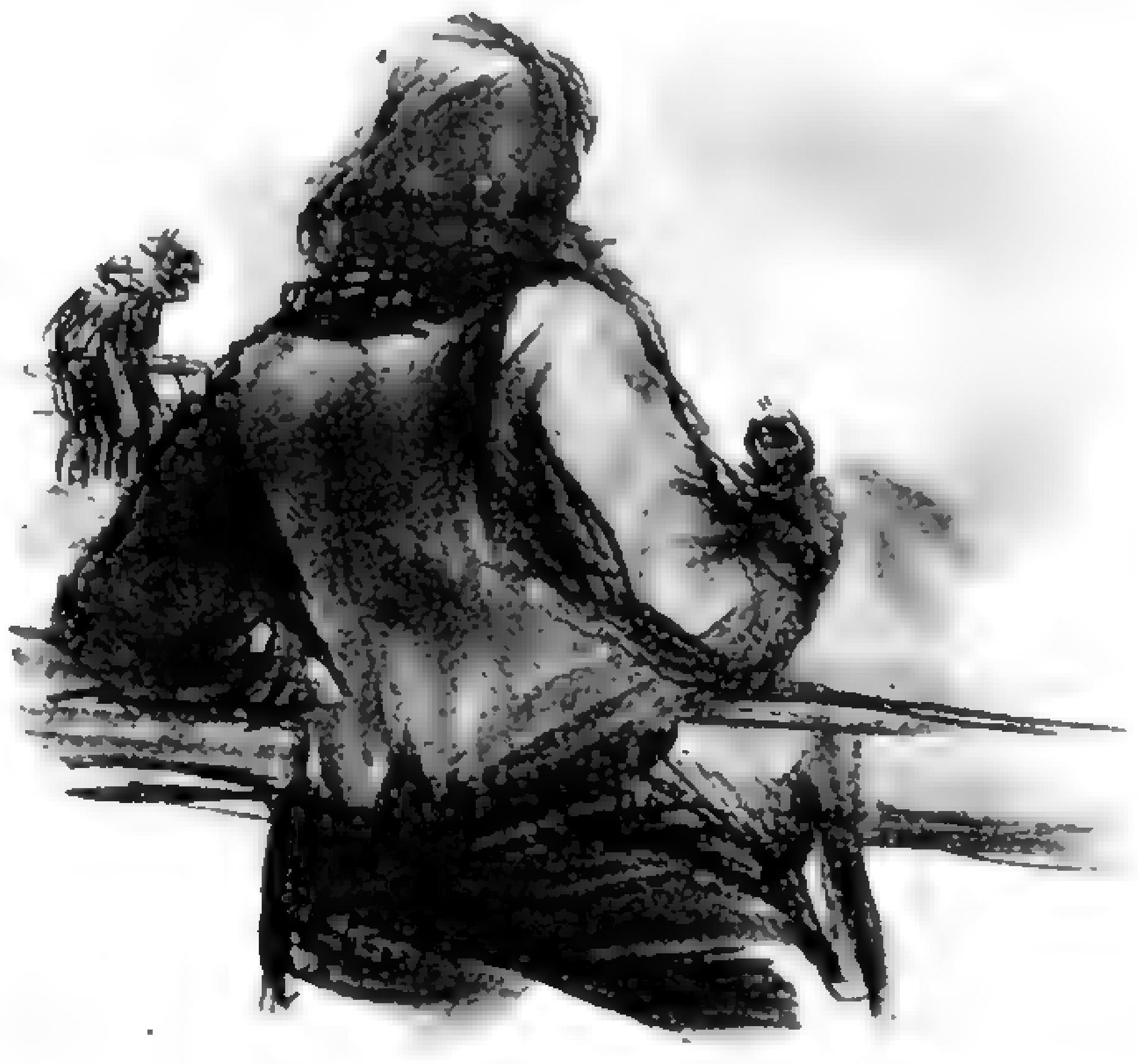


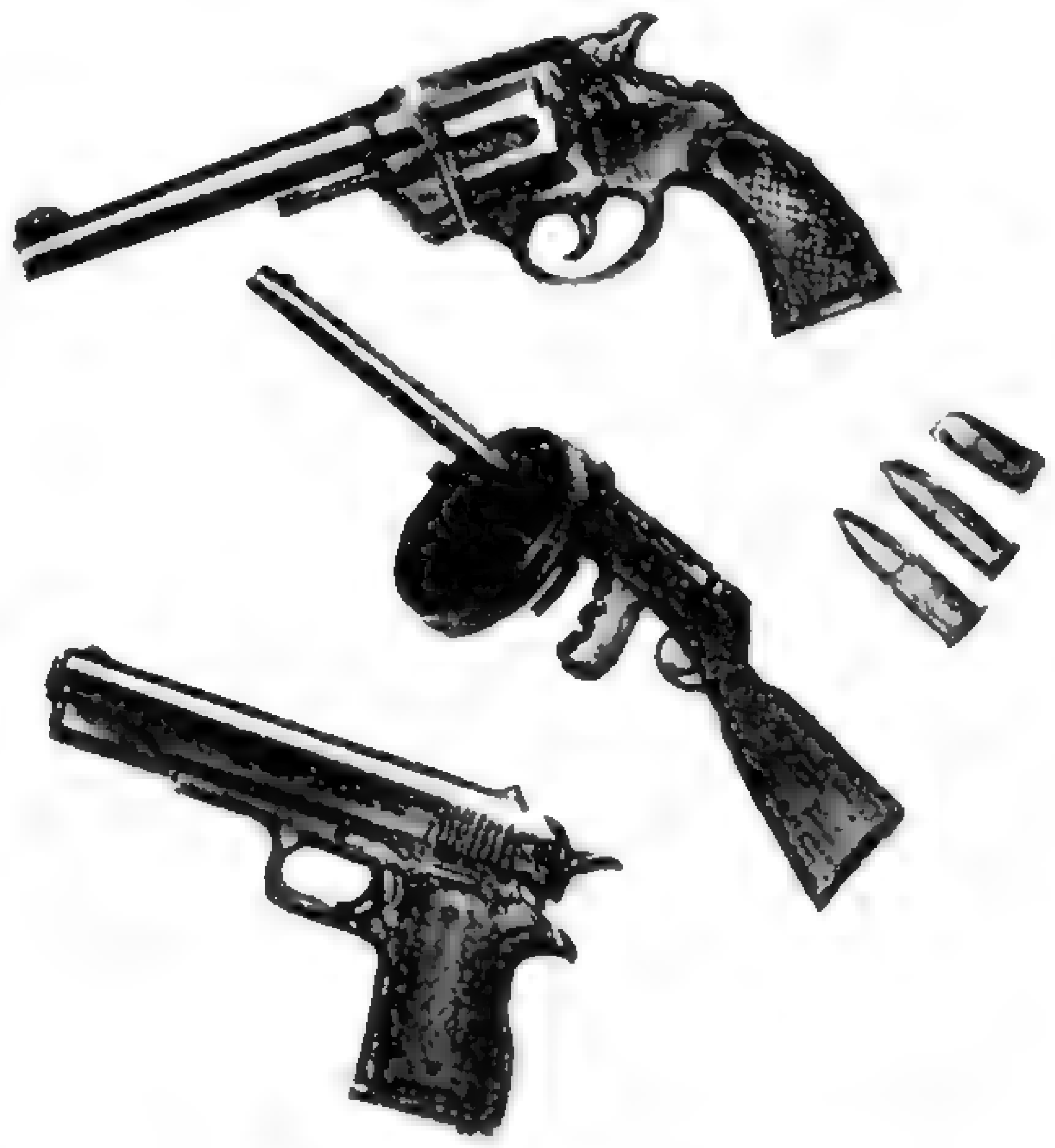
1—The West was once a golden prize
For rootin', tootin', shootin' guys;



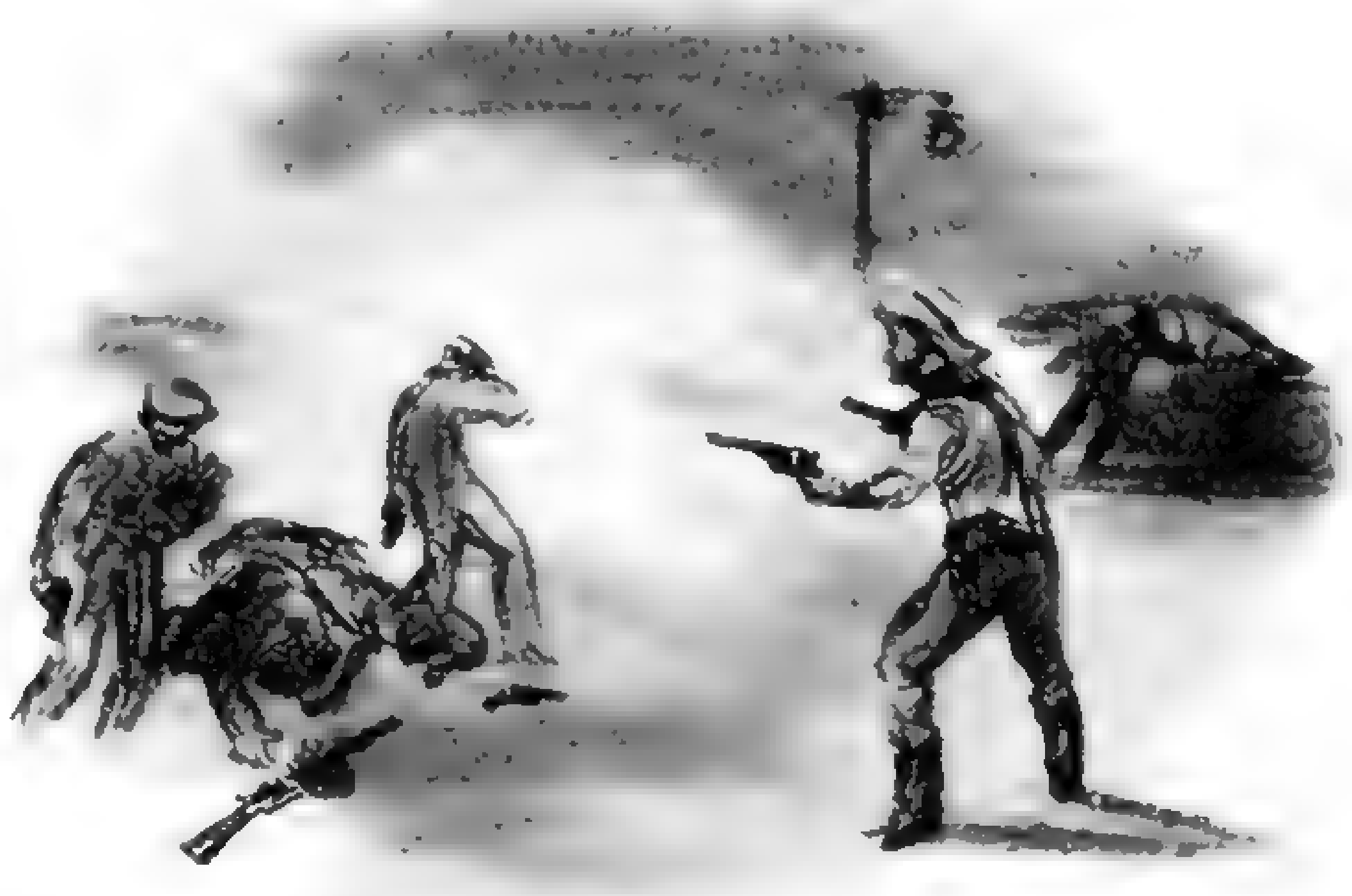
2—When Wild Bill Hickok won his letter
His horse was good . . . his Colt was better!



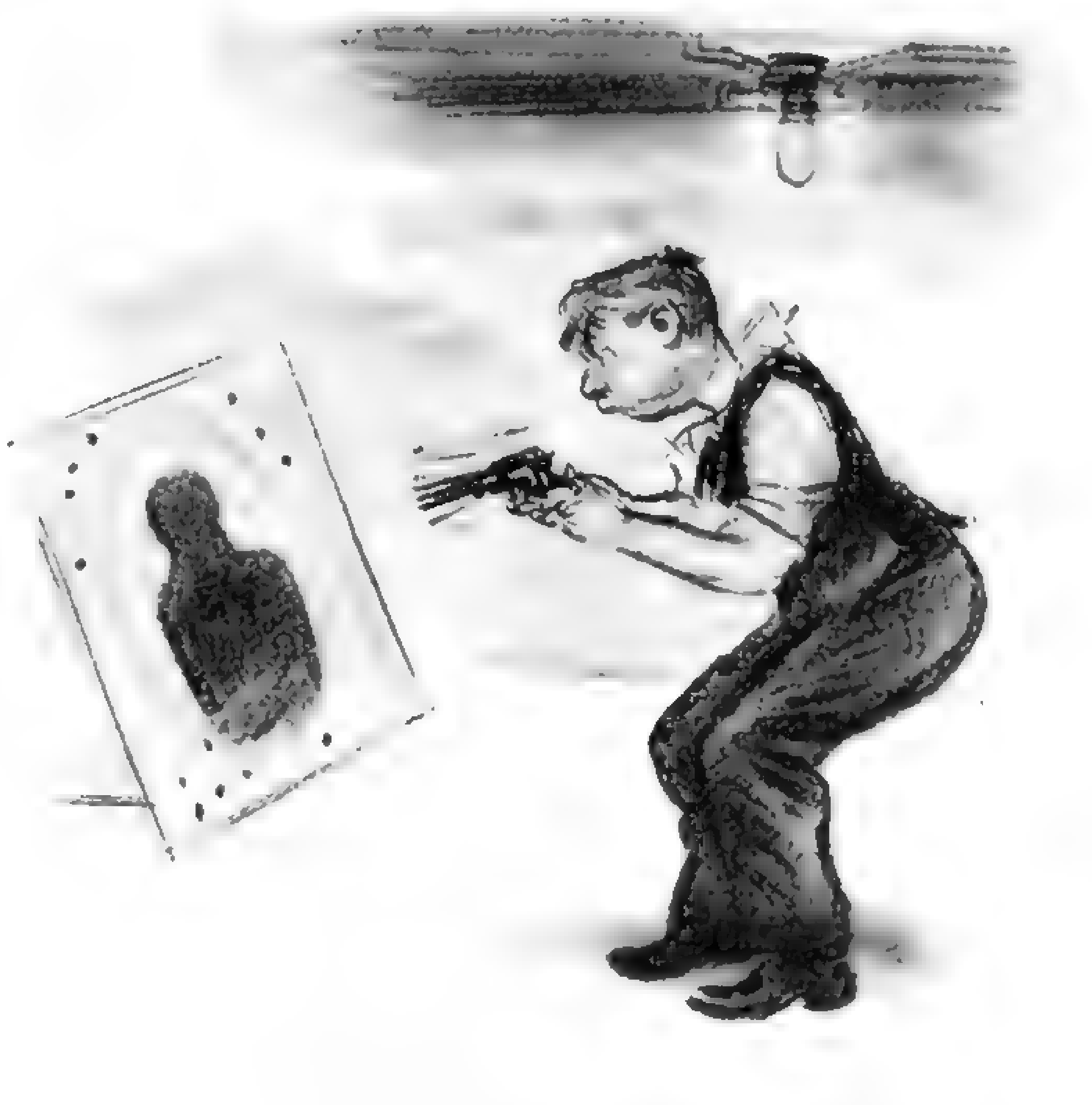
3—In fact this ace of all the aces
Could plug a dime at fifty paces;



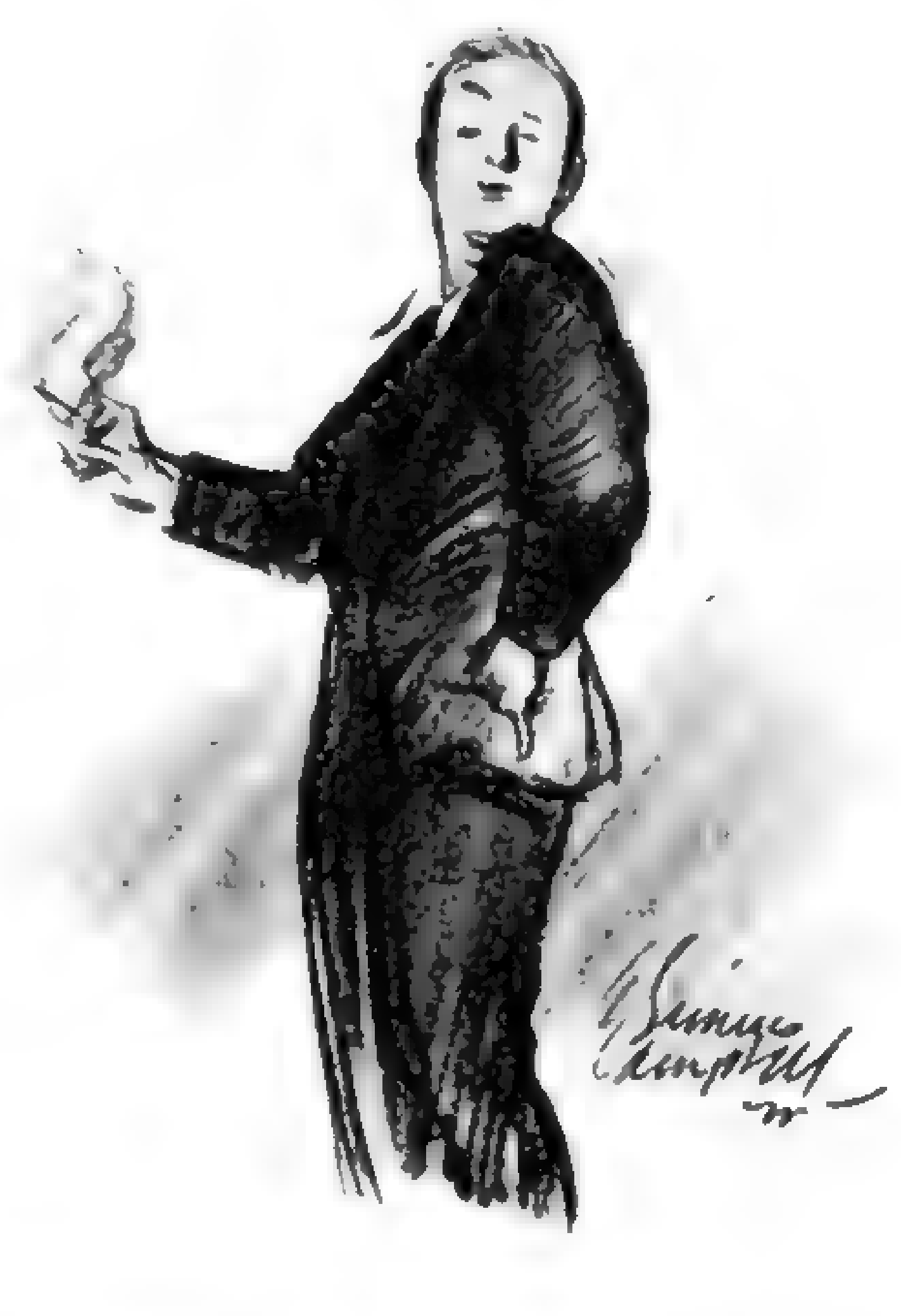
4—Today, our guns are far superior
For damaging a foe's interior,



5—And yet these lads of past renown
Could (Pardon, Bergen) MOW US DOWN!



6—The reason for our sorry state
Is simple to elucidate . . .



7—No longer must we shoot like HE-MEN—
For, what the hell! We've got the G-MEN!

—PHIL STACK

To Buy or Not To Buy

The major leagues have to pay their money for promising ball players and take their chance

by LEO FISCHER

• SPORTS •

Where do major league baseball players come from?

The answer, if you can supply it, will be worth at least $100,000 a year to you for the rest of your life.

You wouldn't have to find many of them, either. One or two each season would be sufficient.

No gamble in any business equals that of the baseball flesh mart. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent each year by major league clubs in the search for men who may possibly become big-time ball players. Most of them don't—but the few who make good justify the immense outlay of time and money in the eyes of the club owners, none of whom have been noted particularly for their liberality with cash.

The wild scramble for talent was never better exemplified than in the spirited bidding during the Winter for the services of Benny McCoy, turned loose from the Detroit Tigers because of a technicality in baseball law. Despite the fact that he was still a youngster who had to prove his ability as a major-leaguer, club-owners fought so desperately for him that he was able to obtain a $45,000 bonus and a two-year $10,000 contract from the Philadelphia Athletics for his signature.

Any promising ball player, untried in major league competition, can command a purchase price of from $25,000 up if his minor league record is impressive enough, and his circuit is among the higher classifications. That isn't stage money, either. Nor, in most cases, is the deal conditional on the player making good. Judge Landis, the bogey-man of baseball, frowns on such practices and as a result, you pay your money and take your chances. If your man makes good, you've got something. If he doesn't, you've got a headache.

Last year, it was Freddie Hutchinson, the school-boy pitcher from Seattle, for whom the Detroit Tigers paid $50,000 and a bundle of ball players. Freddie spent most of the season with Toledo after Detroit quickly discovered he wasn't ready for major league competition. This season it's Dominic DiMaggio, for whom the Boston Red Sox parted with better than $50,000 on the ephemeral chance that he might be as good as brother Joe. (Ironically enough, the Red Sox turned down Joe because they feared he had a bad knee. He was offered to them for $20,000.)

These big-money gambles aren't unusual. Even back in the pre-inflation days of baseball, magnates were parting with five- and six-figure sums for men whom they hoped would make the grade. Some did. More of them didn't.

See how many names you can recognize as outstanding stars worth their purchase price from among this list of baseball's most valuable rookies of the past few decades:

Bill Kamm, White Sox, $100,000.
Bill Cissell, White Sox, $75,000.
Len Koenecke, Giants, $75,000.
Mickey Cochrane, Athletics, $50,000.
Earl Averill, Cleveland, $50,000.
"Lefty" Grove, Athletics, $100,300.
Carl Hubbell, Giants, $40,000.
Wayland Dean, Giants, $55,000.
Tucker Stainback, Cubs, $75,000.
Jimmy O'Connell, Giants, $75,000.
Jimmy Reese & Lyn Lary, Yankees, $100,000.
Jack Bentley, Giants, $63,500.
Mandy Brooks, Cubs, $50,000.
Smead Jolley, White Sox, $40,000.
Tony Lazzeri, Yankees, $50,000.
Myril Hoag, Yankees, $50,000.
Julius Solters, Red Sox, $25,000.
Earl Sheely, White Sox, $35,000.

One could continue indefinitely, but for every one of these and other high-priced stars who delivered, a dozen came up from obscurity. It is amazing, in view of the fine-tooth search for talent going on continuously, how many great players have been—and are still being—discovered by sheer accident. That in itself is one of baseball's most romantic appeals.

Not long ago, a tall gangling youth was playing independent ball in New York City. The manager of his team was impressed so greatly that he wrote both Giants and Yankees offering to turn over his find for $100. Neither club replied. Then he wrote Larry MacPhail, at that time general manager of the Cincinnati Reds. MacPhail wasn't much impressed, either, but he gambled to the extent of giving the youngster a tryout with a Cincinnati farm club in the Middle Atlantic League. He sent the semi-pro manager his $100.

Last season this same youngster was with the Reds and an outstanding star on the National League championship club. His name is Frank McCormick—and it would take at least $150,000 to buy his contract from the Cincinnati club. Incidentally, MacPhail later gave the semi-pro manager a bonus of $150, which added to the original century note and $18 railroad fare for McCormick, made a total outlay of $268 for one of the best young first basemen in baseball.

In the Spring of 1928, a woman dropped into the offices of the New York Yankees. She was a social worker, she declared, attached to James Monroe High School in New York, and also a baseball expert. Monroe, she told them, had a major-league pitching prospect in a lad named Herzog. The Yankees thought it was a big joke, but sent their best scout, Paul Krichell, to look him over. Herzog didn't register. Krichell, however, was impressed by a husky lad at first base. "Who is he?" he asked the feminine "expert." "Oh, just a big, awkward kid who plays basketball," she

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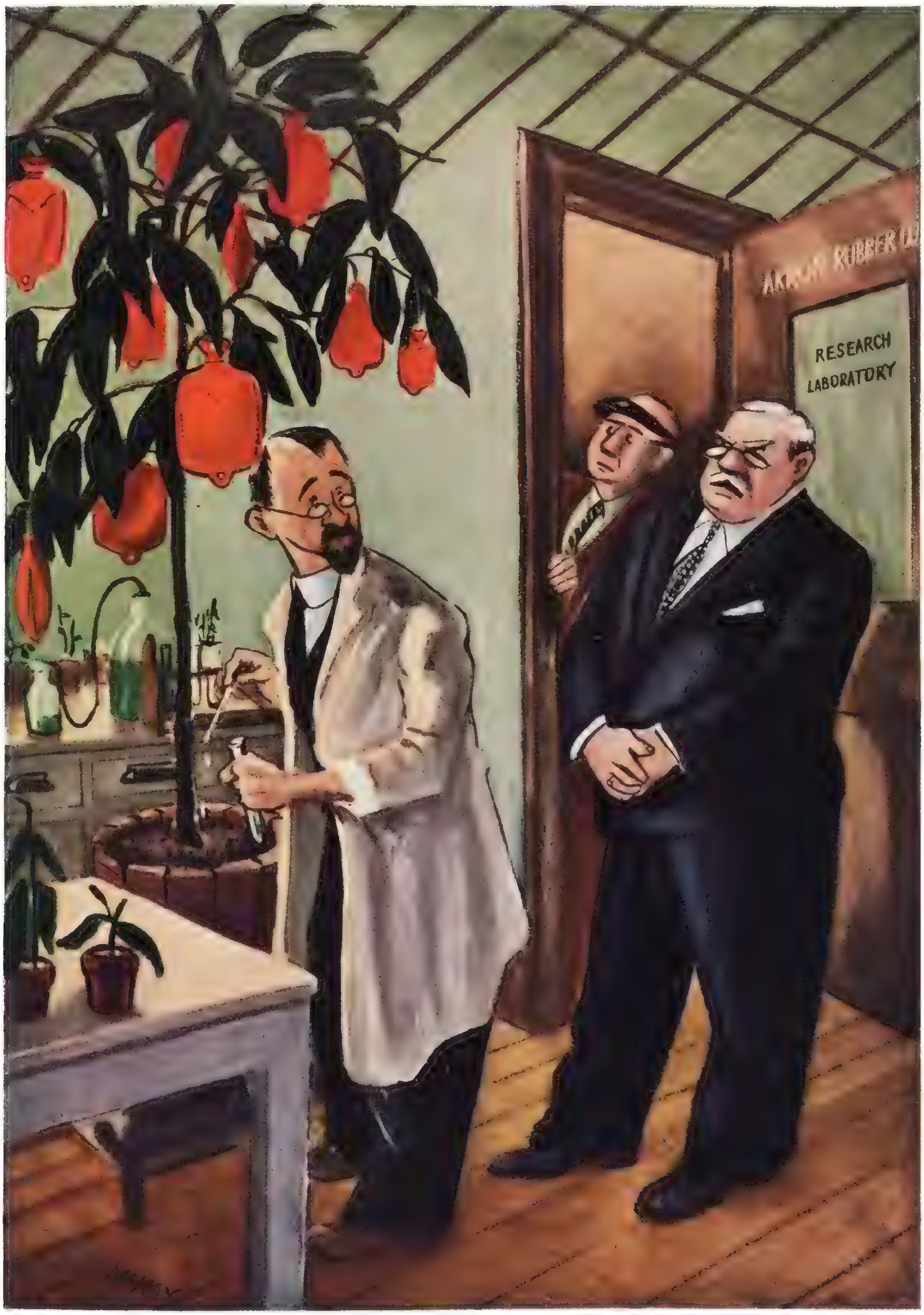
"Everyone else gets three strikes—how come your son gets six?"


AKRON RUBBER CO
RESEARCH LABORATORY

"Professor Chadwick! You've been drinking"

VEGA, OWNED BY MRS. GERARD B. LAMBERT

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

GRACEFUL AND SWIFT IS THE GREYHOUND

The famous Canute laws, written in Danish—for at that time, ironically enough, much of what is now England belonged to Denmark—and enacted in a Parliament held at Winchester in 1016 read in part, "No meane person may keepe any greihounds, but only free men may keepe greihounds." Greyhounds very evidently were a sign of aristocracy. There is something of the old world about the breed and a delicacy and sensitivity about the individual dog that is most endearing. Perhaps the contemplative expression so characteristic of the greyhound is merely the result of generations spent in companioning the aristocrat. The greyhound has been used on all small game, including deer and foxes, but the hare is his natural quarry, and coursing is the sport with which he has been associated for centuries. The famous Waterloo Cup Meet was inaugurated in England in 1836, but more than 50 years before its inauguration there was organized one of the most colorful clubs in England's sporting history—the Swaffham Coursing Society, limited to 25 members. Each of its 25 members was assigned a letter and a color. But it was not until some years later when the Duke of Norfolk drew up a set of rules which have been accepted as the standard procedure that coursing assumed a uniformity. Now, in addition to coursing, the greyhound, because of the invention of the electric rabbit, is a track dog. This has not changed his gentle, tractable nature except, perhaps, to make his expression even more inscrutable.

—Chase Herendeen

On General Principles

The busboys' union gets strong, so what: hash goes up, business goes down, busboys go out on their ears

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

"NOT me," said the black-haired fellow. "I'm not walking through a picket line."

"All right," said the red-headed fellow.

They went into the cafeteria next door. The man with the placard reading, "Chapman's Superb Chophouse is unfair to Local 2362, Busboys' Affiliated International" continued to march doggedly before the entrance to Chapman's Superb Chophouse.

Next door the black-haired fellow ordered a dish of cottage cheese, ham on toasted whole wheat with mustard, blueberry pie and coffee, while his companion took the lamb stew. They were seated at a small table of shiny red bakelite.

"Maybe I'm thick," the red-headed fellow was saying. "But how come we to boycott Chapman's without knowing anything about the merits of the controversy?"

"A guy hasn't time to study the merits of the controversy when he's got only thirty-five minutes for lunch," explained the black-haired fellow. "So on general principles I make a habit of not walking through any picket lines."

"But what about Chapman? Hasn't Chapman any rights?"

"No," said the black-haired fellow. "A little bourgeois capitalist like Chapman is bound to be anti-labor."

"How's he bound to be anti-labor?" demanded his companion.

The black-haired fellow shook his head. "Well, if he pays his workers a living wage he has a hard time meeting competition, and if he doesn't he gets boycotted. Either way he's going to be sore at labor."

"But—" said the red-headed fellow, scratching his ear. "Then tell me what's he supposed to do?"

"Don't ask me," said the black-haired fellow, shrugging. "Go drown himself, I guess. Myself, as a worker, I'm naturally in sympathy with the workers. So, on general principles, I never pass through a picket line."

"Well, I'm a worker myself," said the red-headed fellow. "But it seems to me that by sabotaging Chapman we're probably doing a lot of innocent people a lot of harm."

"Who are we probably doing a lot of harm to?"

"The people who supply Chapman with the stuff he sells. They aren't responsible for Chapman's labor policies. Yet when we sabotage Chapman we take the business away from them too."

"The trouble with your argument," replied the black-haired fellow, "is that you want to personalize the problem. It's not a question of people, but of evolution. The struggle of labor must be fought on general principles. Each little gain is consolidated, with the worker finally being rewarded by what is deemed a fair share in the profits of industry."

"All right," said the red-headed fellow. "But if all the little bourgeois capitalists like Chapman go drown themselves, what becomes of the busboys?"

"Busboys?"

"Sure. The busboys that Chapman's is unfair to. If the majority of the restaurants go out of business the busboys will have a very powerful union, but no jobs."

"As a labor sympathizer I consider it preferable," said the black-haired fellow, "to sacrifice the temporary security of the exploited individual to the cause of solidarity."

"Solidarity?"

"Once solidarity of the worker has been achieved the abuses which arise as a result of the inability of the individual to bargain collectively disappear."

"Yes, but suppose the busboys' union gets solid enough to force its demands, regardless of the merits of the controversy, on all the restaurants of the country. Either the price of meals goes up, decreasing the volume of business, or the restaurant owners figure out a way to use less busboys. In this situation half the busboys are making high wages, but the other half are unemployed. So the working members are assessed by the union to take care of the unemployed members, putting the union, for all practical purposes, back where it started from. The busboys are not going to like being back where they started from, so they're forced to strike all over again for improved conditions."

The imagination of the red-headed fellow was warming up. "Not only that. The high price of restaurant meals, resulting from unsettled labor conditions, has inevitably affected conditions in the allied industries. Take, for example, the dairies. With the decrease in the output of butter and cream and cheese and milk to restaurants, dairy conditions become precarious. Dairy labor, in the face of falling prices, is compelled to take a cut in wages. Less automobiles, for one thing, are sold, due to smaller wages and profits. As it works out, the salesman who sells automobiles, receiving less commission, can no longer afford to buy his meals in restaurants. So the restaurants, in turn, have to lay off some more busboys."

The red-headed fellow thrilled to the splendor of his own logic. "Conditions in the Busboys' Affiliated, as a result of these further layoffs, have now become insufferable. There is nothing to do but strike once more. This time there must be no compromise. Every restaurant in the city is closed tight. Thousands are spent by both sides for newspaper propaganda. The Restaurant Owners Association hires out-of-state thugs to conk pickets, while the union men dump supply trucks into the river. The public, who don't know anything about the merits of the controversy, can't get anything to eat in res-

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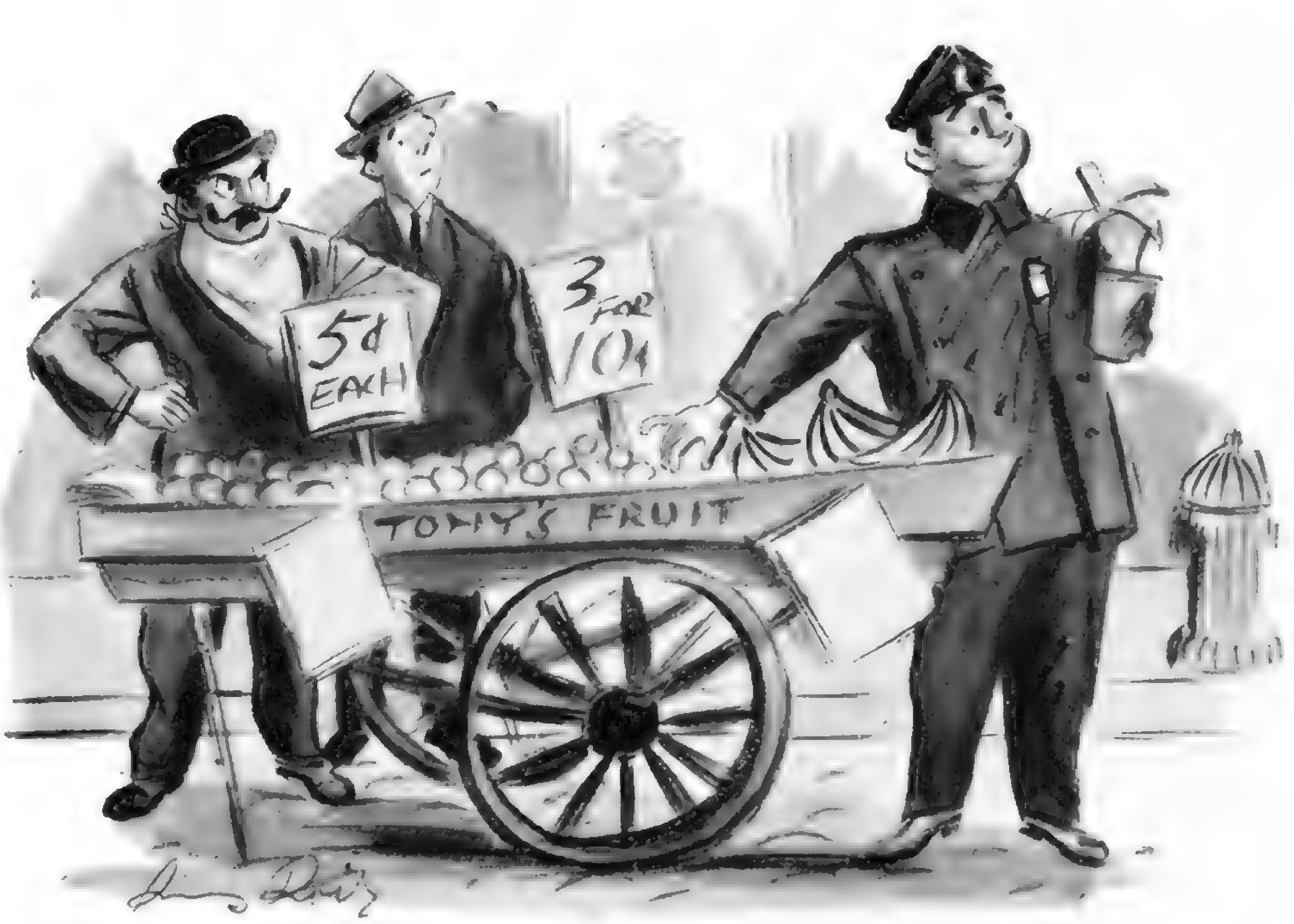


"Why can't the government let business alone?"

A Fortune in the Attic

You never know when you may find among your old papers a "perf 11" or even a one-cent British Guiana

by ERIK COLIJN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

When, one day in 1922, an upholstery manufacturer from Utica, New York, went over to Paris and bought a little piece of magenta-colored paper, less than an inch square, for around $40,000, the general public figured that he had probably let his enthusiasm get the better of his judgment. But stamp collectors knew that Philately had, at long last, come into its own.

For the lure of stamp collecting is, as any philatelist will tell you, the element of surprise. One never knows when, in rummaging through the attic, or, in going through a bunch of old papers, one will stumble over a fortune. Foolish? Not at all! It has been done hundreds of times.

This is something that Sir Rowland Hill *did not anticipate when, a hundred years ago* —on May 6th, 1840—to be exact—he finally persuaded an obstinate Tory government to give his penny postal service a perfunctory tryout. He figured that a penny stamp would give a lot of poor people a chance to write a letter once in a while: but he certainly had no idea it would give a millionaire upholstery manufacturer a chance to bid $40,000 for a stamp that had sold over the counter for a ha'penny.

There aren't very many businesses that have a sideline like that. The government prints a stamp for a cent, and some nosy philatelist comes along later, and discovers that the perforations are different. Then, Zowie! The price jumps to $2,000. We know it doesn't sound reasonable, but it's the god-awful truth, so help us.

A bright lad who had decided he didn't want to be a philatelist, took his album of stamps down town to a dealer in New York a couple of years ago, and asked him if he would buy it. The dealer glanced through it, and saw it was just kid's stuff.

"I can't use it," he said. "But, if you want to leave it with me, I'll try and sell it for you."

The boy said OK and left.

After he had gone, the dealer took another glance through the album, and happened to notice something peculiar about a one-cent green, of the 1922 issue. He took his perforation gauge and measured it. Sure enough, it was an unused copy of what the philatelists call the "perf 11."

He called up the young ex-philatelist and asked him if he would like to put the stamp up at auction. The boy said yes and, as a result, found himself the richer by $1,750. That stamp is the only unused copy ever found, and now catalogues at $2,500.00.

Personally, I am not a bit surprised that there was a "perf 11" in the kid's album. I'd have been terribly disappointed if there hadn't been something of the sort. What does surprise me is that the dealer ever told the kid about it. I can't understand it. For dealers are supposed to be the worst kind of highbinders, and the truth is not in them.

The history of the "perf 11" is rather vague. It seems that the Government, in one of its rare thrifty moments, took some coil waste, which had been intended for stamp-vending machines, and ran it through a perforating machine so that the stamps could be sold over the counter. The fact that the perforations were not the same as those used on the regular stock didn't seem to make much difference. The perforated waste was sent to a sub-station in New York, and sold.

It was several years before a prying philatelist discovered the change, and by that time all the stamps had apparently been disposed of. A number of used copies had been found on old envelopes, but they don't bring more than $600; so why bother with them? Still, if you are interested, you might look over your old 1922 letters from New York, and see if any of them have "perf 11's" on them. There must be dozens of them still around, for somebody's always finding one. But they don't go very far when divided up among the ten million collectors in the United States.

Stamps are found in the most unlikely places besides attics. One of the most valuable blocks of stamps ever discovered turned up when a householder in Basle, Switzerland, repapered his living room. It seems that, in 1845, the Canton of Basle had issued a stamp of 2½ rappen, in carmine, black and blue, bearing a flying dove as its chief ornament. Someone bought a sheet of these stamps and put them on the mantelpiece. There happened to be a slit in the wallpaper, and a block of 15 stamps fell into the slip. There they remained for sixty years. When the wall was stripped for repapering the block was found—as bright and fresh as the day it was printed. The block was bought by the late Henry Duveen, who was famous as an art dealer, but whose secret passion was stamp collecting; and, on his death, it was purchased by Alfred F. Lichtenstein, who regards it as the prize piece in his collection. So, if you are looking for treasures, it may

The eyes of man shall never lamp
A poem lovely as a stamp.

10
10
WILHELMINA

A stamp whose perforations show
That it is worth a lot of dough;

A stamp that rich collectors prize
May be beneath your very eyes;

pay you to look behind the wallpaper.

Or, maybe, you'd better go into the junk business. A few years ago a bank in Philadelphia called up the junkman and told him to hustle over and pick up a load of old papers. Now this junkman happened to be a philatelist, as who isn't these days?—and he spotted a quantity of the St. Louis series, issued in 1845. This was junk with a vengeance! He mentioned the find to a dealer, and the dealer tried to steal the stamps from him. Offered him a measly $50,000 for the lot, which the junkman indignantly refused. Nobody knows what he eventually got for this trash, but his daughter is graduating from Bryn Mawr and his son is going to Harvard.

Once in a while, though, a dealer hits the jack pot. They'll tell you not, but I know better. Quite some time ago, when Stanley Gibbons was just starting out in the stamp business, a couple of sailors came into his store in Plymouth. They were fresh off a ship, and were lugging a heavy kit bag between them. They heaved the bag onto the counter with a sigh of relief.

"'Ow about buyin' a few stamps, Mister?" one of the sailors said.

Gibbons loosened the string and took a quick peek. He didn't say anything, because what he had glimpsed had made him speechless.

"We're dry as all Hell," said the other sailor, "and we need the price of a pint o' bitters."

Gibbons did some fast figuring. He had about five pounds to his name and, if he spent that, he'd have to live on beer and skittles until he sold something. He gave the sailors the five pounds.

"Where did you get them?" he asked nervously.

The sailors felt real good over the five pounds and became loquacious.

"It was this way," one of the sailors said. "We was in Cape Town, and we was dry as all Hell. The Old Man had given us our come-ashore, and we was a-headin' for the first pub as fast as our legs would take us.

"'Avast there!' says me pardner. 'What's this?'

"We stopped a minute and before we could say Jack Robinson a pretty girl had us in tow, and we was in a church bazaar. I was always a sucker for a pretty girl, I was, and when she says, 'How about a ticket on the raffle?' I knew we was as good as sunk. So we chips in a tanner apiece, and the first thing we knew we had won us a kit-bag full of stamps. We figured we could get our shilling back anyways. And that's why we come to you."

Well, when the sailors had gone, Gibbons emptied the bag of stamps out on to the counter. It was full of triangular "Capes," hundreds of thousands of them, some of them in large blocks, both the famous woodblocks and the Perkins-Bacon printings.

There was such a raft of them that Gibbons started to sell them off by the dozen—twenty cents a dozen. Some of the stamps he sold at that price are now worth $1500 each; but what the heck? He had plenty of them. That kit bag full of stamps, at today's prices, would be worth about half a million dollars. Gibbons once told a friend that that sack of stamps was the real foundation of his business, now one of the biggest stamp firms in the world.

Sometimes funny things happen in this rarefied realm of philately. The five-cent "Connell" of New Brunswick, for instance; this, of course, in the days before New Brunswick became incorporated with the Dominion of Canada. The postmaster of this British colony, Charles Connell, was an old Irishman, who, in his "guid conceit of himself," decided to erect a philatelic monument to his own memory.

He had been ordered to have three stamps printed, bearing portraits of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and Connell decided it was a gr-r-and opportunity to acquaint the public with the hirsutical beauties of his own physiognomy.

So, on one of the stamps he put a portrait of the Prince of Wales, and magnanimously ordered 10,000 to be printed.

On the second stamp he put a portrait of the Queen, and boosted the printing order to 200,000 stamps. He intended to do right by Her Majesty.

But on the five-cent stamp, the one most commonly used, he put a tousled head that could be faintly discerned peering through a vast barrage of whiskers, and, undoubtedly, those whiskers belonged to none other than His Honor, Charles Connell. Realizing how popular these stamps were bound to become, he frugally restrained himself and put in a conservative printing order for 500,000.

When the Governor saw the stamp he let out a yell which could have been heard to Connell's home in Dublin.

"That's out!" he bellowed. "Get those whiskers off that stamp! Since when did the Queen grow a beaver?"

Naturally Connell was insulted. Why not? He was the postmaster, and his tintype, whiskers and all, was going to stay on the stamp. So he said to the Governor, "The heck with you!"

The Governor, however, was what you might call obdurate. Furthermore, he didn't have the true interests of philately at heart. He merely said, "The whiskers are out." And Connell resigned in a huff. And can you blame him—after printing those five hundred thousand copies?

So the Governor yanked off the whiskers, and replaced them with a smooth-shaven picture of the Queen. But Connell had his revenge. The philatelists know a good crop of whiskers when they see one. The five-cent stamp bearing the portrait of the Queen is going begging at twenty cents. But any philatelist who is well heeled will fork over six hundred big boys for a nice copy of Irish Connell's whiskers.

Let's get back to the attic, however, where the wife of every philatelist will tell you her husband belongs.

In the early '60's a young Englishman, who had just graduated from college, decided he would like to start a stamp collection. He didn't have much idea how to go about it, but he took a chance, and sent a five-pound note to the postmasters of all the British colonies he could find on the map, asking them to send him the equivalent value in current stamps. Then he joined the army, and was sent overseas.

Soon, from all parts of the British Empire, bulky packets of stamps began to arrive. The young man's mother took the packages as they came and, without bothering to open them, put them in a trunk to await her son's return.

But, as it must to all men, death came to the young soldier. He was killed in a raid on the Khyber Pass, and his trunk of stamps was removed to the attic and forgotten. Years

Continued on page 108

A stamp as old as your Aunt Mabel
May buy your glamor girl a sable;

So if your bank account is sunk
Just take a gander in your trunk . . .

For poems are made by fools . . . but, gee . . .
There's dough made in philately!

—Phil Stack

I Told My Old Man

Civic leaders were all set to get the trucks rolling again and show those tough guys who ran the town

a father's day feature

by WILLISTON RICH

▪ FICTION ▪

I FOUND my Old Man down cellar oiling his .38 automatic. He looked pretty intent, and the way he was ramming the rod down the gun's throat I thought he would strip the bore clean. His ears tipped me off that he was hopping mad about something—they leaned forward slightly whenever he set his jaw solid.

"When did you get good enough to hunt with a pistol?" I asked, wondering what he was up to.

"I got that good when a bunch of lousy strikers began depriving me of my civil rights!" he came back. His face went red. He was really sore.

"What strikers and name the rights!" I challenged, knowing the former and suspecting he'd heard about the latter in those heavy books he was reading on economics, the struggle between capital and labor.

"Why, the truck strikers, you idiot!" he fumed, getting into the posture he used in addressing his employees at the company's annual picnic. "And the rights of freedom of the streets and milk for the children! Now—"

"Take it easy," I said. "I've heard your speeches. Just what do you think *you're* going to do about it?"

"Just what *we're* going to do about it, young man," he snapped, "is get those trucks moving. We'll show those tough guys who's running this city." Whereupon he began attacking that gun of his again.

Well, I found out my Old Man really meant it. There had been a truck strike going on for about six weeks and I had been covering it for my paper—getting very little sleep, too. It had been sort of touch and go, a few scraps with the cops here and there, but the truck drivers had a good complaint—some of them were getting paid as low as ten dollars a week. It was the first major strike the city ever had and the offspring of the founding fathers, who owned about everything in town worth owning, were outraged. They figured something should be done about it. What was being done was that no trucks had moved for six weeks and food was running short at the grocers. Arbitration was getting both sides nowhere—they backed away from each conference like fighting cocks.

What my Old Man proposed to do about the strike made me want to groan. Then I felt like laughing. So I gagged a little and heard him out. He'd joined the vigilantes that afternoon with a whole slew of local business men, civic leaders and assorted citizens. They'd been sworn in as special deputy sheriffs—even had their badges. One of their bright young men had come up with the idea of deputizing this band of vigilantes to clear the market place tomorrow morning, get the trucks rolling out of the big produce houses, and break the strike. It was as simple as that.

I went upstairs, hoping my Old Man would wear out his wrath on the automatic, and phoned my city editor. He was eating his dinner. We were an evening paper that went to bed at five o'clock.

"Charley," I informed him, "the town's gone mad. Guess what's happened?"

"I wouldn't know," he said. "Nobody tells me anything."

I told him what my Old Man had said.

"Jesus!" he croaked, his voice sounding like a hound dog with a cold. "Someone'll get killed! They'll raise hell! You get to bed and be there early tomorrow. I'll take care of the photographers. Jesus, what a pippo! Get off this line!"

My mother came in with a bunch of fresh-cut flowers from the garden. "Do you know what your husband's up to?" I asked.

"You mean about the vigilantes?" she replied, snipping the stems short with her shears. "Yes, he told me. He's been home all afternoon puttering around down there. He thinks he's going out to fight the Indians." She marched into the dining room with the flowers in a vase.

"Do you know what's going to happen?" I shouted, following her into the room and getting excited for the first time.

"What?" she asked, calmly setting the vase on the dinner table.

"He's going to get the hell beat out of him!"

She gave me a solid look and said, "Can you think of any way of stopping him from doing what he wants to do? I can't—and I've tried for thirty years. Tell him dinner is served."

Dinner was a desultory affair with my Old Man saying very little, his hands grimy with the oil and grit that hadn't washed off. Afterwards I went for a walk, smoking one cigarette after another until my mouth was so raw I couldn't taste them. When I returned, he was sitting in his wing chair smoking and reading one of his economics books. Until the '29 depression hit him his reading had been mainly detective stories, magazine fiction and his newspaper, but after that it seemed as if he couldn't stop trying to find out what happened to American business.

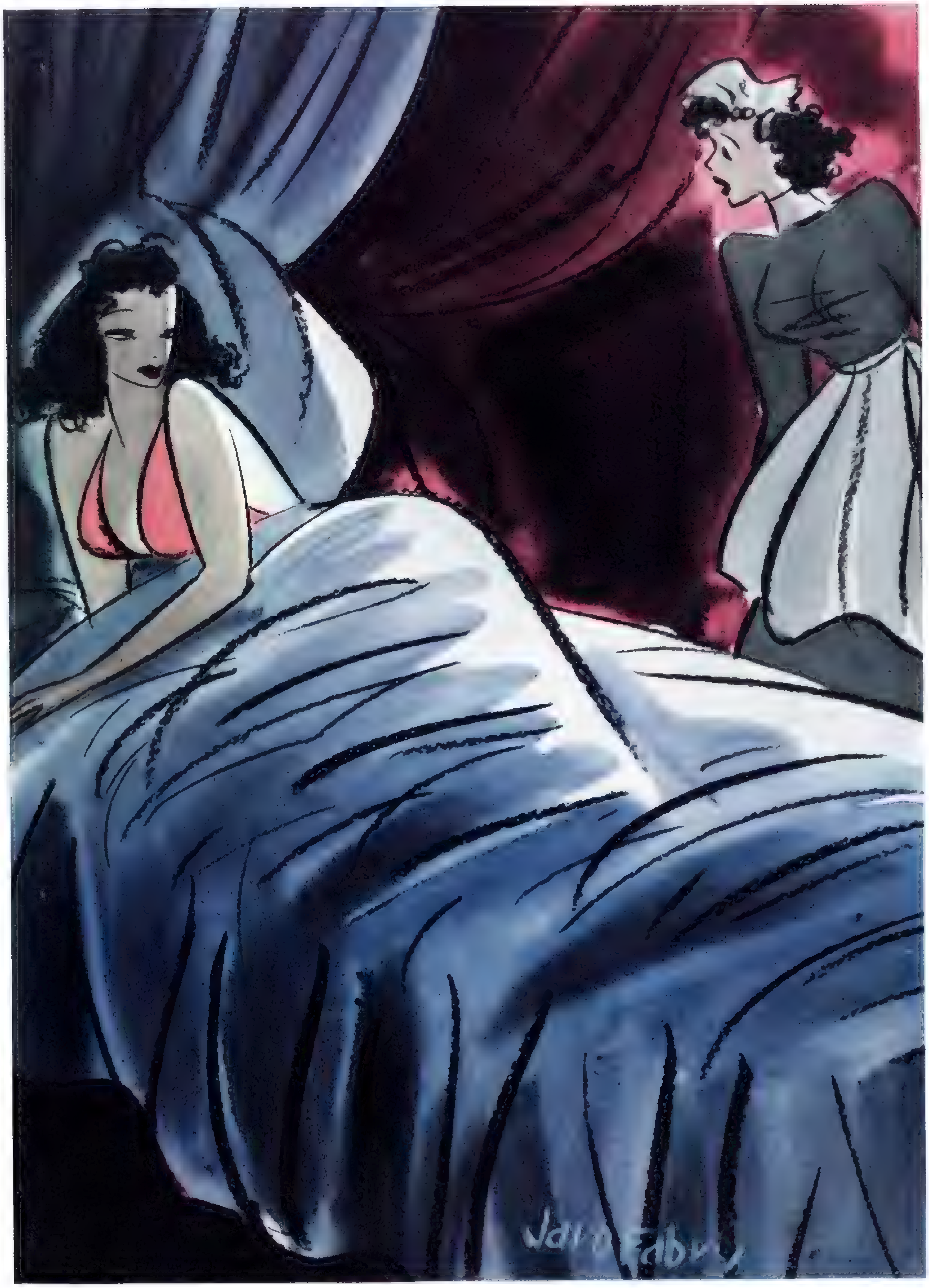
I took a chair across the room from him and pretended to read the evening paper. He kept on at his book. He was such a sweet guy, really, sitting there with the light glinting on his graying hair, small shadows in the creases about his mouth. I kidded with him and called him "my Old Man," but he knew I'd cut my heart out for him if it came to a showdown. So would his employees. He'd built his company from nothing to the biggest wholesale drug business in town, and he knew what it was to be a laboring man. But a mule had nothing on him for stubbornness.

He put his book down and switched off the reading lamp, got up and started for the stairs.

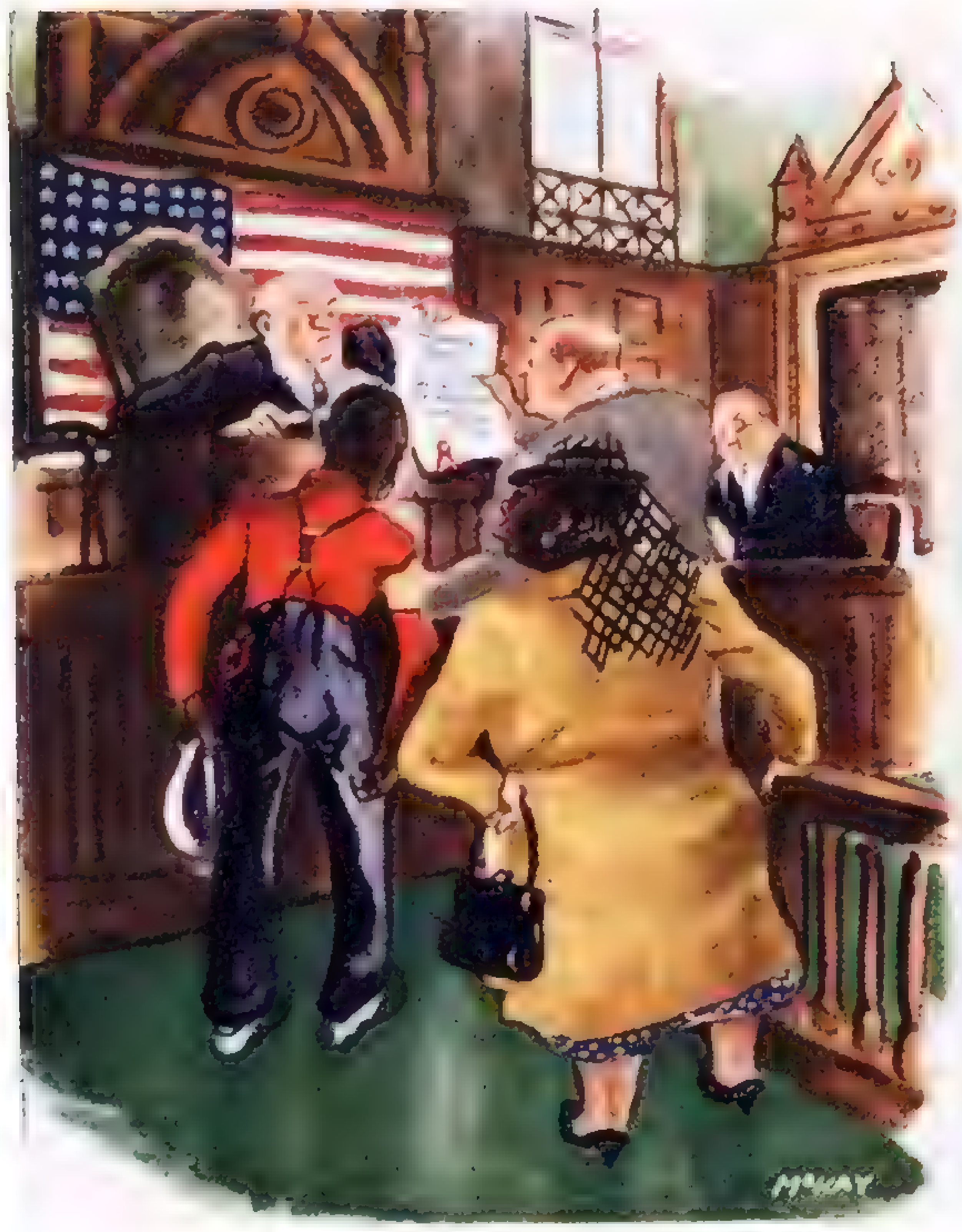
"So nothing will stop you from making a

Continued on page 182

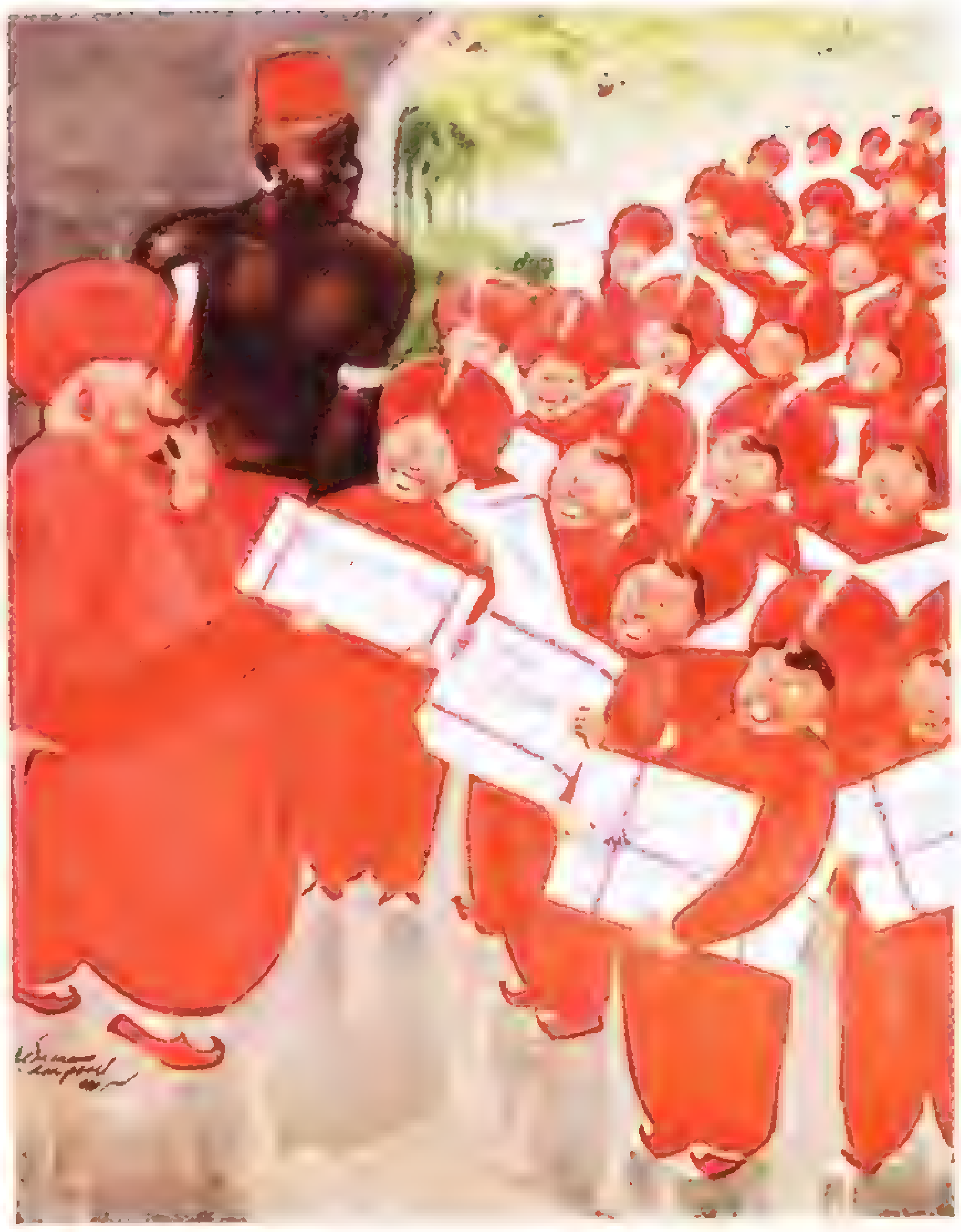
"Now whatever gave you the idea you were entitled to a Father's Day gift?"

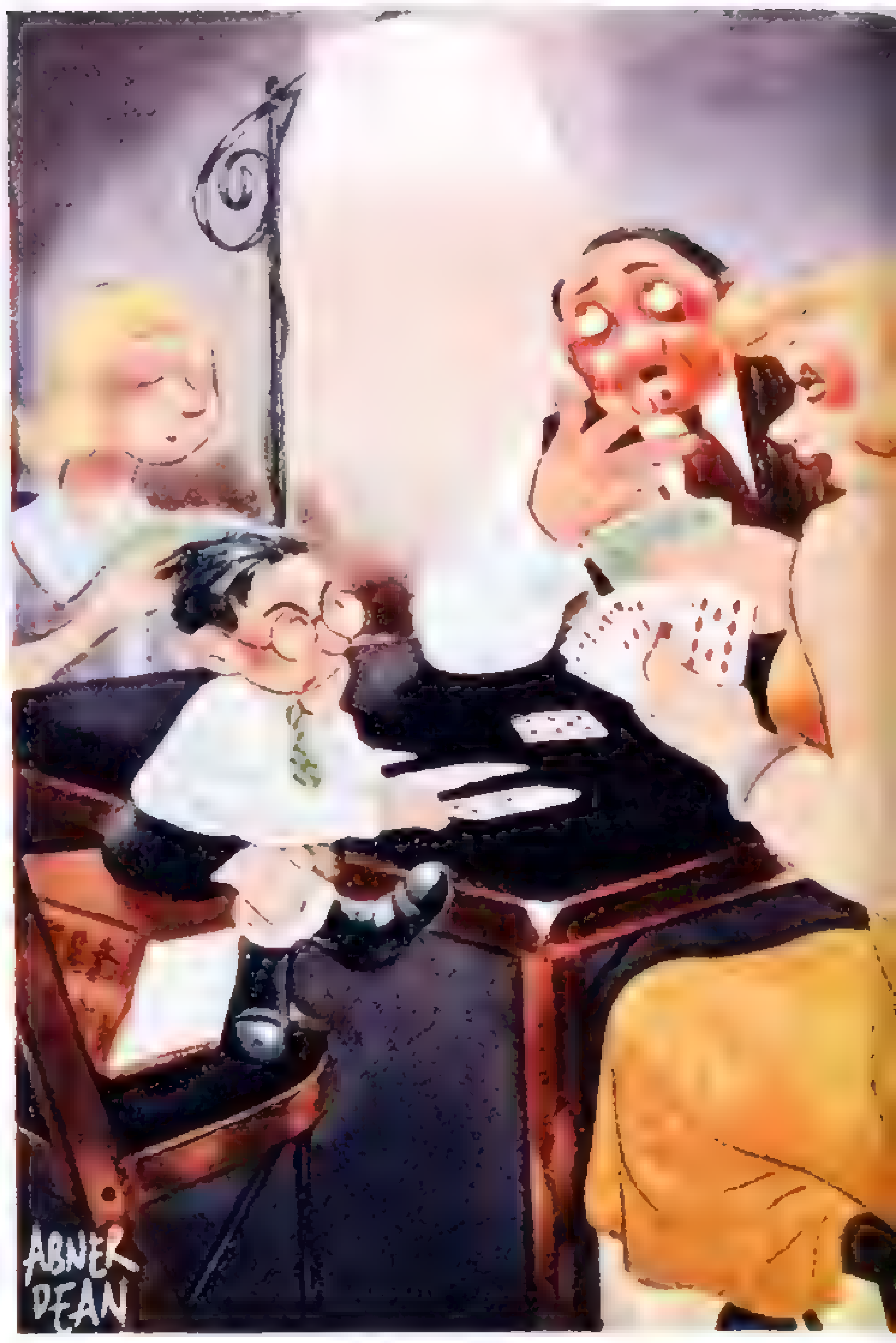


"I keep telling George that he won't be entitled to a Father's day gift because he isn't a father, and all he does is look at me and smile and keep saying 'you'll see . . . you'll see'"

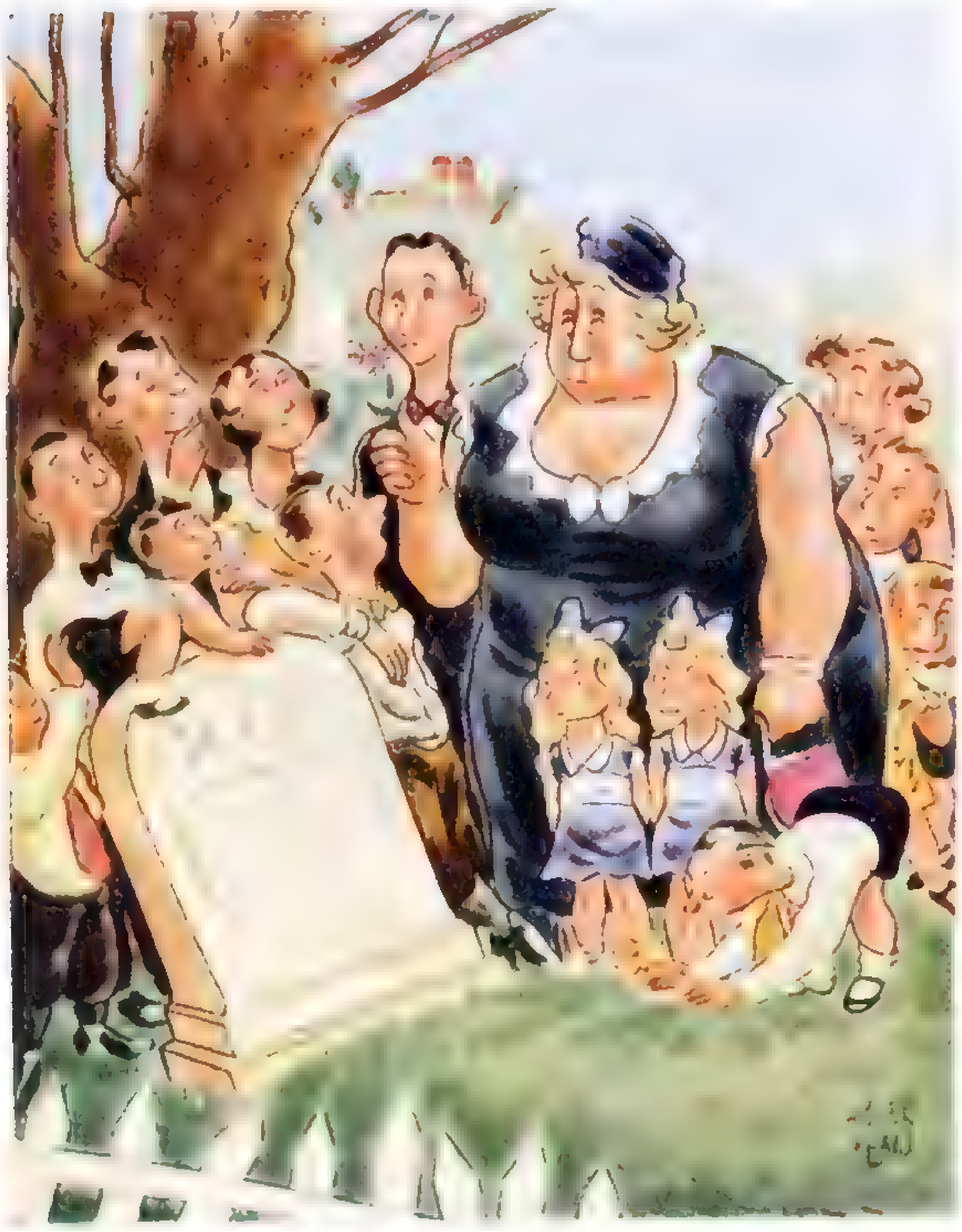


"Judge, that serves him right. He's given me trouble since the day he was born. Ah'm sure glad I didn't marry his pappy!"



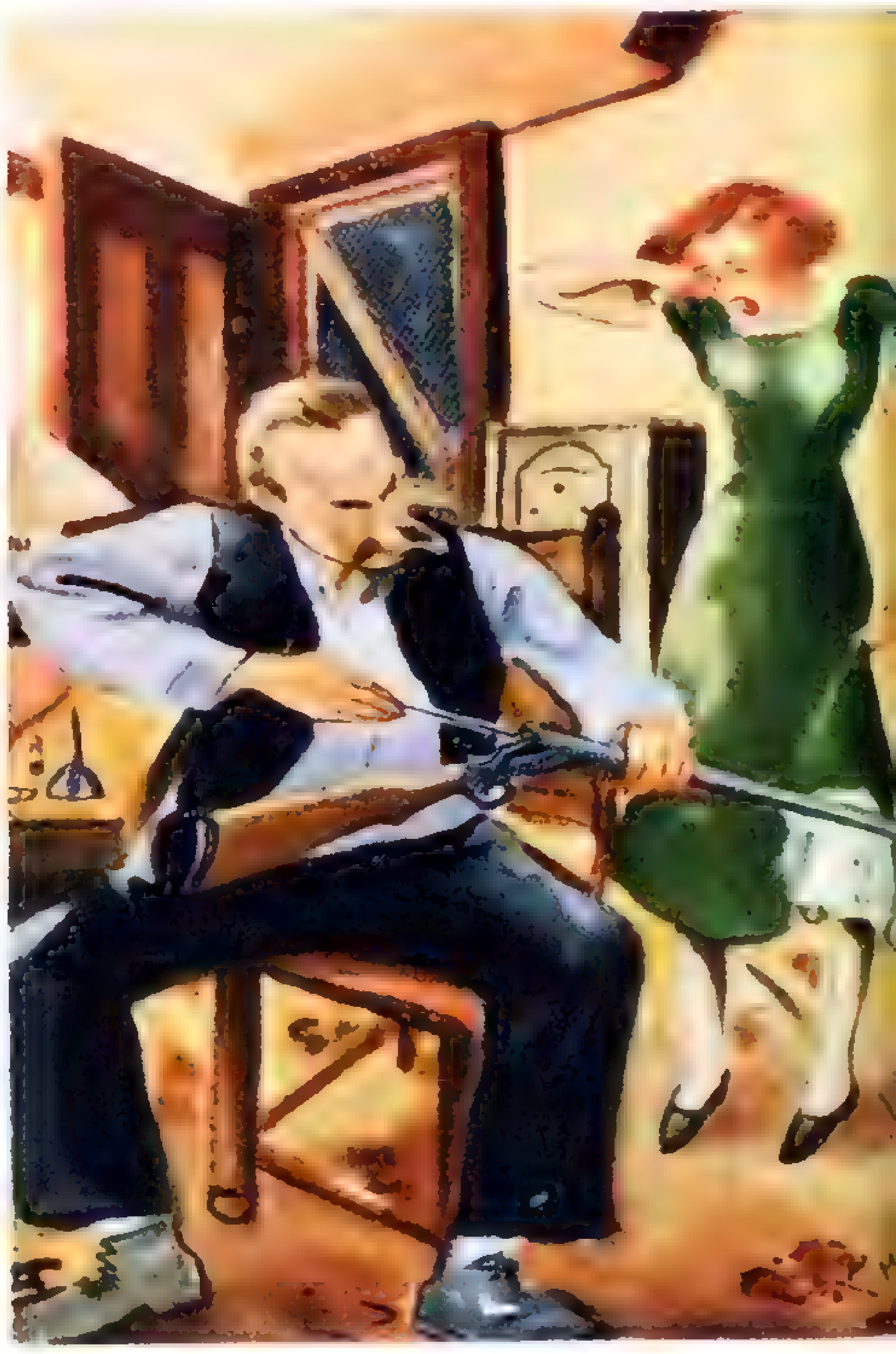


"Have patience, Junior—you know papa is kinda dumb

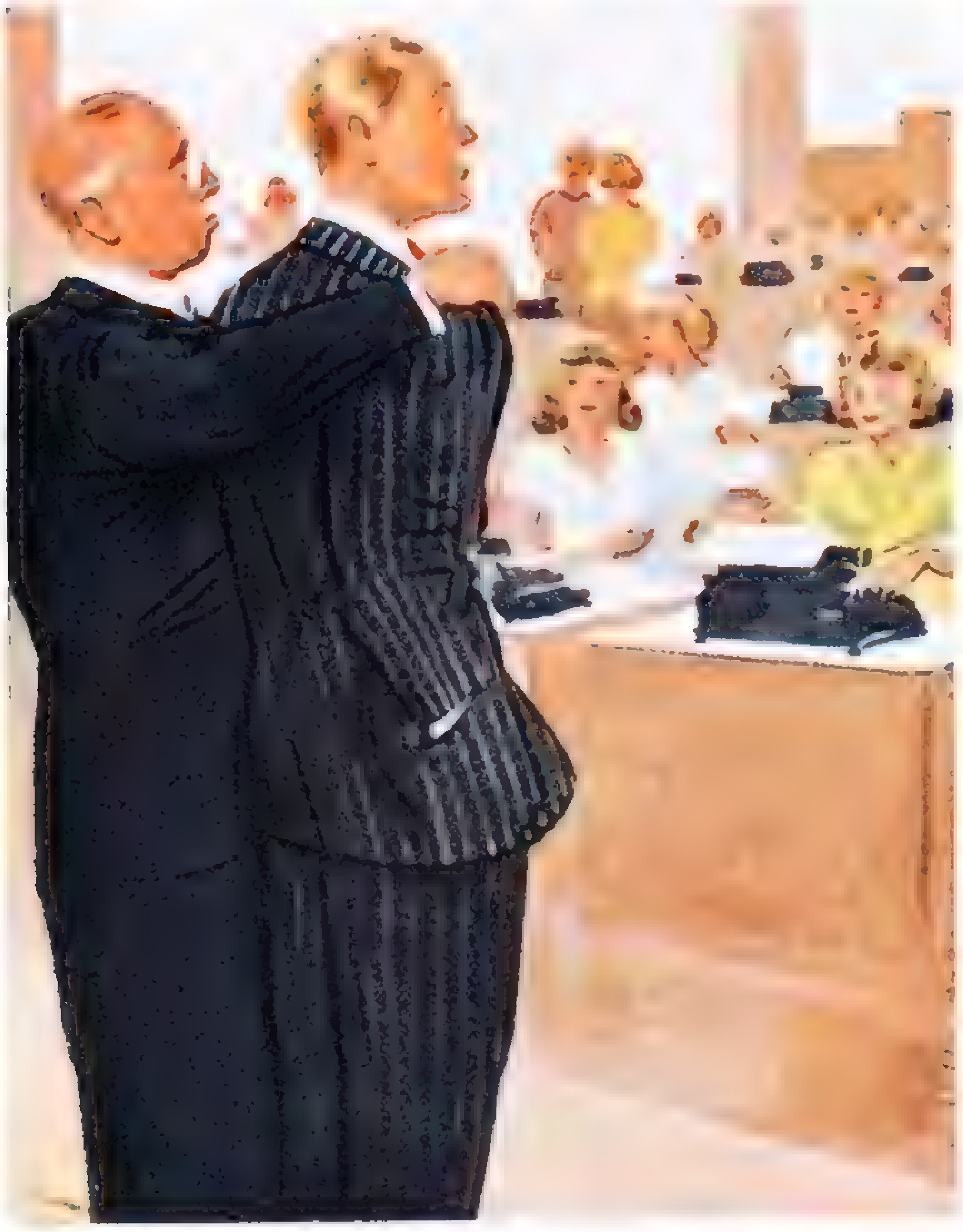


"Mama, what kind of a man was Daddy?"

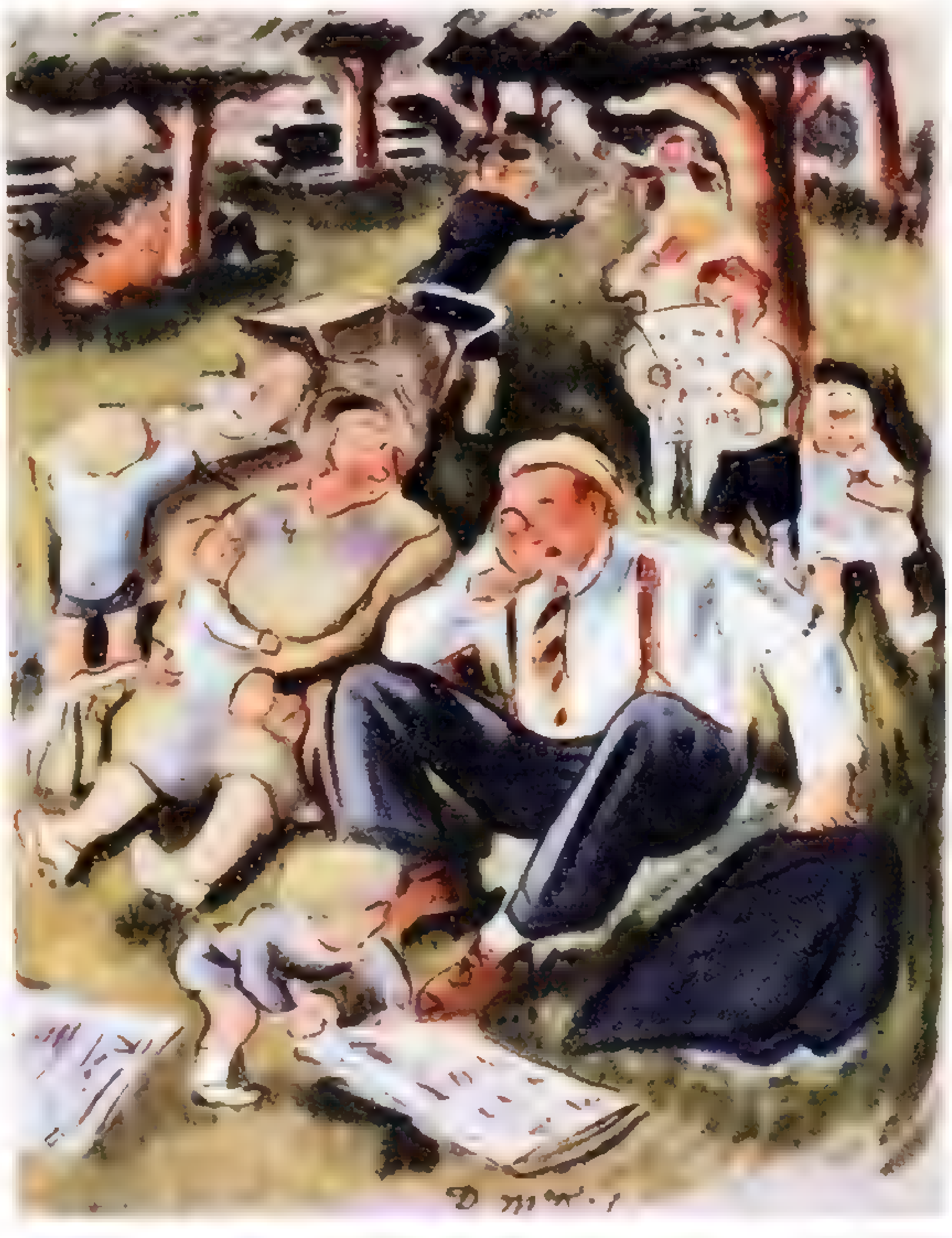
Bringing Up Father's Day *again and again with* Esquire's Cartoonists



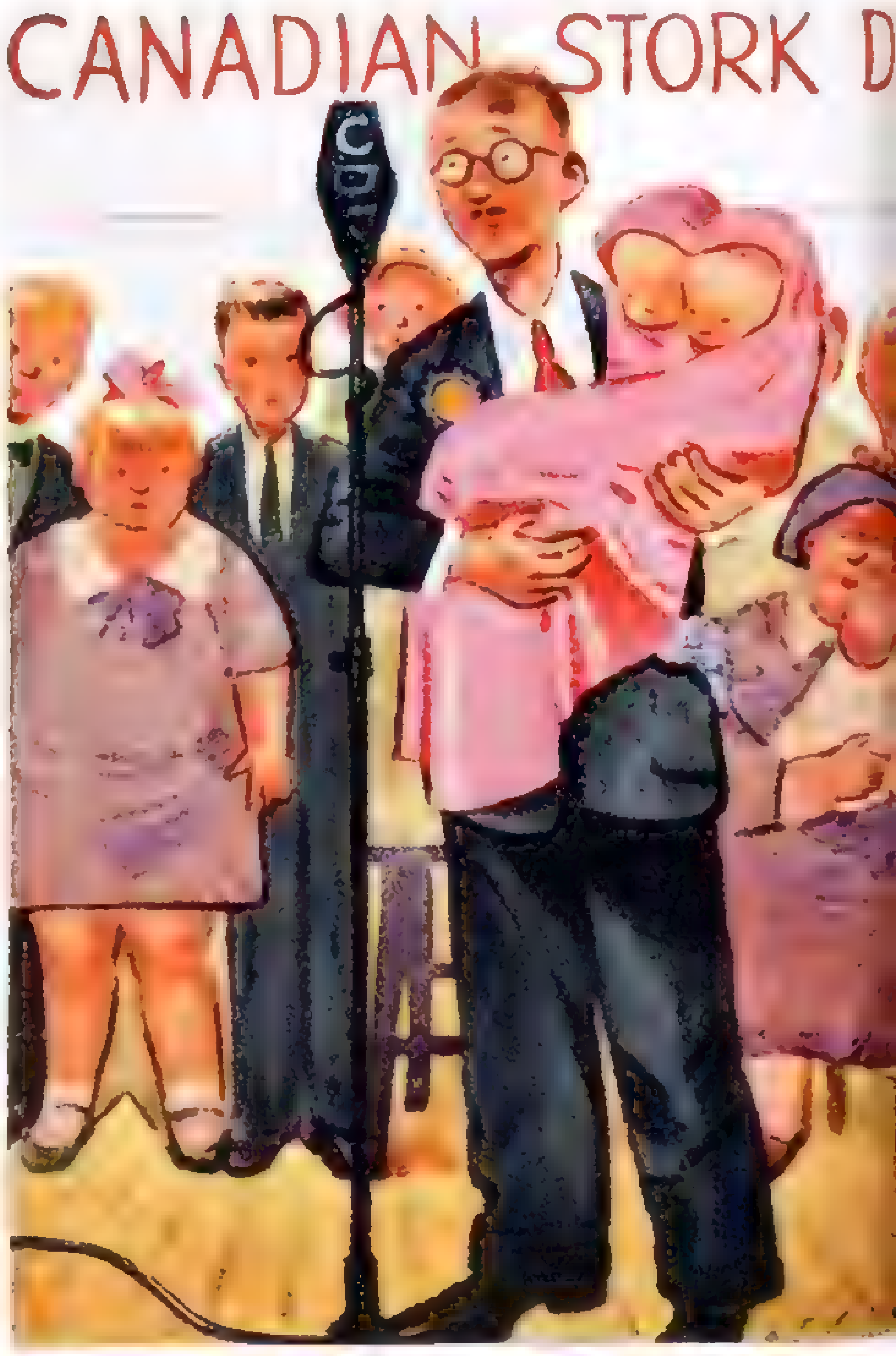
"But, papa—I can't marry *all* of them!"



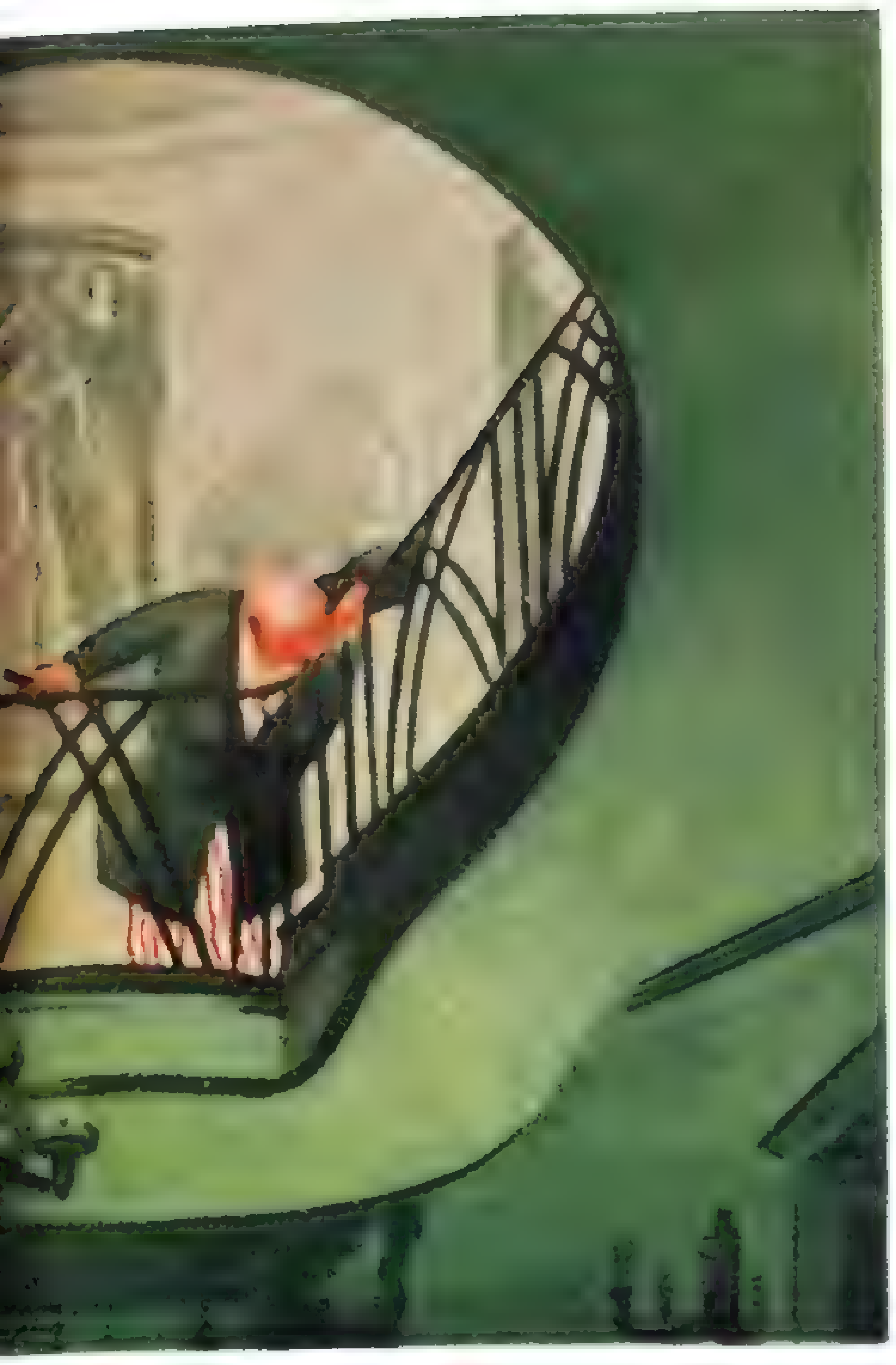
"I'm getting old, son—in a few more years all this will be yours"



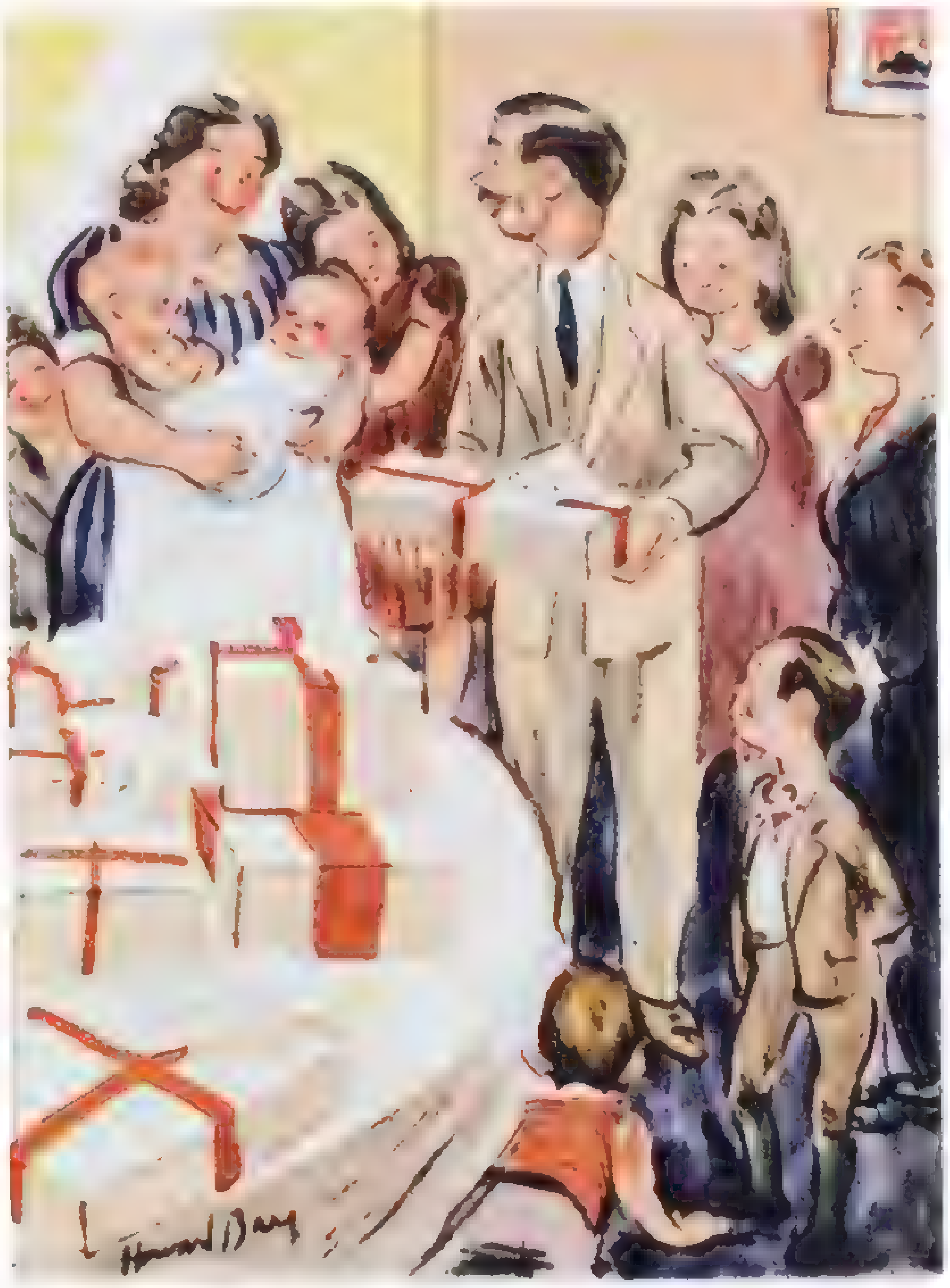
"Twelve years of married life and what have we got to show for it?"



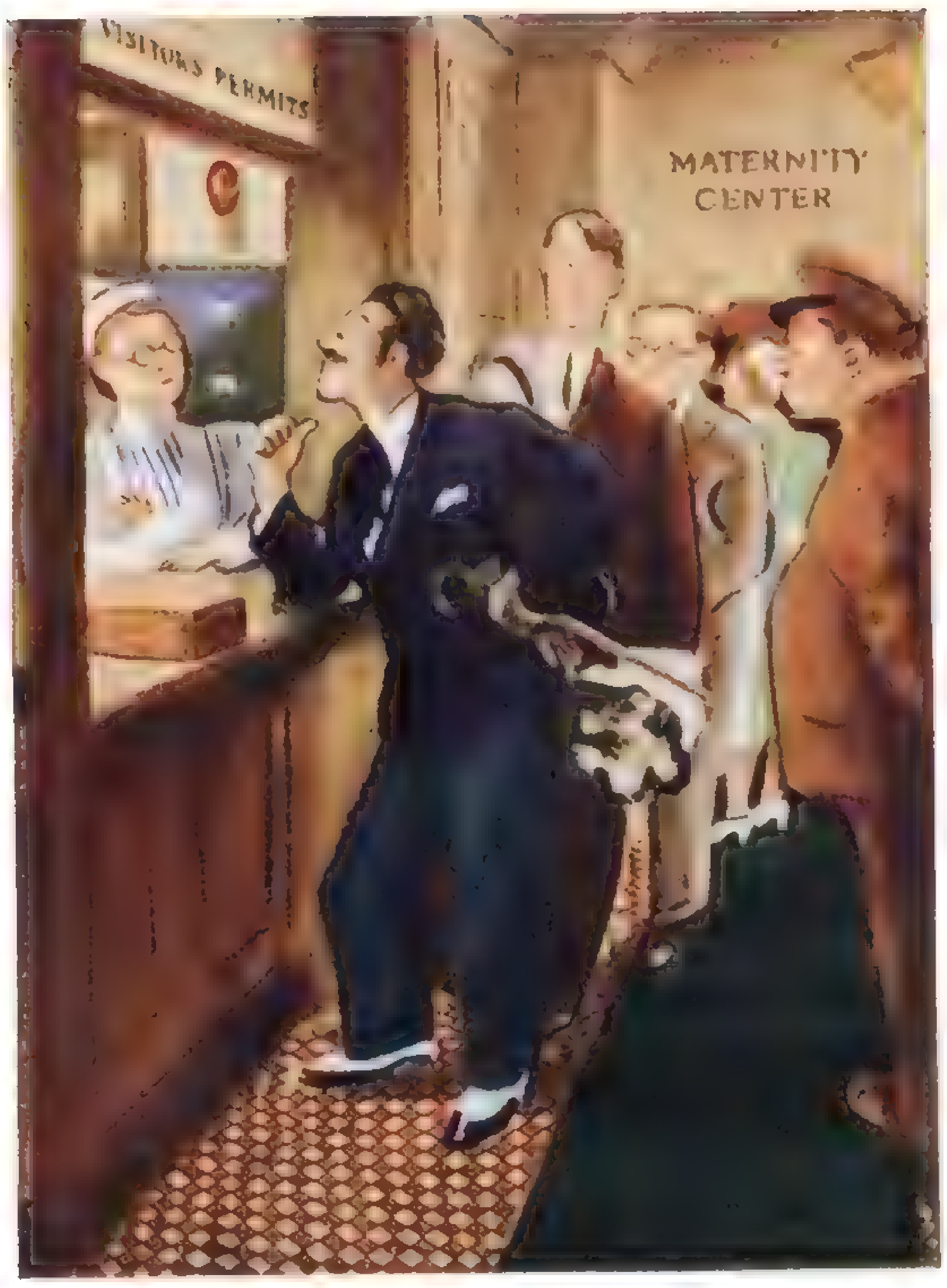
"It was fun—and mamma was a great help"



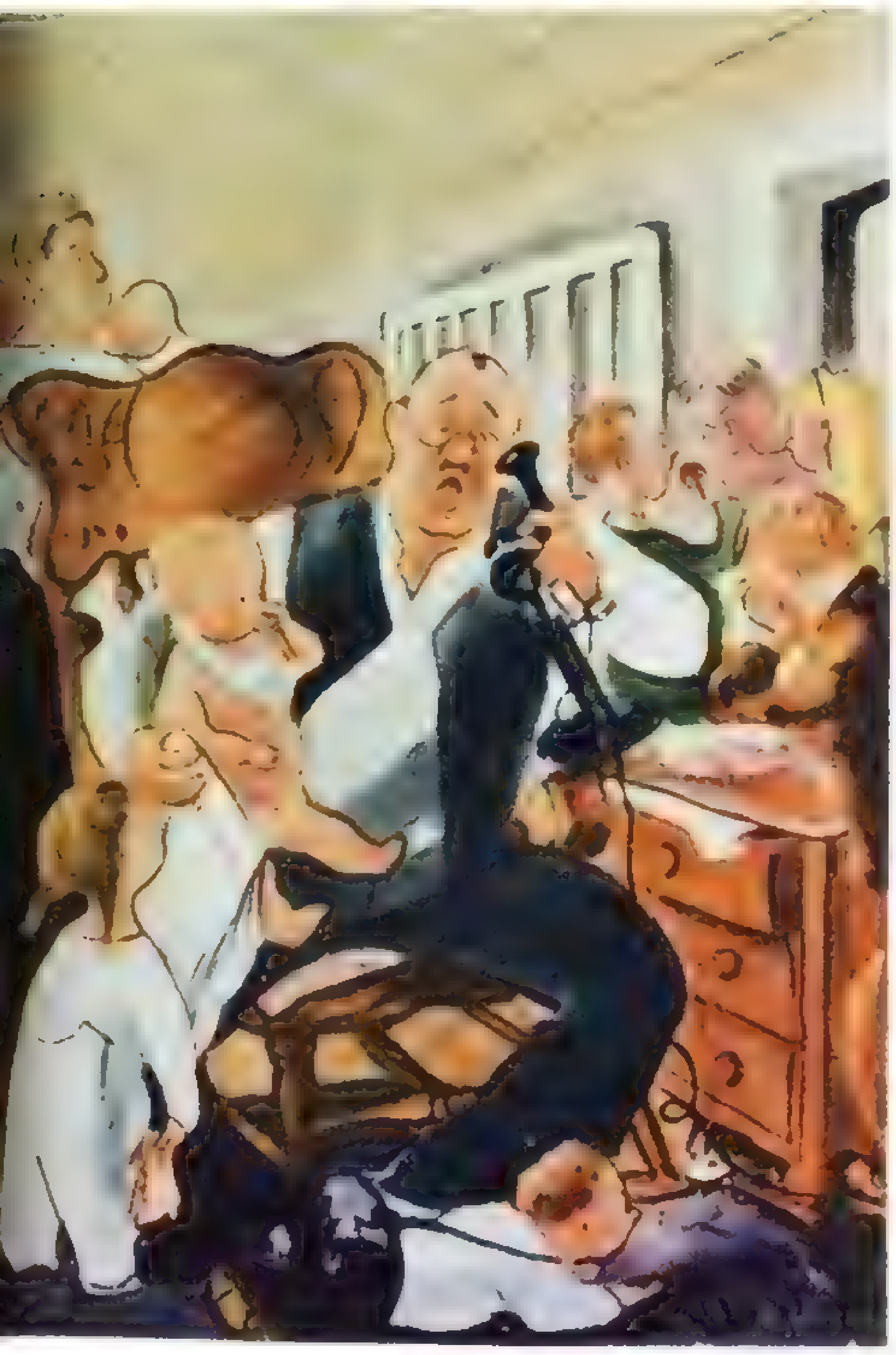
"M-m-m—so it isn't daughter's money he's after at all"



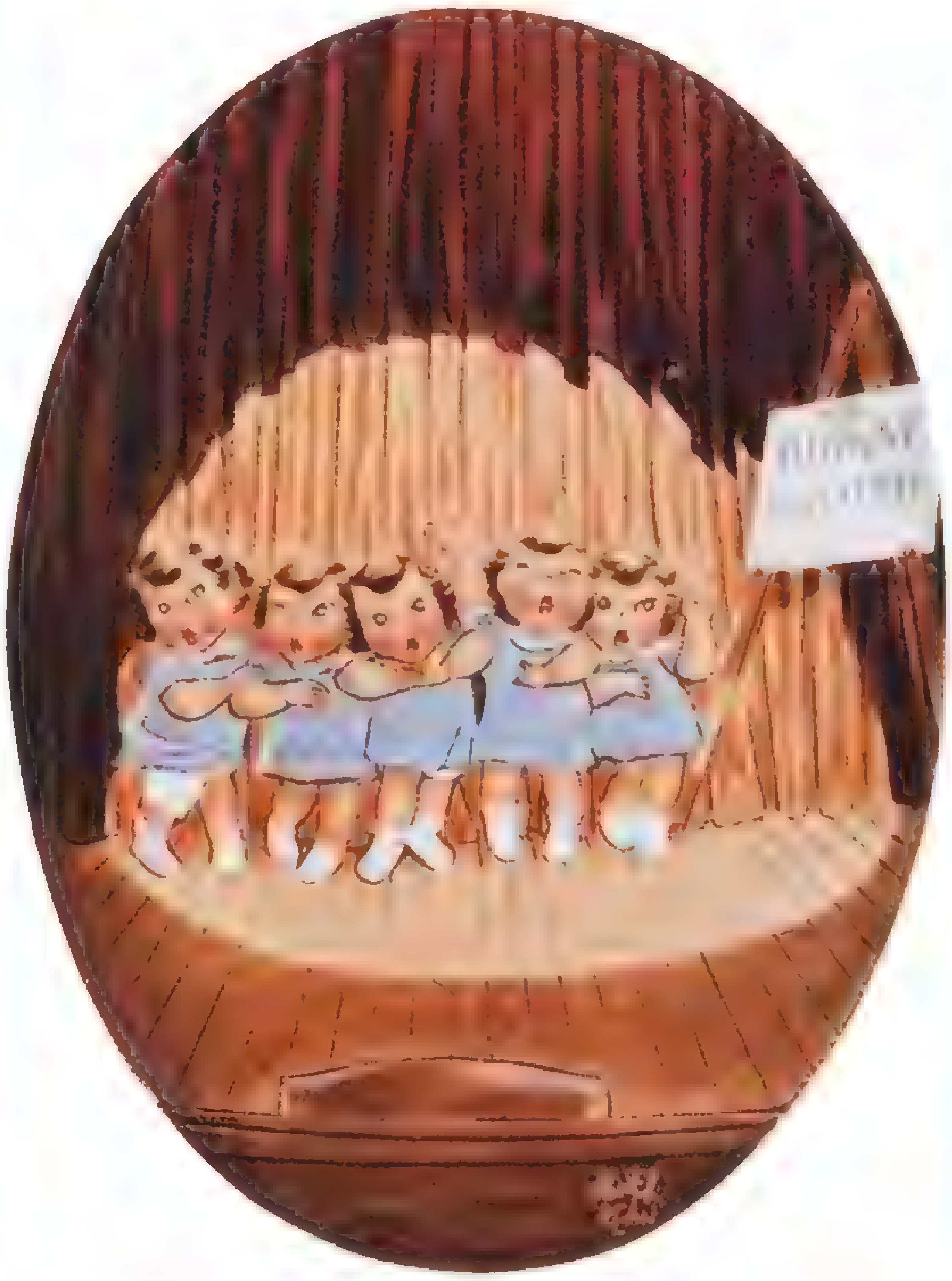
"Gosh, dear, what have I ever done to deserve all this?"


VISITORS PERMITS
MATERNITY CENTER

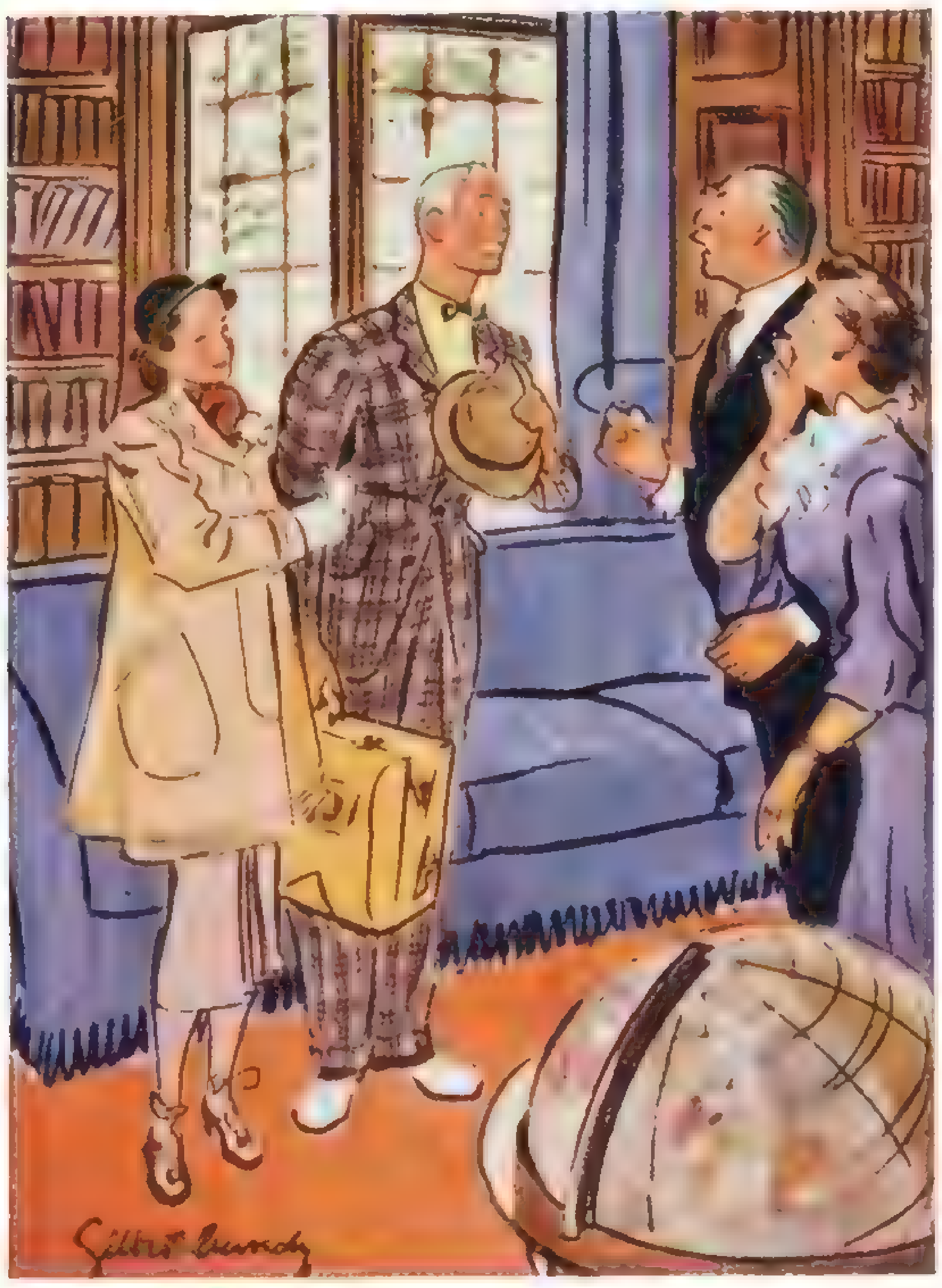
"I'm not the husband—I'm the father!"



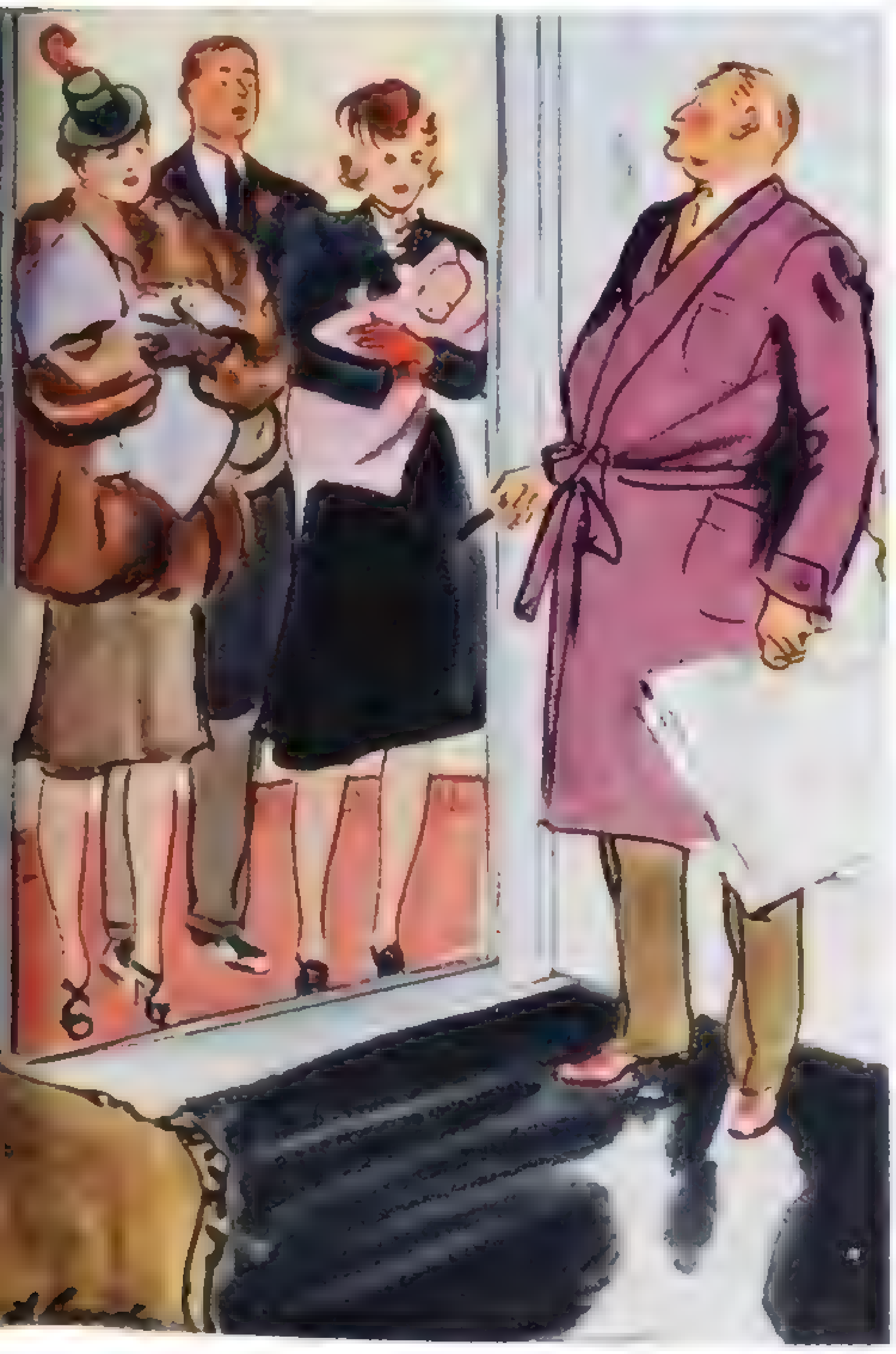
his isn't the Child Welfare Bureau, but I think we can answer any questions you might ask"



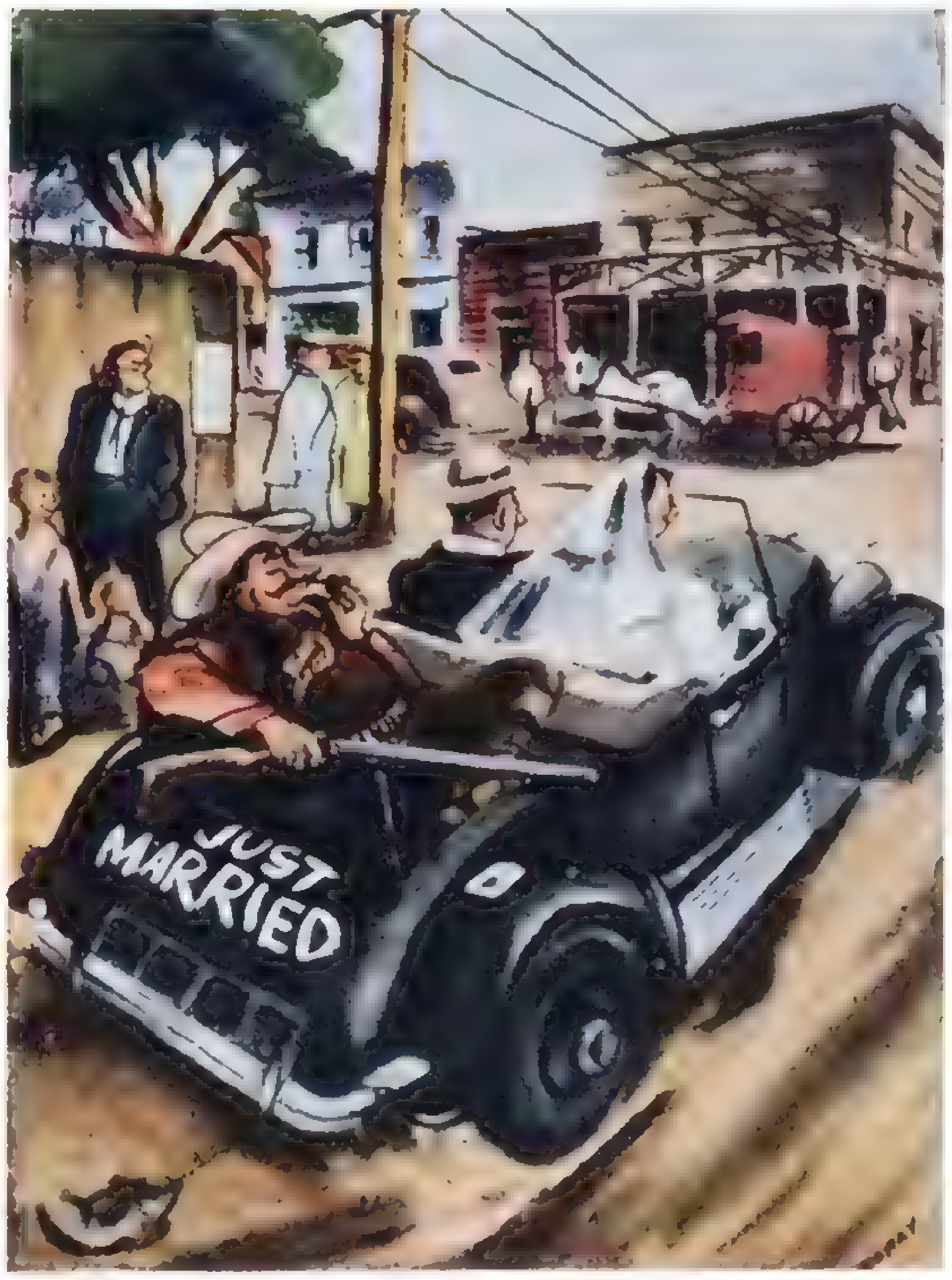
"That won-der-ful Daddy of mine—"

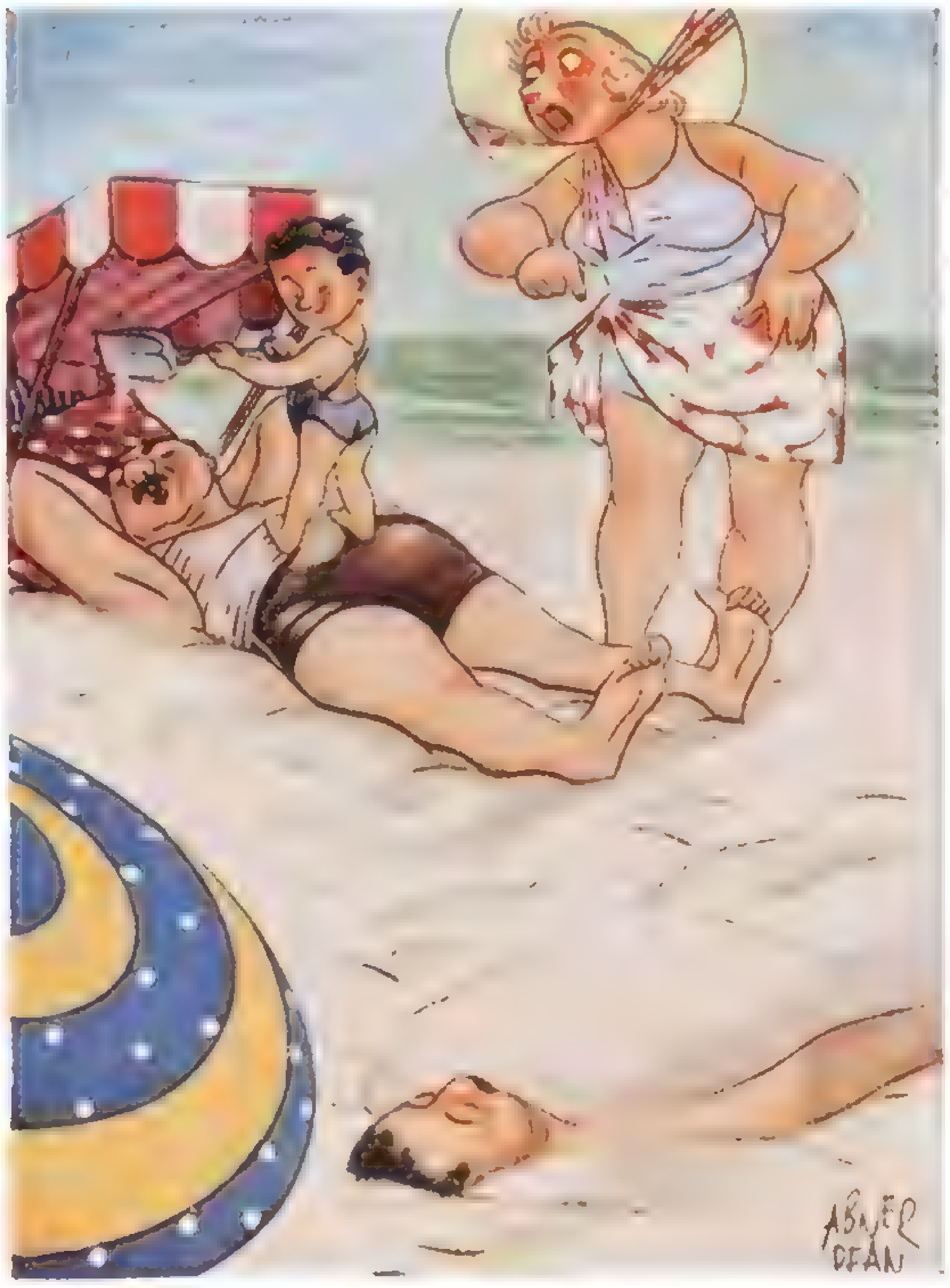

Gilbert Bundy

"And I woke up in the dormitory next morning, Dad—and there she was"

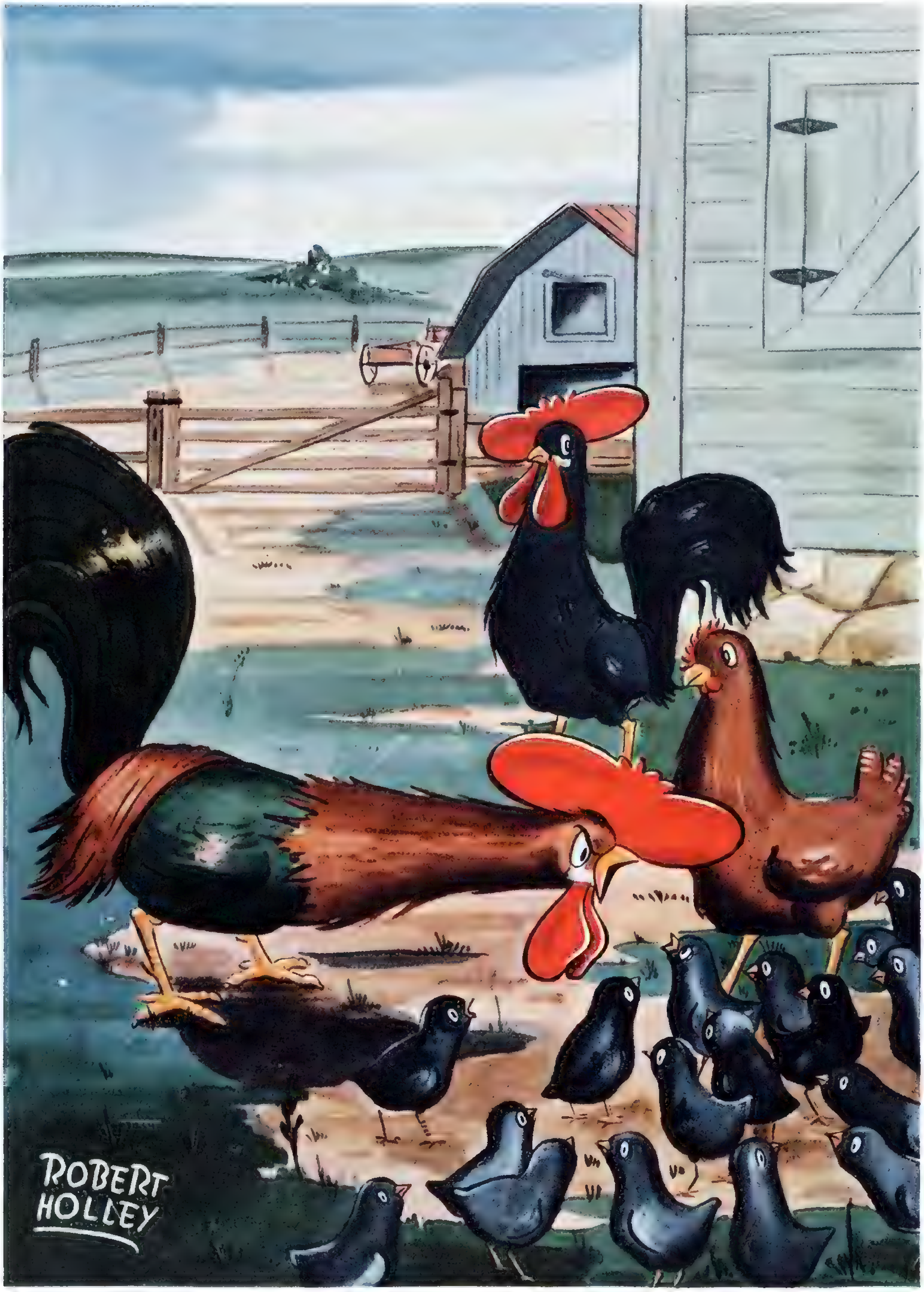


"Father, I'm in a bit of a jam"


JUST MARRIED



"Put it back like you found it, Junior. Papa is over there"


ROBERT HOLLEY

"Don't you 'Happy Father's Day' me!!"

My Battle with the Keyboard

Chronicle of what happened to a fellow who had always wanted to play the piano, and still does

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

THIS is no blast at the learn-jazz-quick-like-a-mouse schools, nor does it take the stand that if you haven't started to play the piano at the age of six, it is too late. I started this practice a half or dozen years ago, and I can truthfully say that what I have obtained are "results." We won't qualify that any further right now. But in my case there was definitely no *Blitzkrieg*. It has been a war of attrition with economic factors, nerves and morale all playing an important part. I have progressed from the point of not being able to play the piano at all to the point of being able to play it very badly. That, you will have to admit, is something.

On the credit side I occasionally get what is laughingly described as "fun" from my efforts to play popular tunes. On the debit side I am forced to the conclusion that merely having a strong desire to do something well isn't enough. I've had the desire all right, and—for an avocation—I've put in a deal of work, but I still remain a palooka, and I always will. In spite of frequent proofs to the contrary on the part of good musicians, I still can't be convinced that it is possible to play the piano well with both hands at once. In short, while my right hand on rare occasions approaches to the level of mediocrity, my left hand stinks.

Of course the obvious conclusion is that I have no business fooling with a piano. I am, and always have been, inordinately clumsy with my hands. I can't write legibly, can't draw at all, and am the world's worst carpenter. It wasn't until my junior year in college that I learned to tie my shoelaces. I learn physical skills very slowly. Moreover, I have only a fair ear for tunes and practically none for harmony. And reading music comes hard. Outside of that I'm eminently qualified to be a keyboard artist. All insinuations to the contrary, I can definitely recognize a piano when I see one. But the fact remains that I always wanted to play the piano, and still do. This is simply a chronicle of what happened to a fellow with those qualifications and that ambition. It might happen to you too, God forbid.

It was a girl I met at a summer resort who caused me to get beyond—or below, if you prefer—the inactive or boy-I-wish-I-could-play-the-piano stage, and to abandon wishful thinking for wishful struggling. I was considerably better at tennis than she was, and so we decided, practically simultaneously, to swap lessons. Result? Boy teach girl tennis. Girl teach boy piano. Well, she improved in tennis, all right. Give me credit for being a good teacher anyhow.

This girl played the piano pleasingly in the key of D. Solely in the key of D. The reason for this was that she had happened to learn it in the key of D. It's a nice key, all right, no mistake about that. But I am not convinced that the results were happy from my point of view. She taught me a few D chords which I tried indiscriminately to fit into all keys on all occasions, a habit which led listeners to remark that although my melody was sometimes faintly recognizable, the total effect sounded somewhat queer. By the end of the summer I had learned a few bars from the *Rhapsody in Blue* which I played with a laborious sort of semi-accuracy, but that was all—while she had blossomed out with a really useful forehand drive.

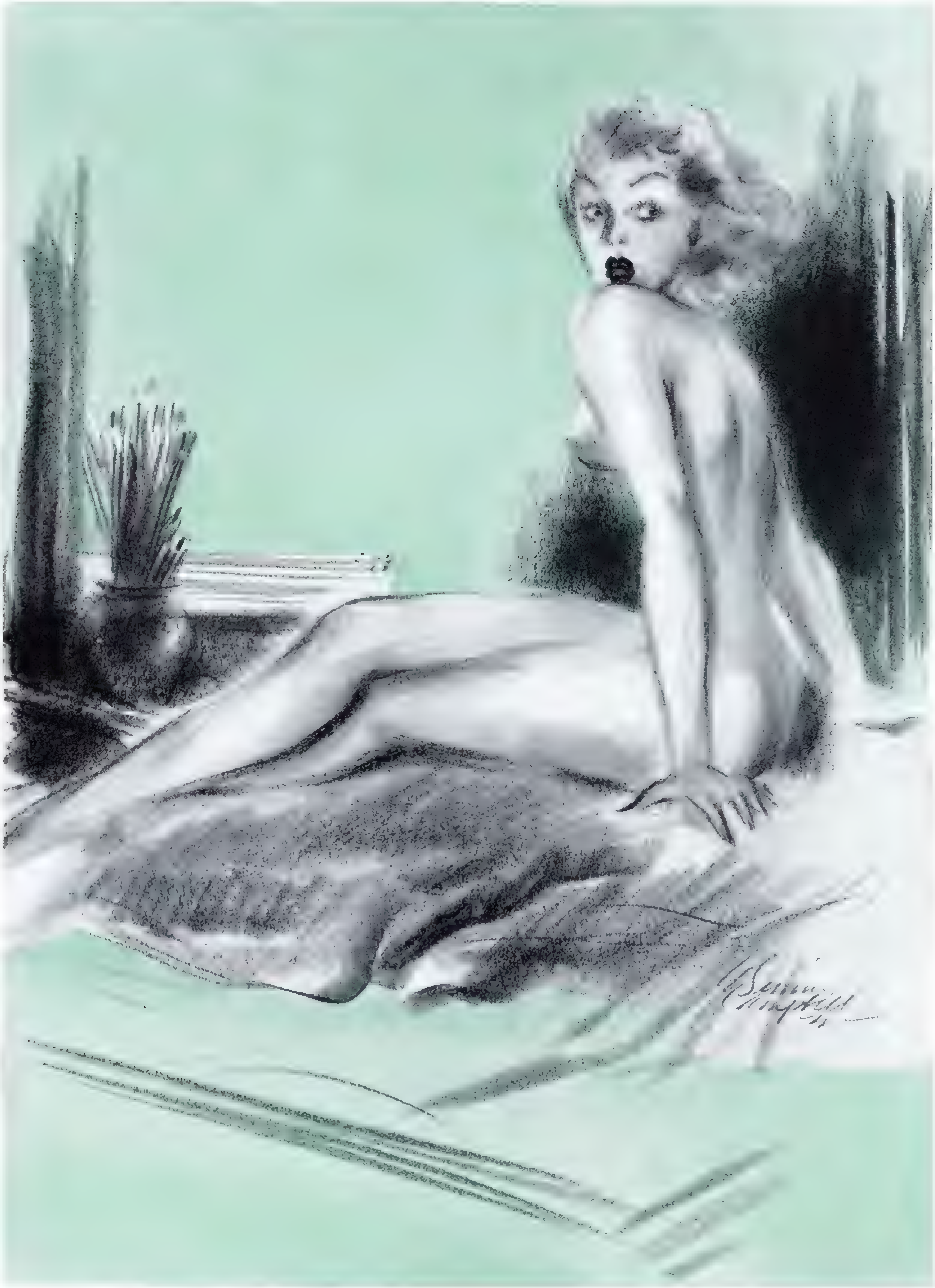
Probably I should have given up right then, but during the following winter I decided to take lessons from a professional teacher. The first few lessons were wasted because he spent all his time trying to convince me that I should learn to read music and thus be able to play in any key. When he told me there were twelve keys, I, on the contrary, argued that this was nonsense, and what was the use of making it twelve times as tough when one key would do just as well? He had a hard time convincing me, or rather overwhelming me, because it is not easy to win an argument from a guy who doesn't know anything. I still don't know much, but this old professor will pass on the following advice for what it is worth: If you are considering trying to learn the piano, don't go for this playing only in one key stuff unless you have a phenomenal musical ear and memory—in which case you've probably been at it long since, and could give *me* plenty of advice.

Learning to read music was tough for me, and, by a peculiar coincidence, it still is. I was brought up on the printed word, and the musical staff with all its gewgaws and gadgets looked unbelievably bewildering. Particularly baffling was the fact that notes in corresponding positions on the bass and treble staff were different notes on the piano—as though the letter "A" in one printed paragraph should represent A whereas in another one it represented W. I am still bitter about this, and nobody is going to convince me that it makes sense, not even with that phony argument about the middle C between the two staffs. But, as you have doubtless gathered, my spare time has not been dedicated to reforming music, but to annihilating it. So let that pass.

Of course the playing was even harder than the reading, and here my clumsiness with my hands and my generally poor physical coördination stood me, to coin a phrase, in lousy stead. When I try to make one particular muscle do what I want it to, my brain double-crosses me, and sends the message to an entirely different one in some other part of my body. (I recall, some years ago, my efforts to master the intricacies of the Charleston. For the first couple of days, all I achieved

Continued on page 165

"Gosh! How I could have used this baby on Highway 40, Sunday!"



"Why, Mr. DeMunson! You're not painting me at all!"

The Glittering Costume

The changing garb of the matador in the passing of years tells the bloody story of the Spanish arena

by JOSEPH PEYRÉ

• ARTICLE •

Although its history goes back very far, the bullfight such as you witness during the "feria" of Easter in the arenas of Seville or in Madrid or the cities in the North, does not come down armed from head to foot from the earliest times. The Spanish festival, its circuses, its pasodobles, its trumpets sounding the three acts of the drama, was not celebrated with the present customs by the Christian knights who recaptured the peninsula from the Moors. And the bullfighters of the time of the Cid did not wear the gold-embroidered colored silk costume of the modern toreadors which we call by a name that evokes all the glory of the sun, the *Costume de Lumières*, the glittering costume.

Just as the thoroughbred horse is the result of a creation undertaken by great Englishmen such as the duke of Newcastle, so the fighting bull which you see come forth through the red doors of the pen, at the call of the poignant trumpet, the colors of his breeding pinned to his black shoulder, is the masterpiece of one and a half centuries of breeding, the fruit of long selection. The rule of combat has been elaborated little by little. Today's professional has been formed in the course of a century and a half. His costume already has its tradition and history. It was during the eighteenth century that the first Spanish breeders undertook to form strains of fearless bulls by segregating in separate ranches the animals recognized as the fiercest in combat. And at that time also the bullfighter on foot first began to take on importance and his profession became a paid one.

Up to that time the bulls were fought, on holidays in the principal square of town and village, by officers or knights on horseback who attacked them with the lance. Valets armed with knives cut the hamstrings of the mortally wounded animals and administered the finishing blow. These valets, these lowly fighters on foot, were the forerunners of the glittering bullfighters of today. Their ascent took place at the expense of the brilliant horsemen who had crushed them with their scorn and who, by the vicissitudes of human fortune, lost their nobility, to become, in the present order of the festival, the picadors, the valets-on-horseback of our day.

In the times of Romero and Costillares, the first professional stars of bullfighting on foot, the toreador's costume was possessed of a plainness revealing both the lowliness of his state and the actual character of the fight. It was more an armor destined to protect the body than a garment to glorify it by its colors and resplendence. The fighter wore a close fitting hip-length doublet of buckskin, buttoned on the side and laced up in back. A wide belt of the same leather held it around the waist. The breeches were of buckskin also, the severity of the gladiator's costume being relieved only by the padded velvet sleeves, the white stockings and the buckles on belt and shoes.

The first victory scored by the bullfighter on foot over the cavalier who, until then, had played the principal role, was as regards costume, no doubt the permission to wear the silver braid. Up to that time the silver braid had been the privilege of the horsemen. The fighters on foot had only the right to wear white braid. This differentiation in treatment led, in 1793, to a protest by Costillares, master of the arena of that time, and the silver insignia was then granted him. In a way this meant recognition of the decline of the fighter on horseback and the growing importance of the man on foot in the new festival. While the noble horseman of ancient times who attacked the bull with the lance, became gradually the "picador," or professional armed only with the spear, the bullfighter on foot, the "matador," awaiting the charge by the bull, killed the beast with the sword.

This same Costillares, who was to obtain the silver braid for the fighter on foot, had moreover added to the prestige of the matador and the improvement of the sport, by inventing the sword thrust brought *à volapié*, that is to say, the running thrust. Before him, the matador performed the sword thrust only in a receiving position, by awaiting the attack of the bull who ran himself onto the blade.

If the bull arrived at the termination of the fight in such an exhausted condition that he had no longer the energy necessary to the supreme charge and responded no longer to the challenge of the bullfighter, it required the intervention of the arena attendants who cut the hamstrings of the animal by means of a sickle attached to a long pole. After which the bull was finished by stabs with the dagger. Such an end still bore a resemblance to the original role of the bullfighter on foot, a vile cutthroat business.

Costillares then invented the running sword thrust, where the matador himself rushed into the bull and thereby secured for the bullfighter control of the wind-up and a nobler finish to the drama of combat. Having become, thanks to him, the decisive actor and master of the game, the matador well deserved the silver braid carried off over the horsemen. At the same time that the preeminence of the man on foot asserted itself, also in the costume, the role of the decoy grew, the cloth which serves to deceive the bull, to make him pass, and which, in the sport of today, has become the principal accessory. It was no longer a question of attacking, wounding and finishing an animal, but of playing a game of attack and evade where the

Continued in center of page 174

"Er—could you tell me where I could get a couple of rivets?"

Yes, Sir, That's My Baby

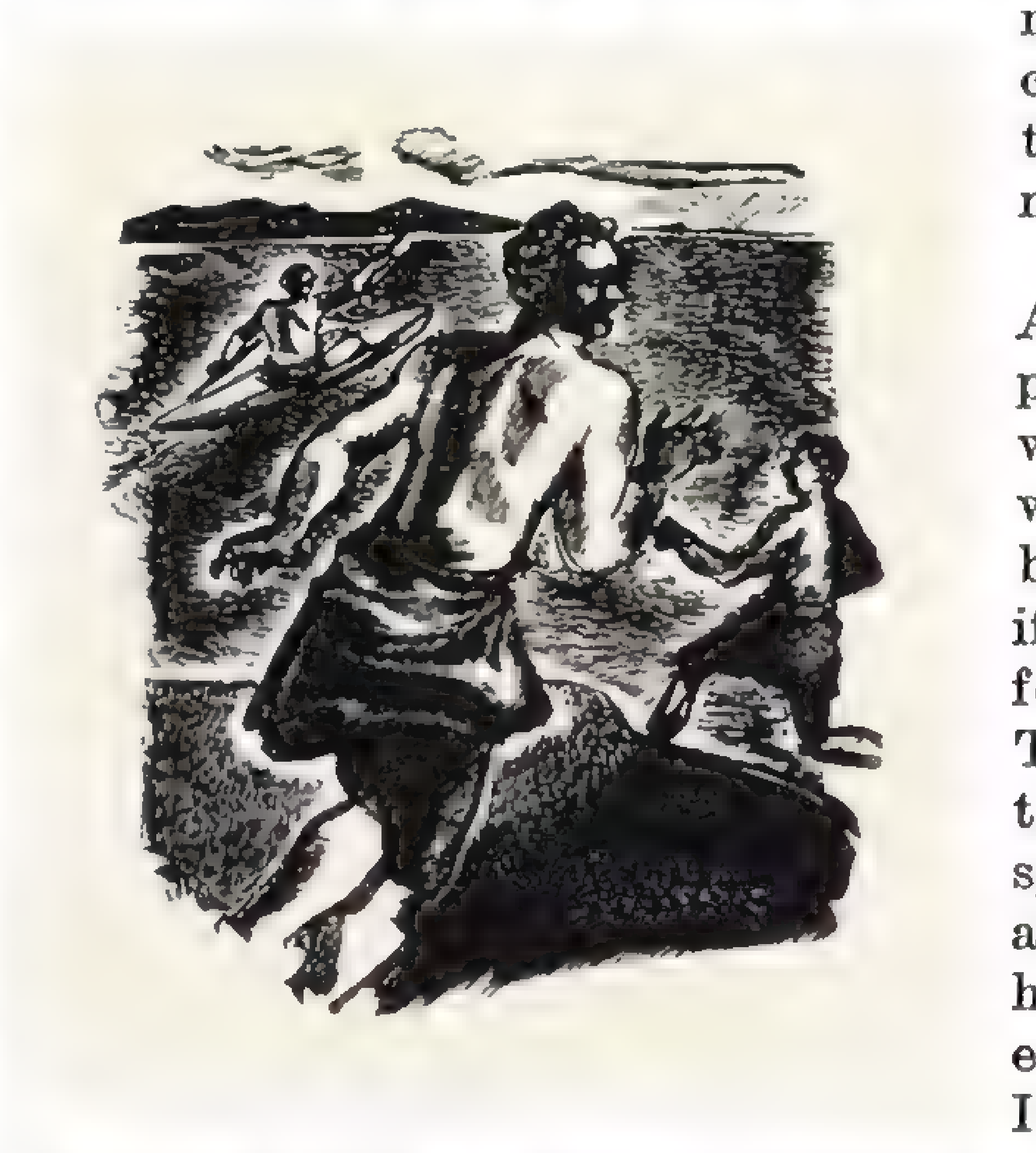
George had read this book about the childlike Tahitians and knew they'd be pushovers for a merry-go-round

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

▪ FICTION ▪

GEORGE KETT and I invented this variation of rummy because we had so much time on our hands. The way we played it, it took you half a day to get one hundred points sometimes, and you had to be one thousand points ahead of the other guy before you won the lion or the boiler or whatever it was we happened to be playing for at the time.

As a matter of fact, the animals were the last things we got around to. By that time I was owner of the whole floor and the framework and all the machinery, including the music box; and I won three of the six animals before my luck began to change. One animal was white with purple spots, one was purple with white spots, and the others were all more or less along those same lines, but the only guys likely to know this were George and me and we only knew it because we remembered how they looked and what color they'd been when we bought them along with all the rest of the setup in a little town in California for 150 bucks. You see, the tropical sun had been pretty hard on those wooden beasts. The paint had mostly peeled off, and there was a lot of gilt and that had peeled off too, and whatever was left had sort of run together so that it looked like a badly faded Scotch plaid.



We had bought this carrousel from a no-account carnival outfit that was just about to be leapt upon by the sheriff, and my! my! how smart we thought we were, then! And now here it was under the palm trees getting itself scorched while George and I, just about ready to slice one another's throats, played rummy for it.

"Cut," George would snarl, and I would cut the dirty greasy deck, and he'd deal, me watching him sharply all the time because after my spurt of good luck, which lasted only two days, I was always minus, and it didn't seem possible that George was not cheating, though I could never catch him at it. He used to watch me the same way, when I dealt.

"Laying down three kings," he'd say an hour later.

"You would," I'd say in as nasty a voice as possible.

You see how it was? We did not talk much, and when we did it wasn't in words of sparkling wit and it certainly wasn't with any politeness. Once upon a time we'd been good friends. But hell.

Maybe it would be a good idea if I explained that the place where we were playing this game rummy was an island called (cross my heart and hope to die!) *Aaea*. You pronounce it, if you must, Ah-ah-aye-ah. The accent isn't on any syllable in particular but just sort of strewn along the line.

Aaea is in the Pacific Ocean, but don't ask me exactly where. Only the French government and a few schooner captains know that. Not that it's any secret. Only nobody gives a hoot.

There is a reef around Aaea, with several good passes, and a broad lagoon which as I understand it would accommodate the biggest ship in the world if there were any reason for such a ship to go there. The island is round, and there is a fresh water spring in the middle. It is absolutely flat, and inhabited only by crabs, not even rats, not even birds. It is coral, and the vegetation consists of coconut trees and a kind of dry scrubby brittle sand grass which tastes bitter and makes you sick if you eat it, as we found out. You could walk clear around Aaea in twenty minutes, but there would not be any sense doing so because it's exactly the same on every side.

So this is the place where George Kett and I played rummy for possession of a merry-go-round which had looked sad when we bought it and was looking sadder every day.

"Deal 'em! Deal 'em!" he would rasp.

"All right," I'd wisecrack. "There isn't any hurry. Don't get yourself in an uproar."

On that point I was absolutely right. There wasn't any hurry. We could gather and cook all we wanted to eat in an hour a day. We lived on coconuts and fish, including crabs. The coconuts simply fell out of the trees and all you had to do was pick them up and husk them. The crabs were so slow and so dumb that they hardly got out of your way when you walked. As for the fish, there were so many of them that you could practically catch them with your bare hands. I suppose that a guy who was nuts about fishing could have been perfectly happy on Aaea, but neither George nor I cared for fishing. So we had plenty of time. I've never had so much time in my life. We used to start playing rummy just a little after dawn and keep it up until it got dark.

Here's how we happened to be on Aaea:

When we bought this merry-go-round we both had a little cash and were looking for something to promote. We got it, as I said, dirt cheap. Personally I wouldn't have touched it, because even then it was a pretty disconsolate shebang, but George had the idea of taking it down to the South Sea Islands. George had read a book about that part of the world and for years he'd been dreaming of going there. He insisted that we could make a lot of money there with the merry-go-round. The natives, he said, would love it.

"It will appeal to their childlike natures."

"Would they be likely to have any money?" I asked. "Because if they wanted to pay us with shells or something—"

"They'll have some," he said with confidence, "and what they do have we'll get. Besides," he said, "you don't need any money in the South Seas. They live in utter simplicity there."

He knew. He'd read this book.

The passage, in the first place, cost more than I had expected. It seems you have to buy a return trip ticket when you go to Tahiti or else they won't let you land. Also it cost plenty to freight the merry-go-round, which was in twelve packing cases. But the real trouble began when we tried to pass customs.

It wasn't so much the actual duty we had to pay, though that was enough, as it was the extras. The officials got all worked up

"You see," said George, triumphant, "they have never had one of these things here before, so they don't know what to do about it."

"I wish they'd find out," I said.

They looked things up in enormous books, chattering like monkeys all the time, and they made charts and diagrams and so many rows of figures that it knocked you dizzy even to look at them upside-down, which was as good a way as any. There were fees for this and fees for that, and dozens of forms to be

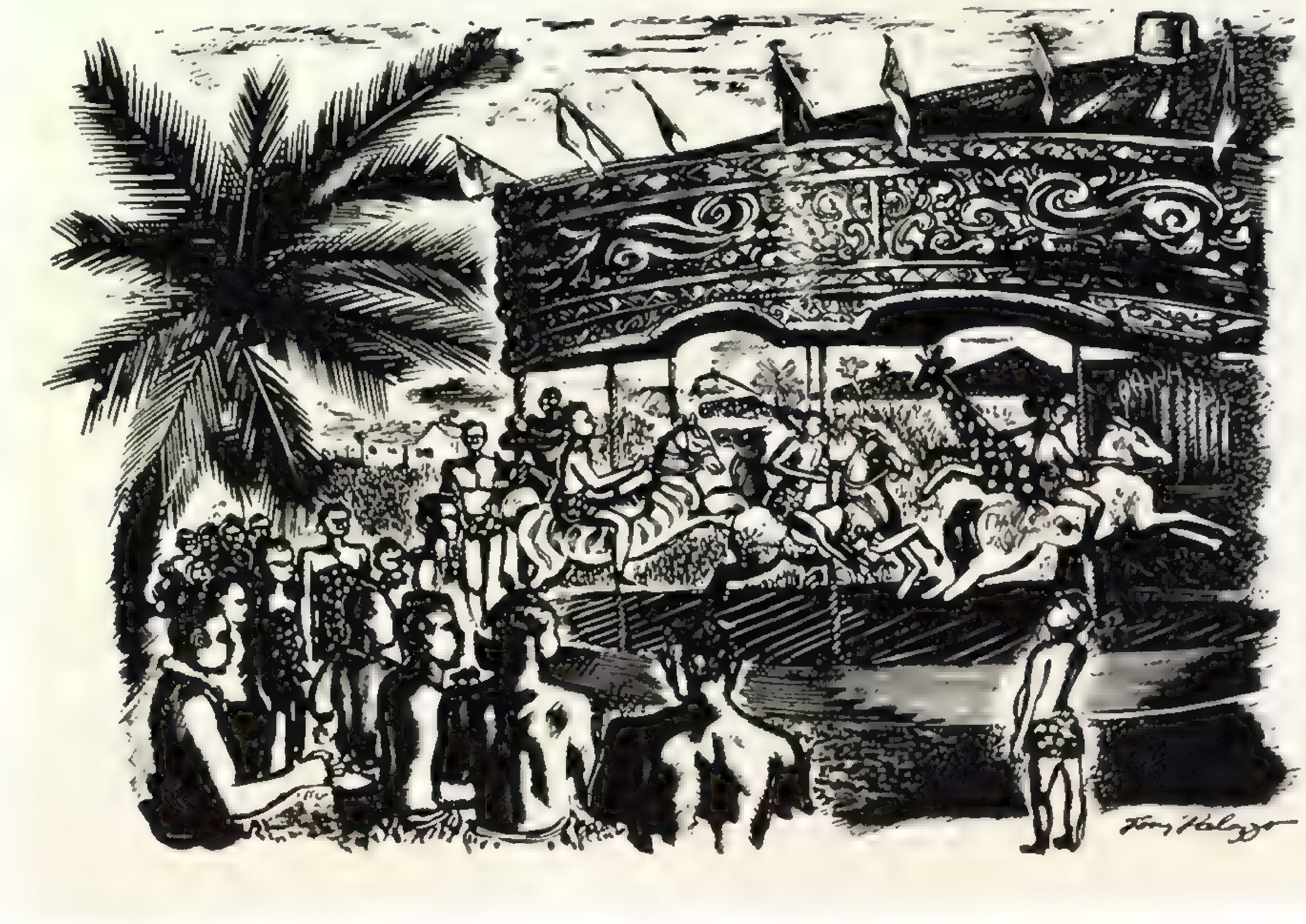
filled out, and it was all just that much harder on account of the fact that George and I didn't either of us know a word of French. The whole business took almost two weeks; and when it was finished we had a bale of receipts and the merry-go-round—and a whole lot less money.

"Utter simplicity," I said.

"You'll see," George said, correctly.

I won't go into descriptions. Tahiti is a very beautiful island and I wouldn't run the place down for anything in the world. But if it's money you're looking for, it might be a good idea to go somewheres else instead.

First there was trouble about the machine. We'd known it was busted when we bought it, but George had said he could fix it, and to give him credit he did. But this took a long time. I don't understand these things—it was George's job to make the thing go and mine to attract customers—but George explained that he could not get the right tools or the right oil or the right anything. Then came the matter of fuel. They don't have coal in Tahiti and not much wood either. The light plant—they have electric lights in Papeete!—operates, when it does, by burning coconut husks. This was a new one to George, but he's a good engineer, I guess, and anyway after fooling around for a while he got it going. And I went into my bark.



Well, George had been right when he predicted that the natives would love a merry-go-round. I never had such an appreciative audience. The fact that they couldn't understand a word I was shouting didn't make any difference. Every time I'd pause to catch breath they would clap and cheer. And they did love the merry-go-round. They really did. The only trouble was, they didn't care to ride on it. They just liked to watch. There was still a little bright paint left in those days, not to mention some gilt, and there were even a few chunks of glass imbedded here and there that caught the light and made it very attractive to see. These Tahitians, they'd stand around by the hour watching it. Even after we had reduced the price three times until we got it down to fifty centimes a twirl, which is less than a penny and a half—even then they preferred to just stand there and look.

They enjoyed the music too, though I don't know why. George had read in that book that the Polynesians are a highly musical people, but I never would have believed until I saw it with my own eyes that anybody could get any pleasure out of listening to the noises George finally coaxed out of that apparatus. There were six different selections, but for reasons George explained to me but I couldn't understand, five of them just would not go. The sixth naturally got on our nerves after a while, though it was a number I used to fancy when it was new. You'll remember it. "*Yes*, sir, *that's* my *bay*-bee." After the second or third thousandth time it sort of got monotonous. But not to the Tahitians! They ate it up. Well, I don't suppose the customs men and the other officials of one sort and another ever really did get quite finished with us. Hardly a day would go by without one of them would come along with a lot more questions to ask and another form to be filled out, and George and I practically had writer's cramp from signing our names. There was nearly always some new fee to be paid, too, and they'd give us another receipt. The French are certainly great boys for handing out receipts on each and every occasion. We had dozens, and some of them looked very interesting, though of course we couldn't read them.

Well, we diddled along, not actually starving but not getting ready to retire either, for two months. Even George had to admit that the part that says in the book that you can live for next to nothing in the South Seas is wrong; because you can't. The only good night we had was the night Howard W. Tillham III fell on his face.

You've heard of him, of course. His grandfather was a buddy of the late Mr. Rockefeller, or maybe it was the late Mr. Carnegie. Anyway this lad could not possibly spend the money as fast as it came in, though it was not from lack of trying.

Howard W. Tillham III had come to Tahiti in his yacht the *Hokenjos*, which was bigger than any of the commercial vessels that put in there and ever so much cleaner. What a tub! She had everything up to and including a swimming pool. They say she cost ten thousand a week just to keep in commission. Or maybe it was ten thousand a day. Young Tillham himself probably didn't know.

He visited us. He had his five guests with him and half the population of the island trailing along behind in case he should drop anything. I guess he was having a pretty good time in Tahiti. When we stopped the carrousel for him he stepped up onto the platform and grabbed a pole and threw one leg over the zebra—and slithered clear over the top of it and fell with a crash on the other side. There must have been forty people rushed to pick him up. It nearly wrecked the whole structure.

But he kept right on laughing. You don't get hurt when you're as tight as all that. At least, you don't feel the pain until the next day. Well, he and his guests took maybe five or six rides, and then he bought tickets for everybody in sight. As a matter of fact, he bought more tickets than George and I had had printed, so we had to scribble our initials on slips of torn-up paper, which we did rather than lose the sales. And then he went off, laughing and singing, and not asking for his change either, which would have been a lot. All the next day we were still giving rides to natives that had tickets. By that time Howard W. Tillham III had cleared out. It seems he planned to stay in those parts for a while but felt like having this particular hangover in another island, so he sailed for Bora-Bora.

Well, George and I paid off the guys who had been waving bills at us, and we still had a little left. The friends we had made in Tahiti—writers and beachcombers and artists and so-forth that could speak English—had been telling us that if we could only hang on until July 14th we'd clean up. It seems July 14th is the French national holiday, like our July 4th, and in Tahiti they celebrate it in a big way, making the festivities last for ten days or so. They come in from 'way out in the country and from the islands near by, people who maybe only visit Papeete once a year.

"They'll have been making copra for months in advance," our friends told us. "They'll all have money."

The only trouble was, we didn't see how we could hang on that long. And it was just at this time that George got me in a weak moment and suggested that we take a schooner that was starting for a month's cruise through the Tuamotu Islands the next day. We could take the merry-go-round along, he said, and we wouldn't have to worry about customs any more because the Tuamotus were all part of French Oceania anyway, though they belonged to a different group than Tahiti. We could unpack the stuff and assemble it on each island, George pointed out, and we'd wow them with the novelty of the thing, and even if we didn't take in much we'd clear expenses and get back to Tahiti in time for the fete.

Our friends thought this was a grand idea. "These Tahitians are sophisticated," they said, which was news to us, "but the Tuamotuans would fall hard."

So as I said, it was a weak moment for me, and I nodded o.k.

Well, the Tuamotus are little and low and there are a lot of them, and when you've seen one you've seen them all. How many we stopped at I couldn't say, because I gave up counting after a while, but it was a good many. At some we stuck around for seven or eight hours and at some for only an hour or so, which meant that George and I didn't always have time to haul the stuff ashore, unpack it, assemble it, get up steam and make the animals go 'round—and then get it all back again in time to sail. When we couldn't do this, we just couldn't do it. The skipper was not going to wait for anybody. The

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Human Punching Bags

Sparring partners are hired to *take* punishment and if they get too good in the clinches they annoy The Champ

by RICHARD McCANN

• SPORTS •

JOE LOUIS, who is, ordinarily, as peaceful as a Christmas card despite the killer picture he has painted of himself with foes' blood on canvas, has gotten mad only twice. The first time Joe lost his temper was against Max Schmeling. The other time was against one George Nicholson.

The Brown Bomber surged with fury against Schmeling because the Teuton accused him of attempting to foul out in their first battle, which, as you know, Max won on a knockout. When Joe managed to get Max back into the ring with him, he joyfully slaughtered Der Schlager in less than one round.

Feel no pity for Max, though, because he received $200,000, which is considerably in excess of workmen's compensation, for the injuries he endured. Save your sympathies, instead, for Nicholson—he got precisely $10 for being sent sprawling and bleeding to the canvas one afternoon in Northville, Michigan, where Joe was training for his second conquest of Bob Pastor.

You see, George was one of Joe's sparring partners—an especially able one who had, until the thunder struck down from the skies that afternoon, gone some 250 rounds in various training camps with Louis without being knocked down. This record, even considering the lack of real competitive urge in the training ring, was quite remarkable and the magazines, newspaper columns, and radio commentators began calling Nicholson "The Champ of the Champ's Camp." Now, up to this time, Nicholson had been a mild sort of man with thoughts only of avoiding mayhem, not wreaking it. During his daily sessions with the Bomber, Nicholson would flee discreetly, never being so rash nor so impudent as to fling his fists at the kinky regal head. But all this talk about being the Champ of the Camp did things, finally, to George's reason. On this particular afternoon, he suddenly paused in his flight from the champ and whipped a heavy overhand right that ripped Louis' headgear from its moorings and sent his mouthpiece scuttling across the ring. Louis snorted, snarled, and stepped into George, both fists flying. And down went Nicholson to the canvas—and to oblivion.

In all probability, this is the first time since then that the name of George Nicholson has appeared in the public prints. Following his one brief fling at fame—and the champ's chin, George has retired to the obscurity which veils his kind—and from which they generally emerge only on the night of The Big Fight to engage a rival sparmate in one of the inconsequential preliminary bouts.

They are a strange little band of battered men—these sparring partners. Some of them are aspiring youngsters, some are tiring oldsters. To some of them, fame may come in the future; to others, it has already come—and gone; but most of them will never go any further than one of the sweaty downtown gyms, where they submit their bodies daily as testing grounds for the bruising weapons of the champions, and the challengers, and the comers.

A dog's life is the life of Riley compared to a sparring partner's. And yet the day after Mr. Nicholson was clubbed to the canvas and helped from the practice range to a first-aid station, Louis' camp was a-swarm with young men of all sizes and shapes who wanted to earn a day's pay.

This pay, incidentally, varies. Some sparmates are paid by the round, some by the day, and a few by the week. The scale ranges from $2.50 a day without meals up to $25 a day with meals. Pop Foster, manager of Jimmy McLarnin, former welterweight champion, struck a new economy high—or low—when Jimmy was training for one of his bouts with Barney Ross. Pop retained a half-dozen hard-bitten young New York amateurs to box with McLarnin. When the training sessions were done, Pop handed each a nicely-wrapped gift box. Each contained a necktie.

"I'm sorry I can't pay you kids for the swell work you've done," Pop said, caressing a worn nickel which oldest inhabitants identified as the first one he ever earned. "I'm really sorry. But, you see, I don't want to spoil your amateur standing."

When training for an important match, a fighter usually hires three or four sparmates. One will be light and fast for developing speed; another will be strong and rough for toughening the fighter for scrimmages in the clinches, and a third will try to approximate the style of the opponent-to-be. For instance, when Joe Louis trained for Tony Galento he hired Bingo Joe Banovic, a roly-poly, rough-and-tumble brawler whose style and build and even facial characteristics are precisely the same as the Barrel That Walks Like a Man. Sometimes, if you watch closely, the training sessions with such members of the troupe can tip you off on the outcome of the forthcoming match. You see, Lou Nova, while training for Galento, also hired Banovic and Bingo Joe punched Lou all over the ring in what amounted to daily previews of the subsequent surprise sock-out that Galento scored. And Jack Dempsey, training for his first fight with Gene Tunney, boxed one day with Tommy Loughran, the fancy-dancy Philadelphian, and looked so befuddled against Tommy's snaky left hand some of the wiser experts rushed right out and laid considerable lettuce on the line that Gene would outbox Jack.

James J. Johnston, a veteran of fifty years around the ring and one of the shrewdes handlers of boxers, believes in changing his fighter's sparmates from day to day. When

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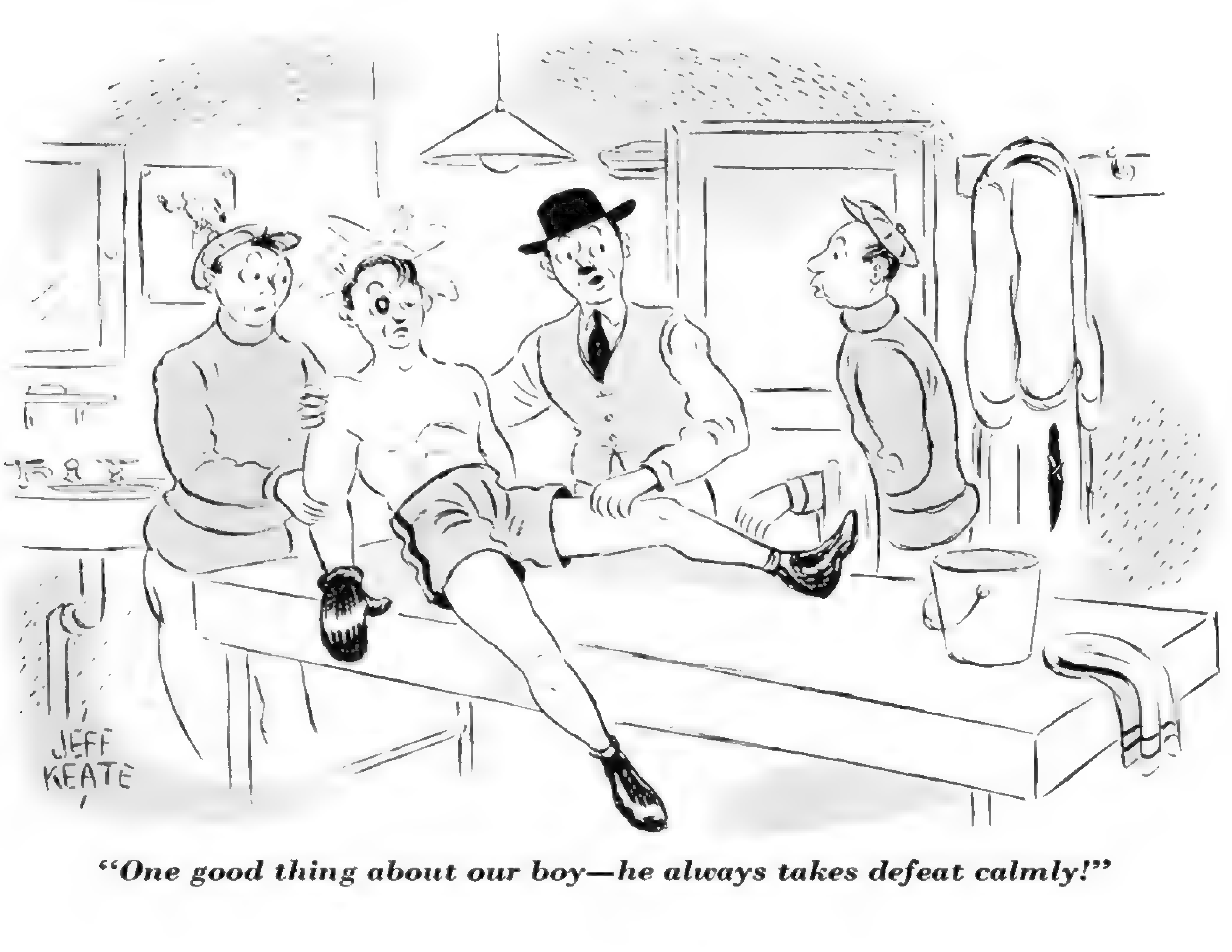
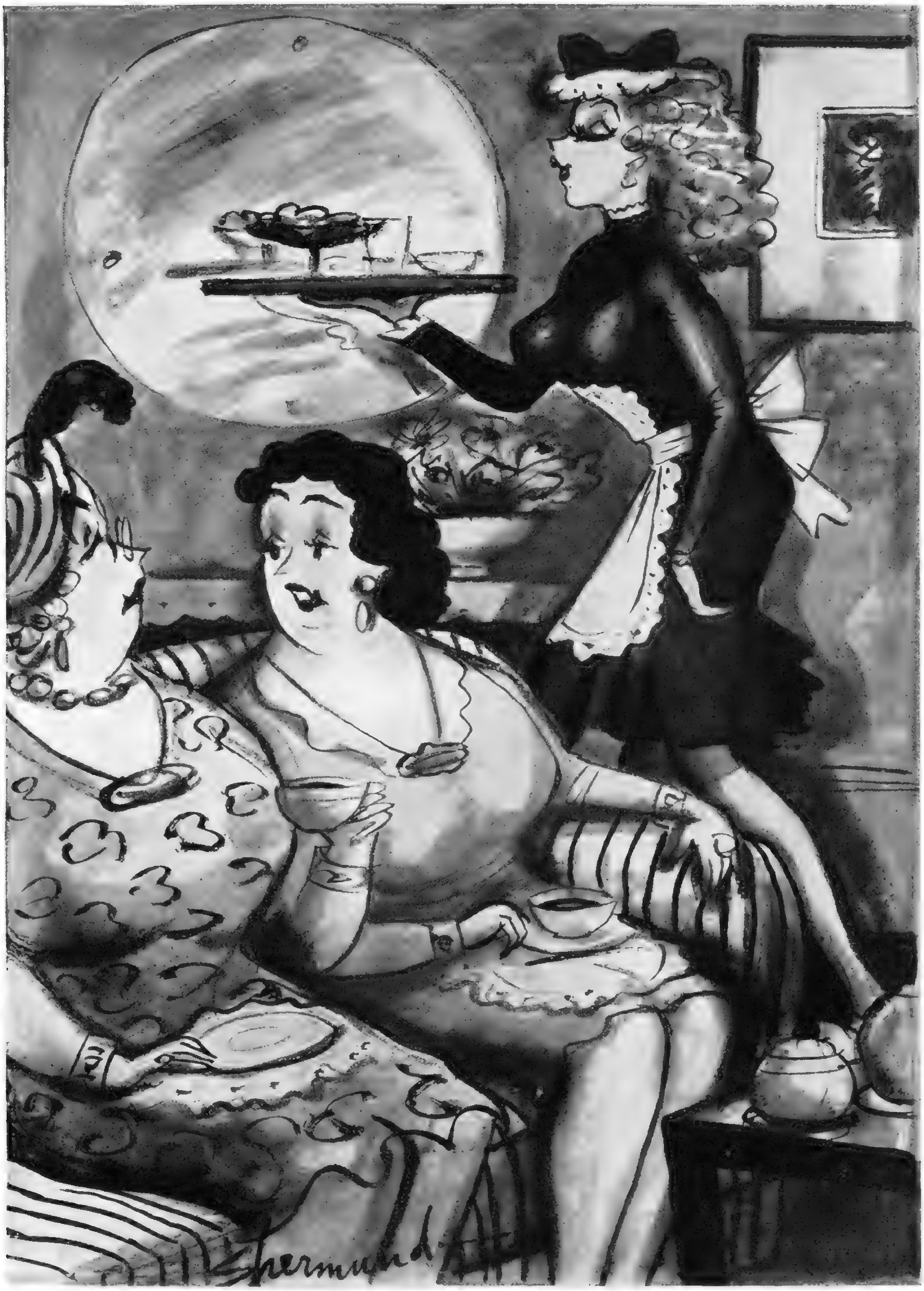


"One good thing about our boy—he always takes defeat calmly!"



"She's terrible with the children but my husband likes her cooking"

Midsummer Flurry

The lady photographer's soft answer accomplished much more than turning away the wrath of Marshal Mineburger

by OSKAR MARIA GRAF

▪ FICTION ▪

ONE morning in August—it was a little after eight—Deputy Marshal Frank Mineburger walked heavily up the steep back stairs of a musty Vienna tenement. A spare man in his forties, pedantry was written all over him. In spite of the heat he was wearing stuffy, provincial clothing—dark jacket and vest, striped trousers worn thin by brushing, heavy shoes carefully shined. The constricted face with its indoor skin gave the last touch to a vaguely depressing picture.

Sometimes he had to stop for a rest, puffing. A look of annoyance came into his watery, gray eyes, and the slightly protruding underlip trembled a little. Even the short hairs of his trimmed brown moustache seemed to bristle resentfully.

"Damn her carelessness . . . damn her!" He finally muttered in a rush of remembrance, took another breath, wiped the sweat from his face, and worked himself into a temper.

He had spent a nearly sleepless night, tossing in the hot bed, cursing his ill luck. The previous day his wife had thoughtlessly laid a fifty-shilling bill on the bureau near the window, instead of putting it immediately into the tin savings box and locking it away. In the morning she laid her bedding out to air on the window as usual. Not until later did she remember that fifty-shilling bill. Of course it was gone, probably had fluttered down to the yard and had been found by someone. Irretrievably lost!

She searched the yard in vain. Crying and lamenting, she ran to the neighbors, asked the children questions, turned the bedroom upside down again and again. Her entire housekeeping routine was upset by this fatality. In her grief, she forgot to clean up and cook. When Mineburger came home in the evening, there was such a mixup, he could hardly find room to sit down. He was hungry and tired, but there was no supper. In his suppressed, low-voiced way he began to ask questions, to grumble, finally to scold. When at last they went to bed, embittered, his wife was so exhausted, she was snoring in no time. This raised Mineburger's anger to the boiling point. His frustrated need for dramatizing the wrong done to him goaded him into a rage; he had to grit his teeth, wanting to cuff the woman in her unsuspecting sleep.

The moon, large and pale, cast its light into the room. Every hour was an eternity to the sleepless man. All the sickening memories, his entire hemmed-in, dreary life drifted through his mind. In the end that senselessly lost fifty-shilling bill hovered over him like a gigantic, restless black spot. And then the banknote exploded into a thousand petty grievances. These fell down from the dark of the ceiling, rested on his uncovered, sweating body, and made his skin itch. Mineburger threw himself savagely on the other side, with a stifled growl. But the cribbling sensation on his skin didn't stop. He saw, as if by chance, how the angular, rigid face of his wife was jutting out of the pillows. The thin-lipped mouth was wide open, and the stringiness of the neck was emphasized by the moonlight. The unkempt hair, smelling of rancid salad oil, clung in wisps to the hollows of her temples. Hideously dull, stupid, unkind and obstinate—this face was all that. Something like nausea seized the waking man, as he now became aware of the exposed, naked, lean, worked-out arm, from which an over-large hand, with short, bony, half-crooked fingers, was hanging. The steaming odor of sweat was rising from her body . . .

Mineburger held his breath. He was seething with rage. Again and again he thought of the fifty-shilling bill. At last he wanted to sleep, and closed his eyes firmly. Then it was suddenly morning and time to get up—

And so he was now climbing these stairs. Taking one step after the other, he was still nursing his anger.

Suddenly he was facing the door of the "Foto-Studio Gina Trampl," on the third floor. He stopped to regain his composure. Involuntarily he straightened up, listened a moment, and—hearing nothing—he took a breath and wiped his face. Then he looked at his watch. It was half-past nine, and yet that woman in there seemed to be still asleep. Displeased, he once more looked over the nameplate. That modernized "F" in the word "Foto" annoyed him. In his opinion it should be "Photographic," and he didn't like that foreign-sounding "Gina." The woman's name was Regina, that was all.

And anyway, the flimsy way the whole thing was written: bare letters brushed on a piece of cardboard with plain India ink!

He coughed noisily and resolutely pushed the bell button. There was a shuffling inside, and the door was opened with unexpected haste. Mineburger's strict official mien crumbled instantly. All his efforts to pull himself together failed. Before him stood a plump lady, subtly perfumed, with a head of light blonde curls. She had obviously not been expecting such a visitor. Her powder-worn, rather common face looked momentarily disconcerted. She drew the embroidered, if not exactly clean, dressing-gown more tightly about her rounded form and slid her feet more firmly into the worn slippers.

"H-how d'you do—what is it?" she asked coldly, clearly disturbed. And when Mineburger indicated his business she briefly reddened, then paled, stammered an embarrassed "Come in," and let him step into th high, disordered, bare studio. Mineburge took a shy, self-conscious look around th room, unable to say anything at first. H pores seemed to be doubling their output perspiration. His eyes remained glued to th

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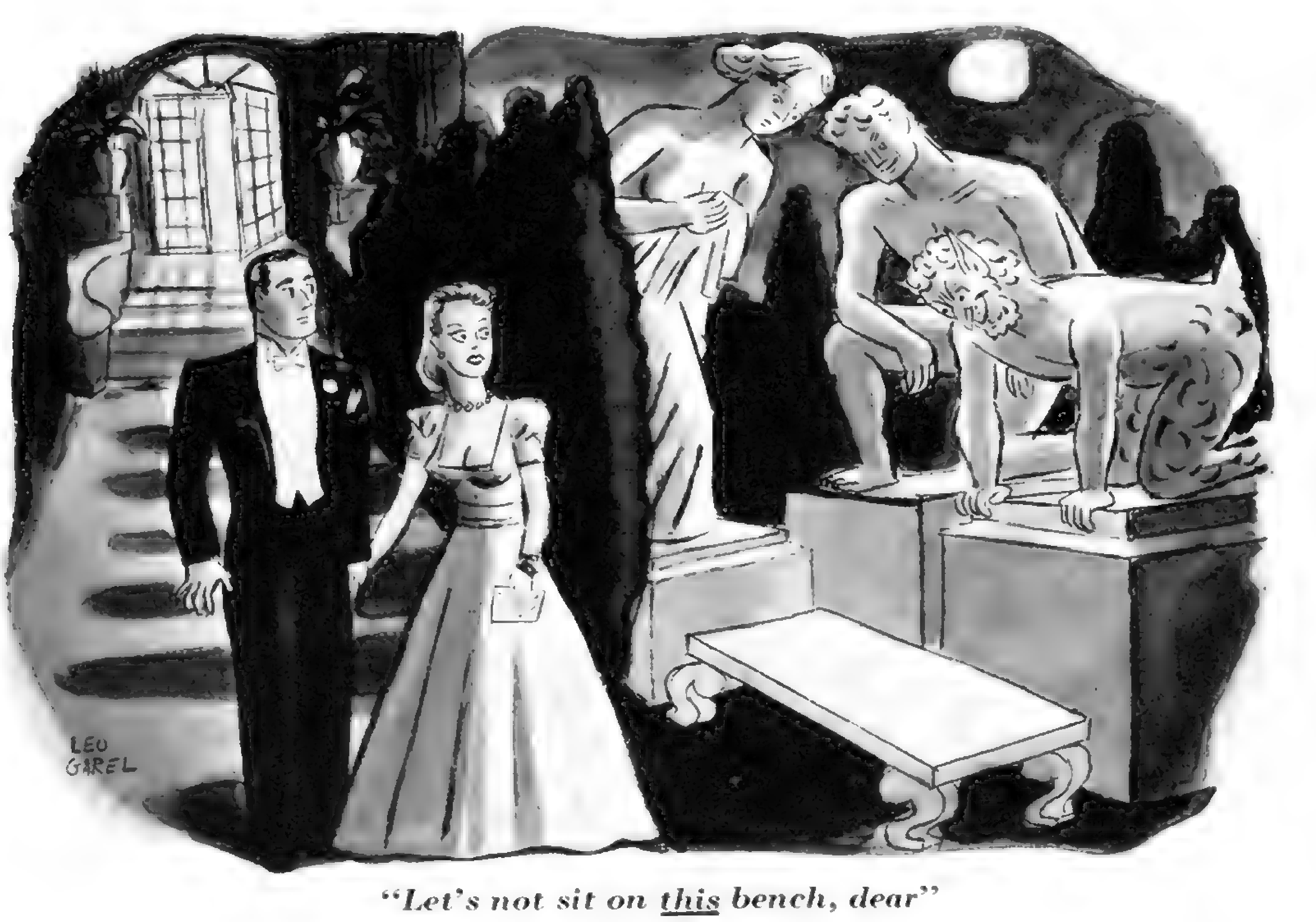


"Let's not sit on this bench, dear"

"What's worrying me is how we are going to feed them"

The Types of American Beauty

in sculpture by

FRANK NAGY

as photographed by

ANDRÉ DE DIENES

NUMBER 4: *Fortuna*

TALL, well proportioned body with broad shoulders and pelvis, yet slim waistline. Musculature well developed, although thoroughly covered by the fat tissue and a taut skin camouflaging her athletic strength with attractive feminine forms. The accent on femininity is emphasized by the pleasing outlines of the full, round breasts. The oval face, terminating in a shapely, though strong chin, displays a friendly, boyish smile and reveals a pearly row of healthy teeth. The straight line of the strong nose almost borders on pugness.

Startling display of vigorous youth and enjoyment of athletic prowess. Still it remains an unequivocal specimen of physiologically, one hundred per cent womanhood with nothing masculine about it except the boyish grin. Her anatomy amply provides for the tasks of procreation and motherhood.

Unquestionably of Anglo-Saxon ancestry, perhaps with a few lusty Celtic genes lurking in the background. Physical activity is the keynote of her interests which predestine her to play a good game of golf or tennis. Competent homemaker, if compelled to do housework. No highbrow, but good company for men who enjoy a ballgame or an evening at Madison Square Garden. She cares more for company than for sex and prefers a round of golf anytime to the contemplation of etchings in a bachelor's apartment. She might get married late, but repeatedly for she divorces easy.

"Femina Ludibunda Fortior."

—*Nostradamus, M. D.*

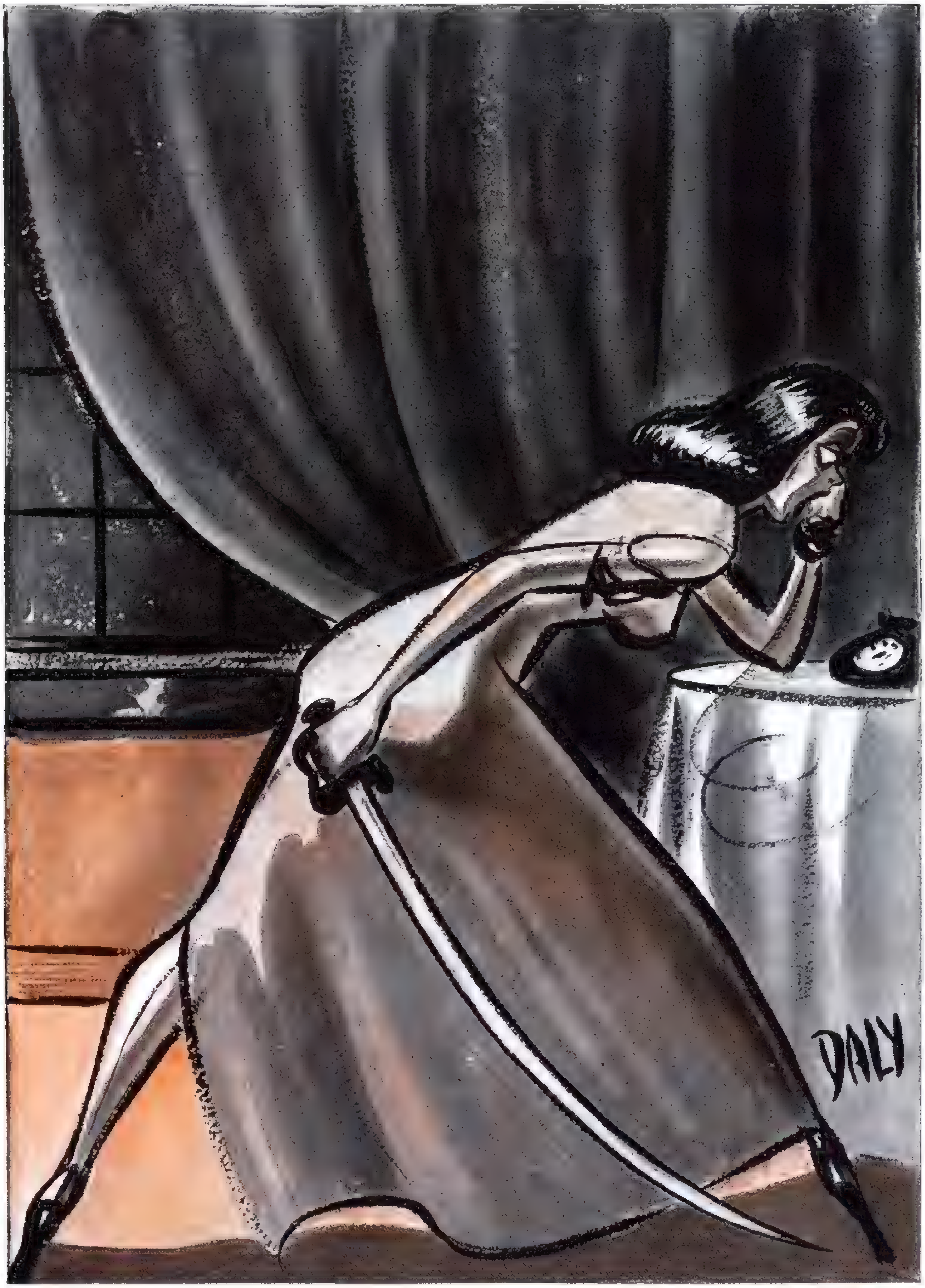
It is interesting to compare this commentary with that of Frank Nagy's own notebook:

". . . attention is brought to mighty development in the pelvis. Tall figure standing over 5′ 7″ in sheer hose, wide shoulders, wide hips, gluteus maximus a little flat in a profile view, well muscled all over and the muscle masses flow rhythmically together in a breezy harmony. Breasts cup-shaped, nipples, navel, sternal hollow forming a perfect diamond. Likes athletics, but does not make it the main issue in life. Plays basketball in school, later golf with excellent sporting and social results. Dolled up for the street she suggests a fully rigged ship over blue water . . ."

"Nostradamus" is the pseudonym of a prominent New York specialist, author of many medical texts and treatises, who has never before written for non-scientific publications. His analytical characterizations of the types rendered into sculpture for Esquire by Frank Nagy are based upon a skilled reading of the model's physical attributes, permitting assignment of the individual to a reasonably specific classification or category, as regards purely physical characteristics, and further permitting a rational (if not a scientific) projection of a probable behavior pattern, culminating in the dubbing of the specific woman with a generic Latin label.

To this extent only does "Nostradamus" concur and comply with the sculptor's feeling that "character is recognizable in every part of the human body." It should also be borne in mind that while "Nostradamus" has made the above "reading" of the anatomy in the light of his experience and judgment as a man of science, against the background of countless case histories studied in the clinic which he conducts in Manhattan, he has nevertheless made this analysis purely as a lay interpretation of a work of art—it is offered, in other words, simply as an informed appraisal and is not meant to be regarded as a diagnosis. The man of science remembers, and laymen should be reminded, that while physical conformations are indeed an index to character they are by no means its entire text, as character is composed of many variables, only one of which is determined by the physique. Thus the figure, and especially the feminine figure, reveals to the educated eye many a significant truth about its possessor's mental, spiritual and emotional pattern, but it does not tell the whole truth and, so complex a thing is the human personality, there are even frequent instances where "figures may lie."

Frank Nagy looks at American beauty with the eye of the sculptor, creating this series of characteristic figures especially for Esquire, for whose readers they are interpreted, in words, by the analysis of "Nostradamus," and in light and shadow by the camera of André de Dienes. This feature is produced in its entirety under the copyright of Esquire, by whom world reproduction rights have been assigned to the control of Press-Alliance, Inc.



"Hello, War Department? Have you any generals A. W. O. L.?"

Heaven Lies About

His mother had warned him she'd never let him go out in the yard again if he played with the white children's toys

a father's day feature

by **JOHN D. WEAVER**

• FICTION •

His nose flat against the pane, the whites of his eyes conspicuous against the background of his face, Lear watched the last of the white children leave the sandpile. He called his mother to show her it was all right for him to go out. She opened the basement window, glanced over the small rectangle of sand and weeds. No one was in sight except Gloria Coleman toddling home, her panties drooping, her yellow hair disheveled.

Lear bounced upstairs and out the back door to the sandpile. One of the white children had left a boat with two masts, a fragment of a sail clinging to one. He ruffled the sand like the picture of the ocean on the wall downstairs. He patted little waves and placed the boat carefully in the center of the ocean.

His mother had warned him about getting his white playsuit dirty, so he smoothed the sand for a seat, knowing he could brush himself off when the white children came back, and his mother called to him. The sun was warm and the sand felt hot in his hands, but he was too excited over the boat to notice.

He wanted to take the boat in with him and sail it on real water. While his mother was hanging the clothes, he could use her tub and make real waves, like a storm. But he hadn't forgotten the time he brought Gloria's doll home. He had tried to tell his mother Gloria was tired of it. He just wanted to mend and play with it. His mother used the hair brush on him that day and told him she'd never let him go out to play again if he brought home the white children's toys.

His father, watering the lawn, walked around the corner of the apartment, his back to Lear. The boy grabbed the boat and ran to show it to him.

"Where'd you get it?" his father asked.

"Found it."

"Where?"

"By the sandpile."

"Put it back," his father said. Then, seeing Lear's disappointment, he added, "You run in and ask mother if you can put on your other playsuit and I'll give you a showerbath."

Lear laughed and trotted over to the sandpile. He dropped the boat where he had found it and scampered downstairs to the washtub. His mother asked him if he were big enough now to change his playsuit by himself. He laughed and said he'd show her.

His father turned the nozzle of the hose until the spray fanned out softly. Lear jumped up and down on the wet grass while his father played the cool water on him.

"Harder, make it come harder," Lear screamed, and his father adjusted the nozzle so the water hit more directly.

Lear scrubbed his head with the water, rubbed his arms and blinked his eyes dancing all the time. It was just like being out in the rain, only more fun.

"Let's put some water in the sandpile and sail the boat in it," Lear said.

His father shook his head, aiming the water at Lear's head, catching the boy by surprise. Lear gasped and fell backward, then, recovering his balance, he turned his back to the water. He saw Mrs. Randall ambling toward them, her arms filled with bundles. He waited until she came nearer before he smiled and said, "Good morning, Missus Randall," the way his mother had taught him.

His father nodded and smiled, too, but said nothing. Whenever Mrs. Randall was around, his father looked frightened. Mrs. Randall ran the building for a company downtown.

"You don't mind me giving the boy a spraying, do you?" his father asked, and Mrs. Randall said it was all right.

His father said it was a real hot day and Mrs. Randall said, "Don't I know it, William?" She had a funny way of saying it, Will-ee-yum. Lear always wanted to laugh when she said it.

When she went inside, his father said he had to finish watering the lawn. Lear began shaking himself.

"Look, like a dog," Lear cried. "Ever see a wet dog do like this?"

He shook so violently he half fell. His father laughed at the surprised, fearful look on Lear's face as he fell backward. Lear, firmly planted again, laughed, too. He was really laughing at the way Mrs. Randall said Will-ee-yum, but he didn't want his father to know it.

He splashed down the basement steps and dried himself before he put on his white playsuit and darted upstairs, hoping the boat would still be in the sand. He was about to open the door when he saw Susan and Tommy Clark fighting over the boat. Susan said she saw it first and Tommy was saying whoever heard of girls playing with boats. Lear swallowed hard as they tugged at the boat, one of the masts coming loose in Susan's hand.

His mother was hanging clothes. When she emptied the basket, she picked it up in her left hand and with her right led Lear back downstairs. She gave him clothespins to build a house with. She even stopped to look at the house and say she thought it was awfully nice. She rubbed her hand over his bristly head, looking down at him, not saying anything before she abruptly turned and started outdoors with her basketful of clothes.

II

The boat wasn't hard to mend, just a matter of sticking the mast back in its hole and hammering down on it with a rock. Lear's mother gave him a rag to make sails with, and when he lay on his stomach, crawled near the boat, puffed his cheeks and blew, the sails bellied out like in the picture. His

Continued on page 148

"It was a crazy idea in the first place . . . steering by the stars!"

Cousin Rupert and the Smelling Salts

Isaac van Osterhout had told his stories so often to his friends, they suggested he go on the air

by MORRIS BISHOP

• SATIRE •

℞

Mr. Wise, President of the Rex Broadcasting System, looked doubtfully at his distinguished visitor.

"I could sell you fifteen minutes," he said. "Noon Sundays. Do you want to buy fifteen minutes?"

"A bit brief, perhaps," said Isaac van Osterhout, caressing his ample moustache. "I don't get well under way in fifteen minutes. But I have to think of the expense. I don't want to be extravagant. Perhaps we had better say fifteen minutes."

"And you're buying eastern New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and western Massachusetts. You wouldn't want Vermont? I'll sell you Vermont very cheap?"

"No, I don't think I'll take Vermont. I used to visit in Vermont. Never cared much for the place."

Mr. Wise laid down his gold pen with an air of impatience. "And now, Mr. van Osterhout," he said, "please tell me what you are buying time for."

"But I told you!" said Isaac van Osterhout, with cultured protest. "I want to tell stories!"

"Just tell stories!"

"Precisely. I like to tell stories. But I am getting on a little, and I fancy I've told my stories a good many times to my friends. I confess it's been borne in on me, rather, at the club. A fellow was saying at the club, 'Why don't you buy time on the air?' I thought it over, and I must say it seemed rather a good idea. A new audience, you see, a big audience? Rather a stimulating idea, I thought." Isaac van Osterhout's confidence could not hide the anxious pathos of the club bore.

"No commercial tie-up?" said Mr. Wise sharply. "No politics?"

"Bless me, no. I just thought I would like to tell some of my stories—"

"Not—religion?" said Mr. Wise, with an involuntary shudder.

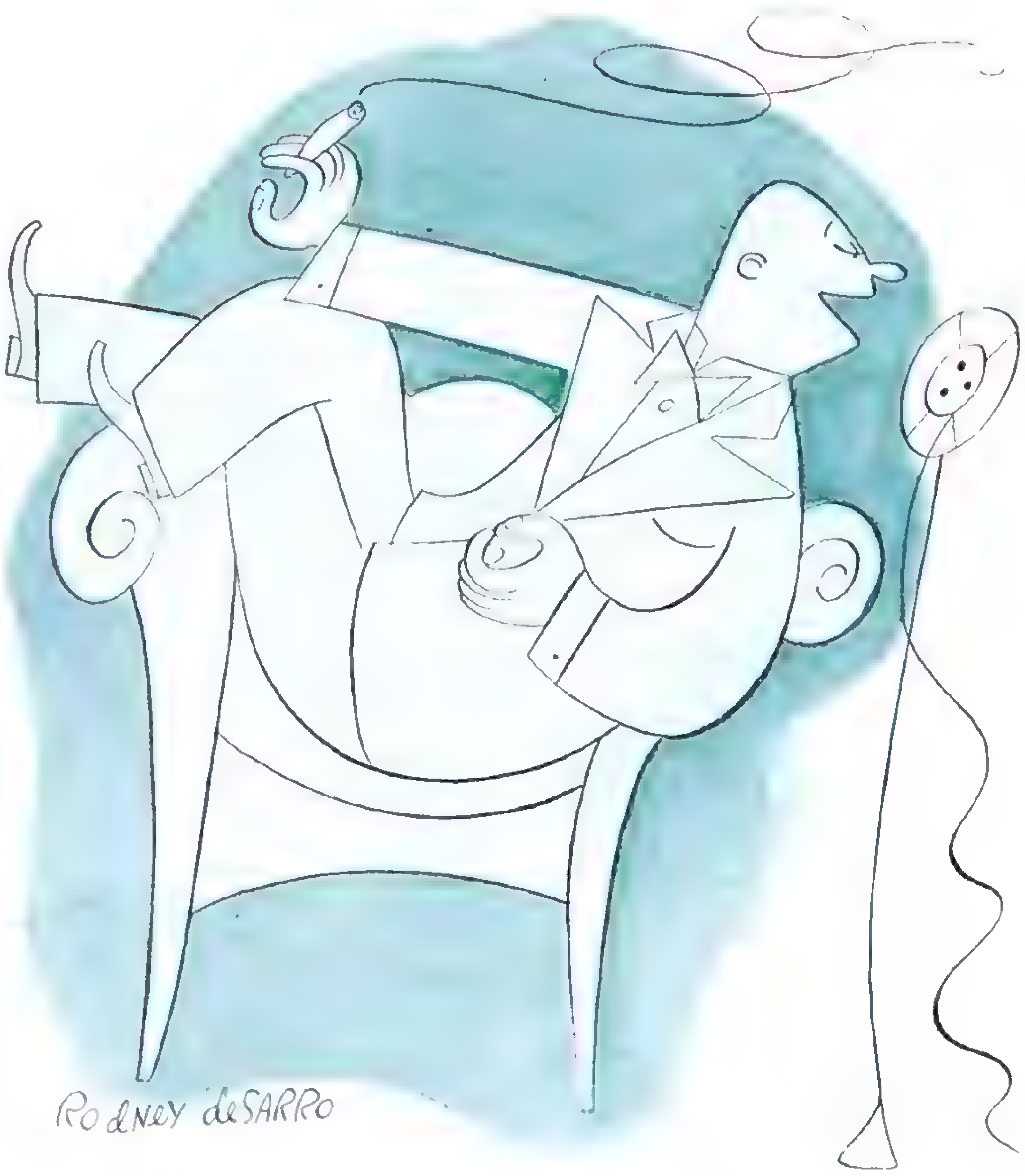
"Oh no, absolutely not, no religion."

"Well, we can try it. You will have to submit your script in advance. And of course we can terminate the contract at any moment, without giving our reasons."

It was taking a chance, thought Mr. Wise. But he was puzzled, and he hated to be puzzled. And he was receiving the highest possible price for the time. He made a note to fire the Quarter Hour of Prayer and Praise People.

On Sunday at twelve Isaac van Osterhout settled himself in an easy chair, adjusted the tails of his cutaway, and, as a gradual glaze unfocussed his old eyes, spoke into the microphone.

"I was just reminded of rather a funny thing that happened when I was twelve years old. About Cousin Rupert and the smelling salts. Or no, I must have been thirteen, because that was the year Aunt Susie Staats was reprimanded for submitting an indecent sampler in the Albany County sampler competition. That was just like Aunt Susie. She was a very strong-minded woman; rather despised other people. In church, I remember, if she didn't like the hymn the preacher announced, she sang *Onward Christian Soldiers*, very upsetting to everyone. Well, we were at Newport for the summer, and one day we decided to go for a picnic. There was the usual crowd of young folks, and I remember Uncle Fortescue was driving the carryall. Uncle Fortescue was rather a skittish driver, because when a horse shied, he shied too; and sometimes he shied all by himself, and got the horses going. That was probably because he had only one eye. How he had lost his eye was always a kind of a mystery. He was on his honeymoon in Switzerland, and one night he left his bride and went for a walk. It was whispered in the family that he must have been drinking, because when he came back to the hotel he had lost his eye. The funny thing is, he couldn't remember how it had happened. Always used to be wondering about it. Well, anyhow, we all started off in the carryall, with the pair of bays, Dick and Star, it must have been . . ."



The story rambled on, without regard to the script, to coherence, to common sense. At twelve-fifteen, Isaac van Osterhout's voice was mechanically smothered in the middle of a sentence, before he had reached Cousin Rupert and the smelling salts.

Mr. Wise was in a fury. But before he could cancel the contract, messages began to arrive. "You've got something there—something new and big!" said the critics. "Real charm and whimsy—the perfect radio voice! and that inimitable chuckle!" they said.

And the public agreed. Within a few weeks everyone was cautioning his friends not to miss Isaac van Osterhout on Sunday noons. Isaac van Osterhout promised weekly, at the beginning of his broadcast, to tell about Cousin Rupert and the smelling salts, and was weekly cut off before he could get around to it. "Cousin Rupert and the smelling salts" became the catchword of the season, displacing "Enough, George!" and "Well, waft me away!" *Time* ran an informative piece, uncovering an early divorce of Isaac van Osterhout's, with the heading: *Ike on Mike.* The *New Yorker* used him for a reflective paragraph on the first page, developing the theme that civilization was near its end. There was something in the speaker's innocent garrulousness that stirred the great heart of everyman, with memories of everyman's elderly uncle. Isaac van Osterhout became a fad with the intellectuals, and the simple-hearted friend of the simple.

But the business world was no friend of his. The business world was profoundly upset. Everyone in the advertising game was disturbed: the whole advertising game was suspended during the broadcasts. Radio surveys revealed that on Sundays at noon practically

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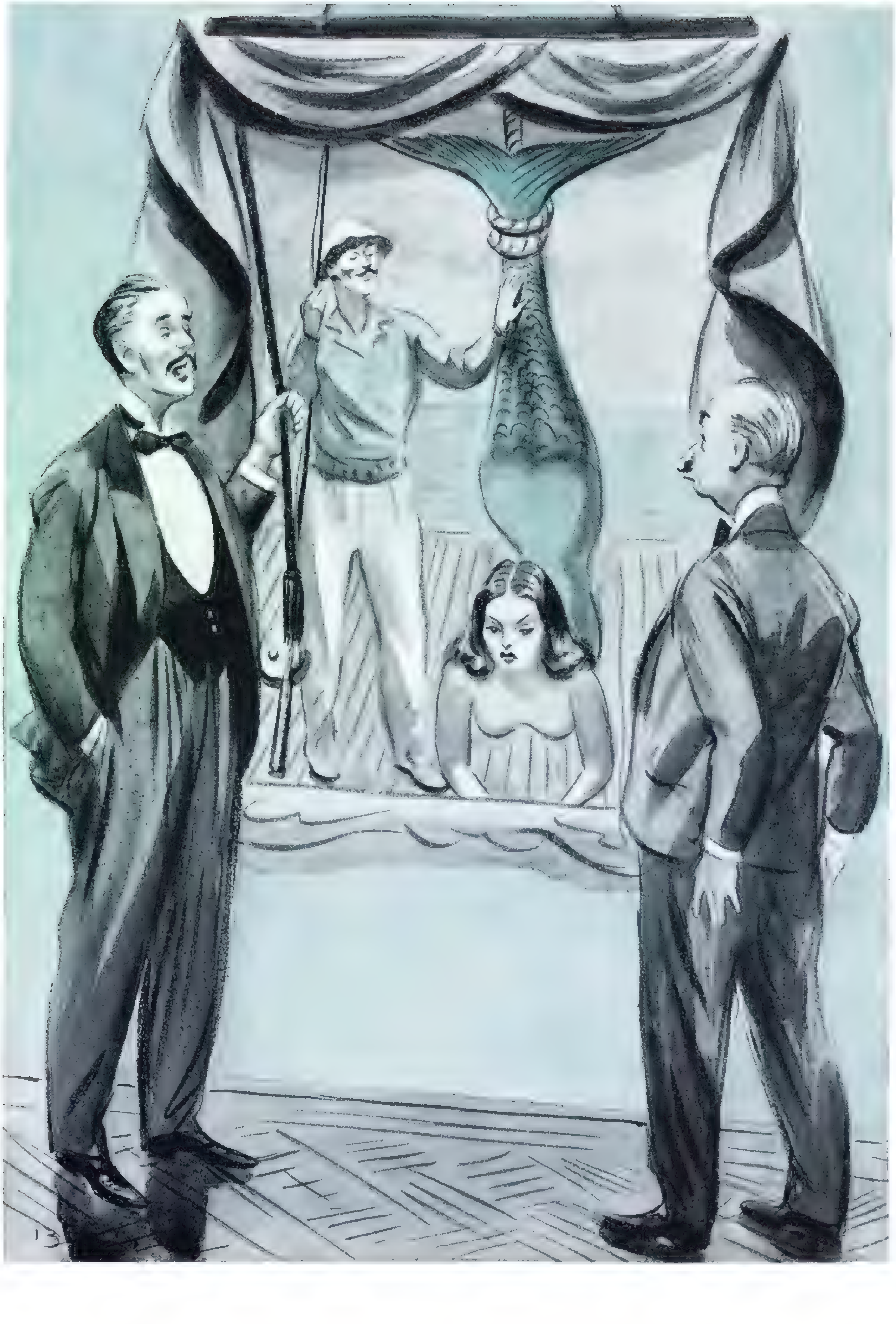


"I don't often show this enlargement—people invariably call me a liar"

Come Back Soon

When his son was at home he no longer felt sightless and the house came alive with deep masculine jokes and laughter

a father's day feature

by MARTIN STENGEL

▪ FICTION ▪

GRANDPA would stand with arms outstretched, his empty blue eyes looking out toward the front door. "Good-bye!" he would call. "Good-bye! Come back soon!" Then he would tread his practiced walk to the big case where his books were kept and return to the couch, opening one on his knees. His finger would trace its meaning for a while. And he would sit still, as though waiting, with time and silence and misery lapping about him like deep still water.

Once they were alone again, the bitterness from Sophie would lie in each room, like a cobweb spun out of her hate for him. She would return to her secret mincing life, again directing her scorn and bitterness and cruelty at him. When no one was there, when their son was on the road, she went about the house witch-like, swooping up and down the steps and from room to room, quick as a bat and as silent, rarely speaking to him, except to mouth her disapproval of this or that.

It was strange how he liked to have the lights burning in the living room as soon as it was evening. He would go about carefully, putting on the lights as soon as he imagined the lights were lit in other houses along the street. The way he knew the time was by the watch his son had given him a year ago. It was a pocket watch, but it rang the hour and half-hour just the same, with a thin silver tinkle. And so, in the fall and winter he went about carefully after five, putting on each of the lights in the living room one by one.

But it was like a game that had started years ago, because he had been blind for almost three years. Sophie would come in. She would tiptoe, thinking him unaware of her, but he would hear her anyhow. She would go about, snapping off the lights and leaving him there in the darkness.

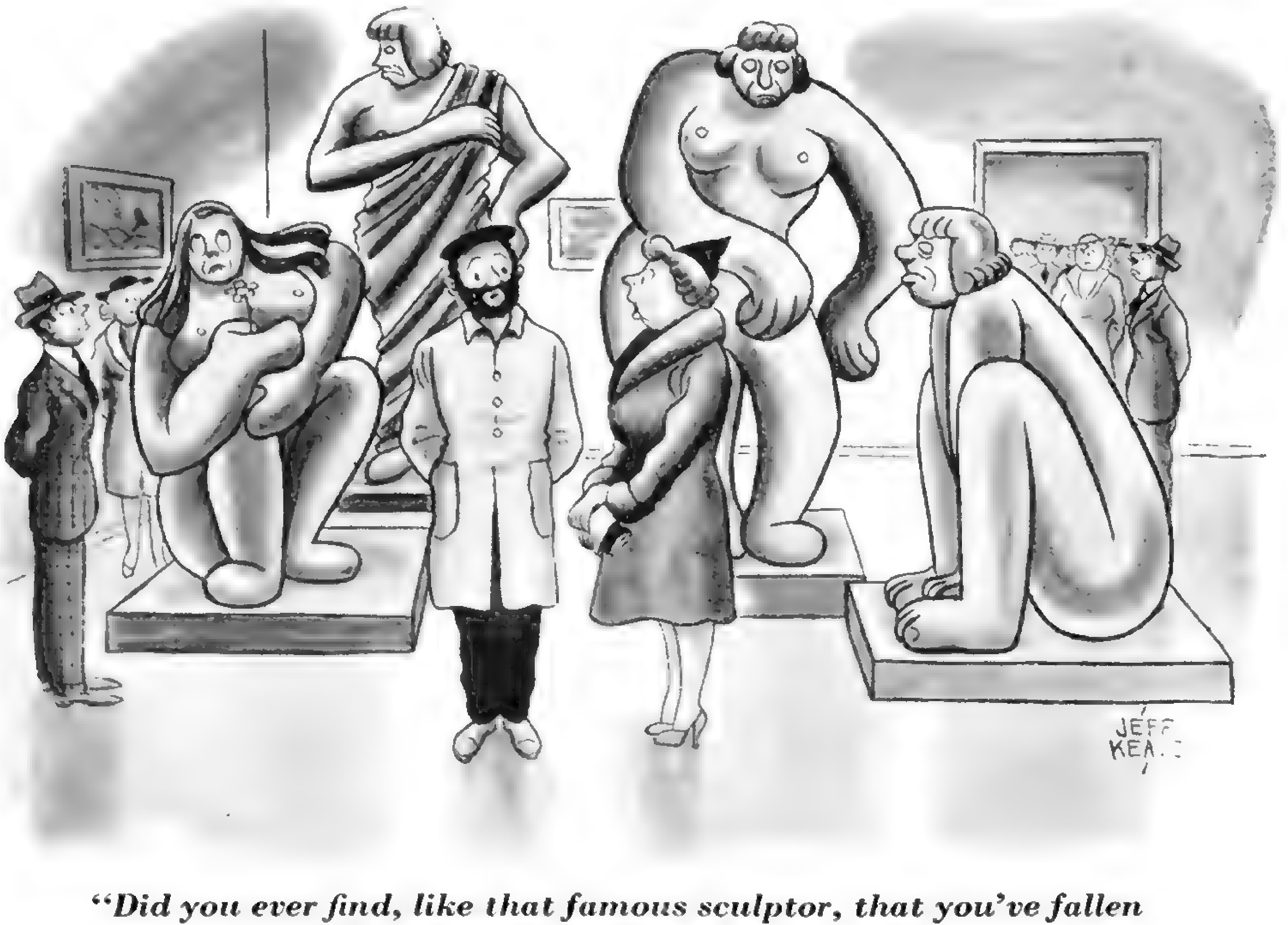
"For goodness sake!" she said. "Blind as a bat and all these lights burning! As if you could see them! As if you were expecting someone! Well, *you* certainly don't need them!"

She would go off, muttering about the electric bills, churning the words over and over again. Even out in the kitchen he would still hear her talking to herself. It was driving him crazy, this habit of hers.

In the beginning, when she left him alone in the afternoons, he had suffered.

"I left your lunch on the table," she would say. "Be sure the gas is lit when you heat the coffee."

The old rags of food would be lying on the table. The morning coffee pot watered into a thin slop and some bread on a plate, hard to the touch, the vicious marks of her thrift. Once, in the beginning, he had almost asphyxiated himself, waiting for the coffee to heat and not knowing there was no fire under the pot. And quite a few times he had fallen, drowned in a sea of confusion and fright. But now he knew his way around the kitchen well enough to cook for himself. She didn't even have to put the food out on the table.



"Did you ever find, like that famous sculptor, that you've fallen in love with one of your creations?"

These were things he never told his son. How she left him alone. Or how she hid things from him, leaving stale bread in the box for him and hiding the rest away in a cupboard. The way he discovered that she did this was by having the mailman in for coffee one afternoon when it was raining. They had a fine lunch, because the postman found all the things Sophie had carefully hidden away.

Harold was a salesman. Rugs. He had one long trip every six months, but the rest of the time he was home almost every week end, and sometimes he even managed to squeeze an unexpected evening and overnight into his schedule. As soon as he came in, even as he ran up the front steps from his car, the air was electric and vibrant and full of tussle. He was a well-muscled young man of twenty-seven, with a way of seizing life "by the gizzards," as he said.

"Well, you old son of a gun," he would say to his father, cracking him on the back with tremendous American enthusiasm and love, "you look fit as a fiddle, by God!"

Immediately after his arrival, he would produce from his suitcase bottles of Bourbon, a box of chocolates, the kind his father loved, a collection of limericks full of four-letter unspeakable words, boxes of cigars. They would sit and talk. The air would be rich with smoke and the heavy smell of the whiskey on their breaths. He would tell his father all the latest jokes he had picked up from the traveling men, reciting them in wide expansive terms, the deep timbre of his voice going off into great swoops of belly laughter. The house would be splintered with the delicious sound of the two men. The living room would come alive with the masculine things it closeted—the cigar smoke, the jokes, the whiskey, the deep laughter.

He would greet his mother in a half-hearted way. "Well, Sophie," he would boom at her, "kill the fatted calf. The prodigal son is home." When Sophie knew he was coming, she would have roast chicken, or the meaty scent of pot roast would fill the house. But when he came in unexpectedly in the late afternoons, she would pretend not to have done her shopping. She would rush off for the kind of steak he wanted, her fingers twisting nervously over the money she was spending, her eyes fixed on the butcher's scale.

Before dinner, Harold would help his father into his car, driving him about for a while if the weather was pleasant, telling him jokes, stopping at the bakery for rich pastries filled with whipped cream, fruit tarts, custard eclairs and cream puffs, the sort of thing they both liked. On the way home, they would

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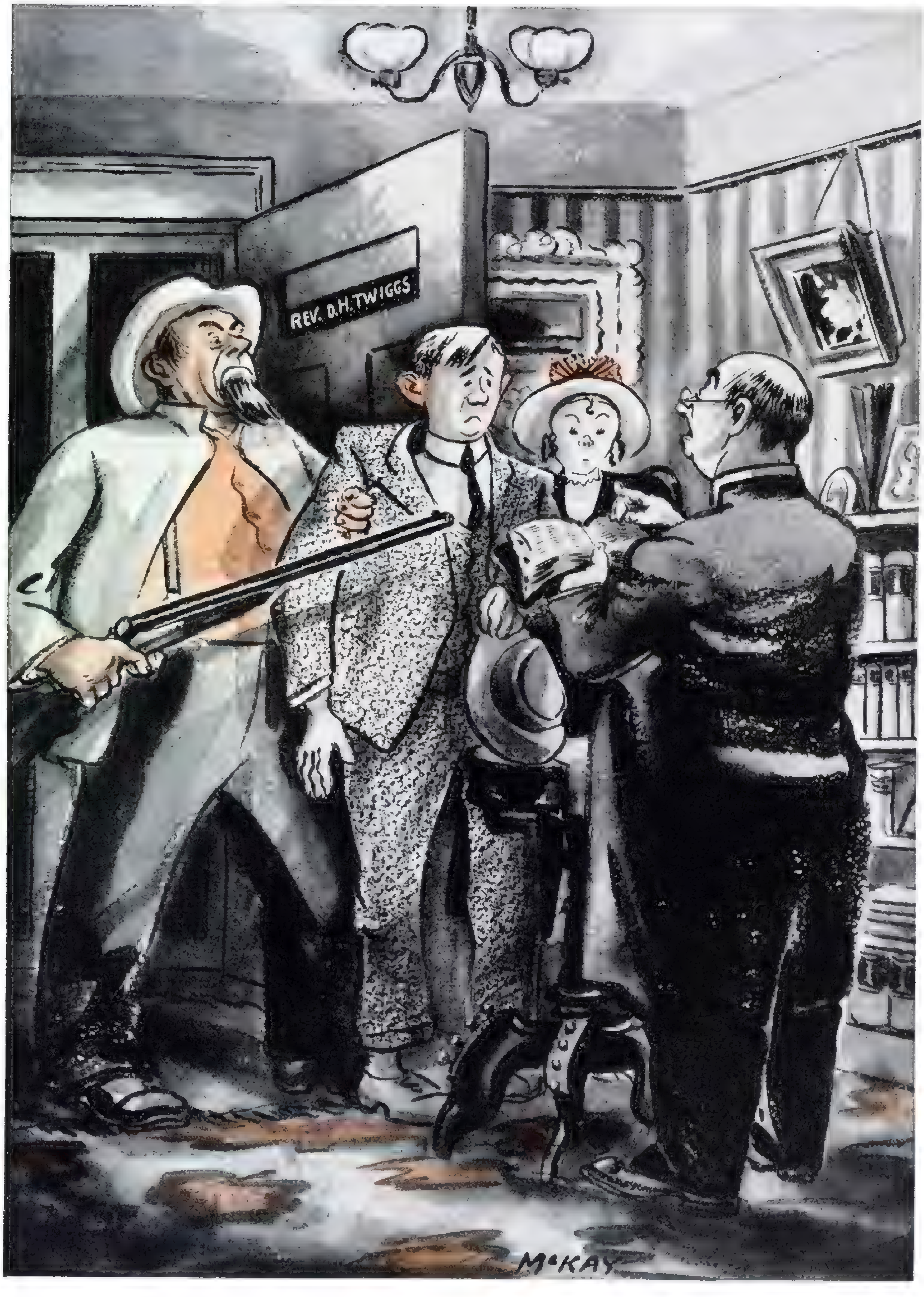
REV. D.H. TWIGGS
McKAY

"Would you mind pointing that thing the other way?"

Cowpuncher Perch

How the cowhands around the West Nueces fished with their thuty-thuties, as told to Hart Stilwell

by J. W. McDADE

SPORTS

I AM inclined to believe those of us who think of all plugs as Dowagiacs, or "Dijacks," because we were fairly well matured fellows when Heddon brought out its first hook-laden casting lure, attach much greater store to the first bass we caught on these plugs than do the younger anglers.

It is perhaps natural. It is like our feeling for the airplane. This marvel of the skies developed right under our nose, and we never cease to wonder at it. While to our children it is merely a means of rapid transportation.

There is, then, a bit of romance surrounding our first bass fishing done with a plug, and when we say plug we mean of course the Dowagiac.

We can probably recall every little incident of the first plug fishing trip.

I guess it was thirty years ago that day the doctor told me unless I went somewhere and something out of the ordinary happened to me I would turn up missing at the next count of noses. So I headed my span of horses west, and moved slowly through the West Nueces country, leaving Uvalde behind, and making my last town stop in the little village of Bracketville. There I called at the general merchandise store to buy some ammunition and other supplies, and there I saw the bait.

What a spectacle it was. Six or seven inches long, shaped like a submarine, with a propeller at each end of it, the lure fairly bristled with hooks. It had fifteen of them—five sets of gang hooks. I often thought later when I saw it in action in the water that it looked like a torpedo with an anchor fastened to every available foot of space.

But the owner of the store knew nothing about it, took no truck in it, and had nothing to go with it.

"They tell me it'll ketch fish," he said to me, "but I don't know a durn thing about it. First I ever seen."

"How do you throw it?" I asked him.

"Stranger, there ain't no use askin' me riddles about that thing, fer I tell ye I never saw one afore, and don't know a thing about it."

I hadn't really figured on doing any fishing. Somehow I had the feeling that there wasn't any water out in this West Texas country—and that even if there happened to be water, there wouldn't be fish. But the bait fascinated me. I bought it simply because it was such a ferocious, odd-looking thing, and I wanted to have it. And I bought the only two lines the man had in the store, fifty yards of linen line and a sixty-foot heavy enameled fly line. The same salesman who had sold him the Dowagiac sold him the two lines.

"Dern fool tried to sell me a pole," the storekeeper said. "But I'd be shy of brains to buy a pole when I kin cut a armful of 'em right down to the creek."

I said he was right, and pocketed my new treasures, setting out for still higher and still wilder country, where I could lie around in the sun and let my worn-out system get over the ravages of pneumonia and complications.

I worked on up the West Nueces until I finally reached the headwaters of the stream, where there were a couple of cattle hands I knew working on the Jim Ebony ranch, and there I unhitched my team and settled down to a bit of rest. There was a world of game, and so far as the people of that country were concerned there were no game laws. I don't mean by that to leave the impression they killed a lot of game. They ordinarily didn't pay any attention to it at all. But if they wanted a turkey, or a dozen quail, or some doves, or maybe a deer, they just went out and bagged the game whether it was January or July, and of course their shooting never had any noticeable effect on the supply, which was plentiful.

I did a little shooting too, killing what I needed for my meals, which I cooked myself, mainly to have something to do. But what interested me most was the crystal-clear little stream of water I found winding through the reddish gravel and clay—the West Nueces.

Water always has had a fascination for me, especially running water that has a promise of fish. So I began nosing around the West Nueces, and asking the cowhands what about it.

"Sure they's some fish up't the head o' the Nueces," Smokey, who had become a friend of mine down in San Antonio years before, told me. "We go up and wrangle a bunch sometimes."

"What kind of fish are they?" I asked him.

"Perch."

"How big are they?"

"Pretty durn good size."

"Well, let's go fishing for them?"

"Suits me."

So we set about preparing to go fishing. I had no idea what to take to snag them, since I had nothing in the way of tackle except the plug, and of course it wouldn't work on perch.

But Smokey said he would fix me up.

"How are you going to catch them?" I asked Smokey.

"You wait and I'll show you how it's done," he replied with the air of an old hand at the game. "Trick to it."

I could see no signs of tackle anywhere about him, but I asked no more questions, and we set out for the head of the river.

What a beautiful spot that little pool right up at the head of the West Nueces is. A dozen small springs feed it, and the water there is clear and cold and deep. I later explored the country all around it, and found some strange things. I found one spring whose water ran along on the surface for a short distance,

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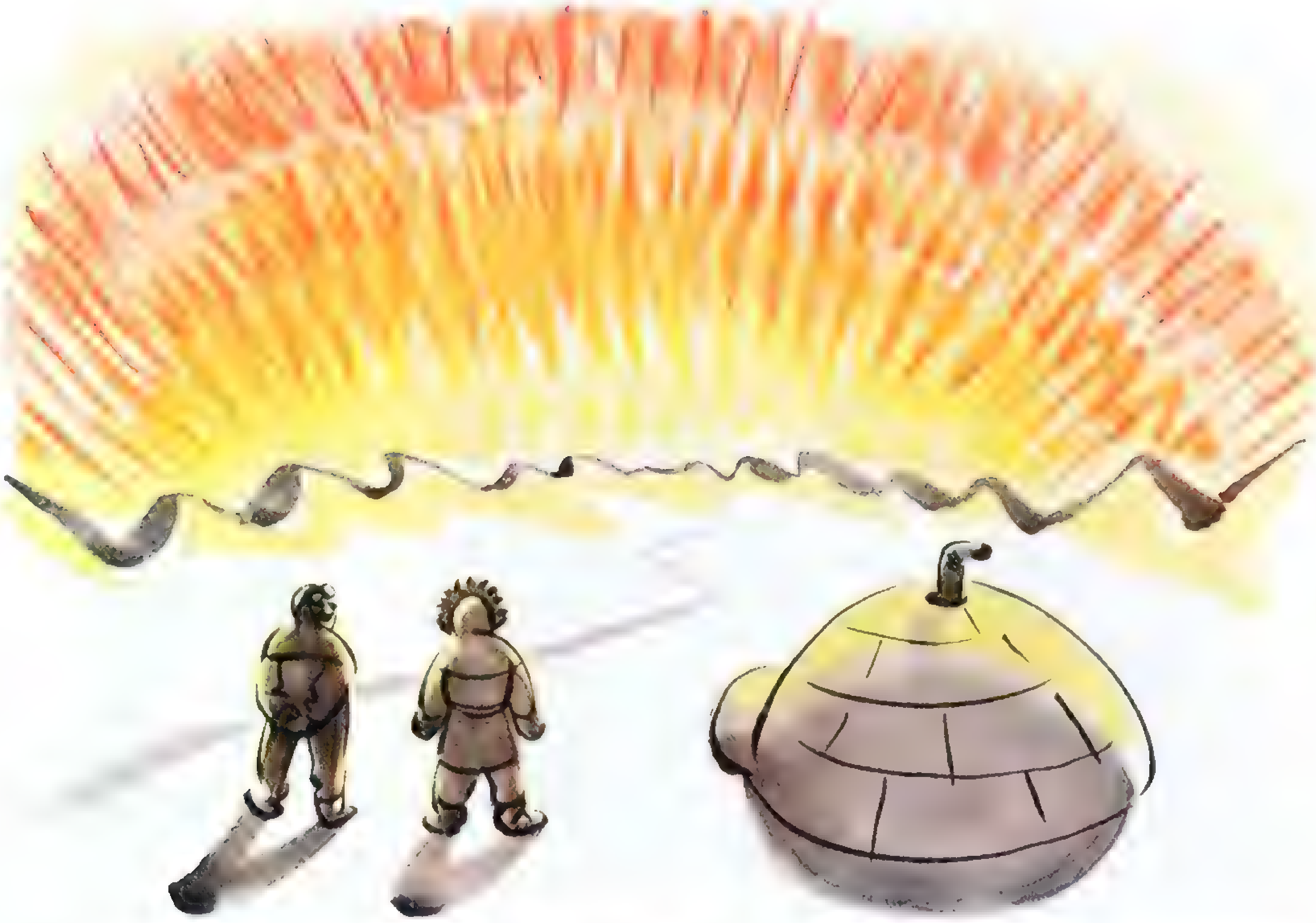
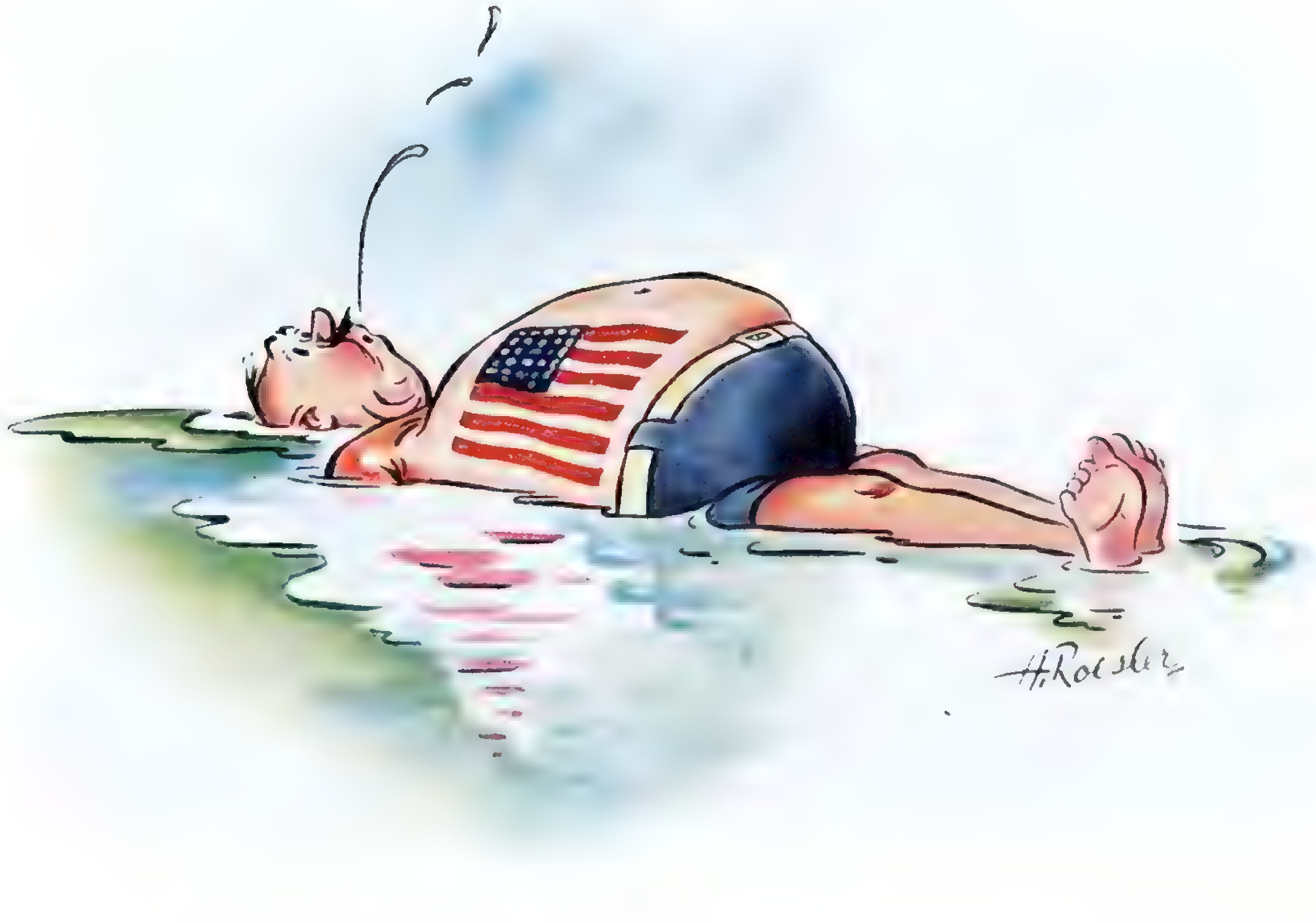
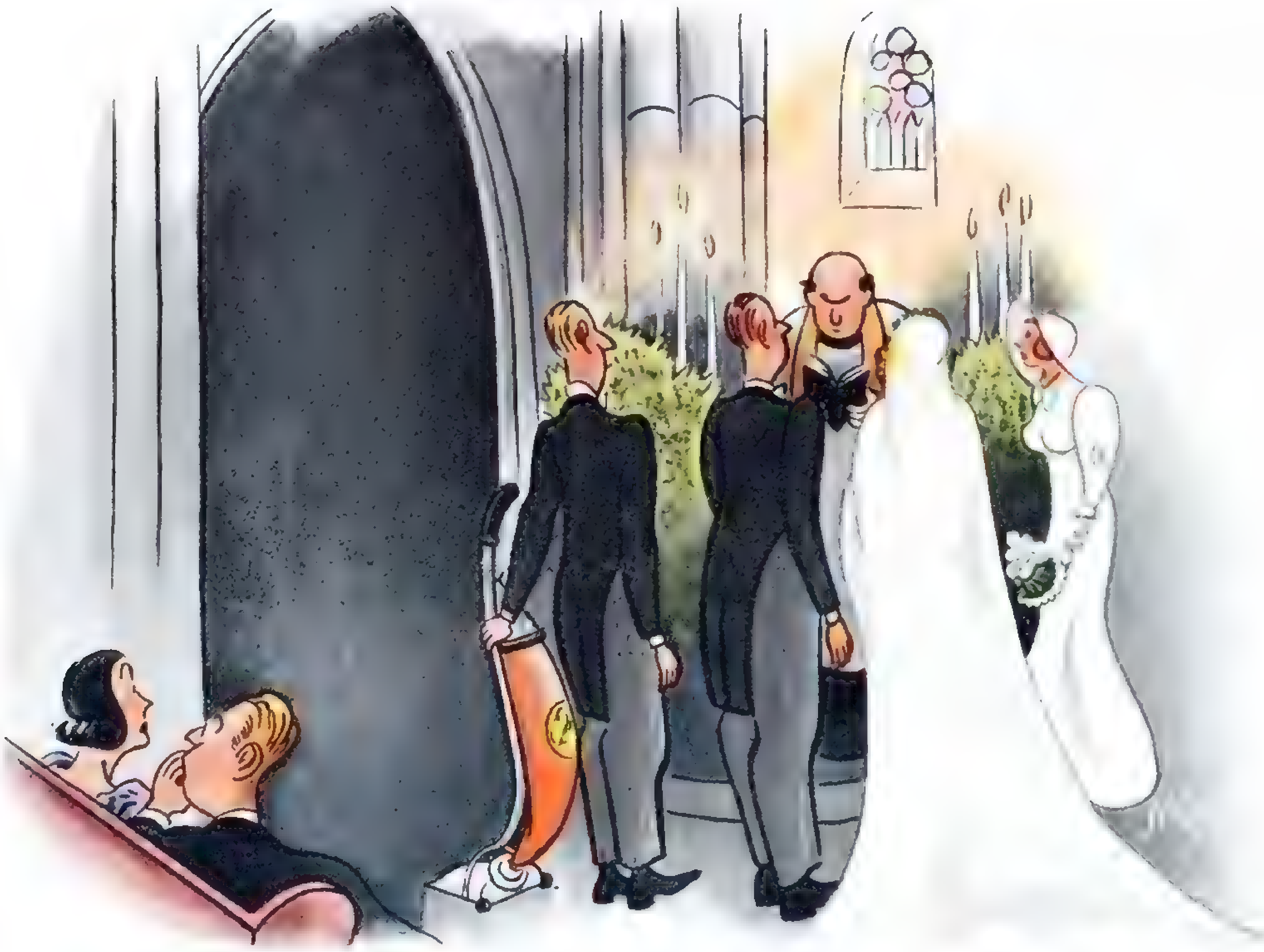
"All right, all right, I'll talk! Good Lord, stop! I'll talk!

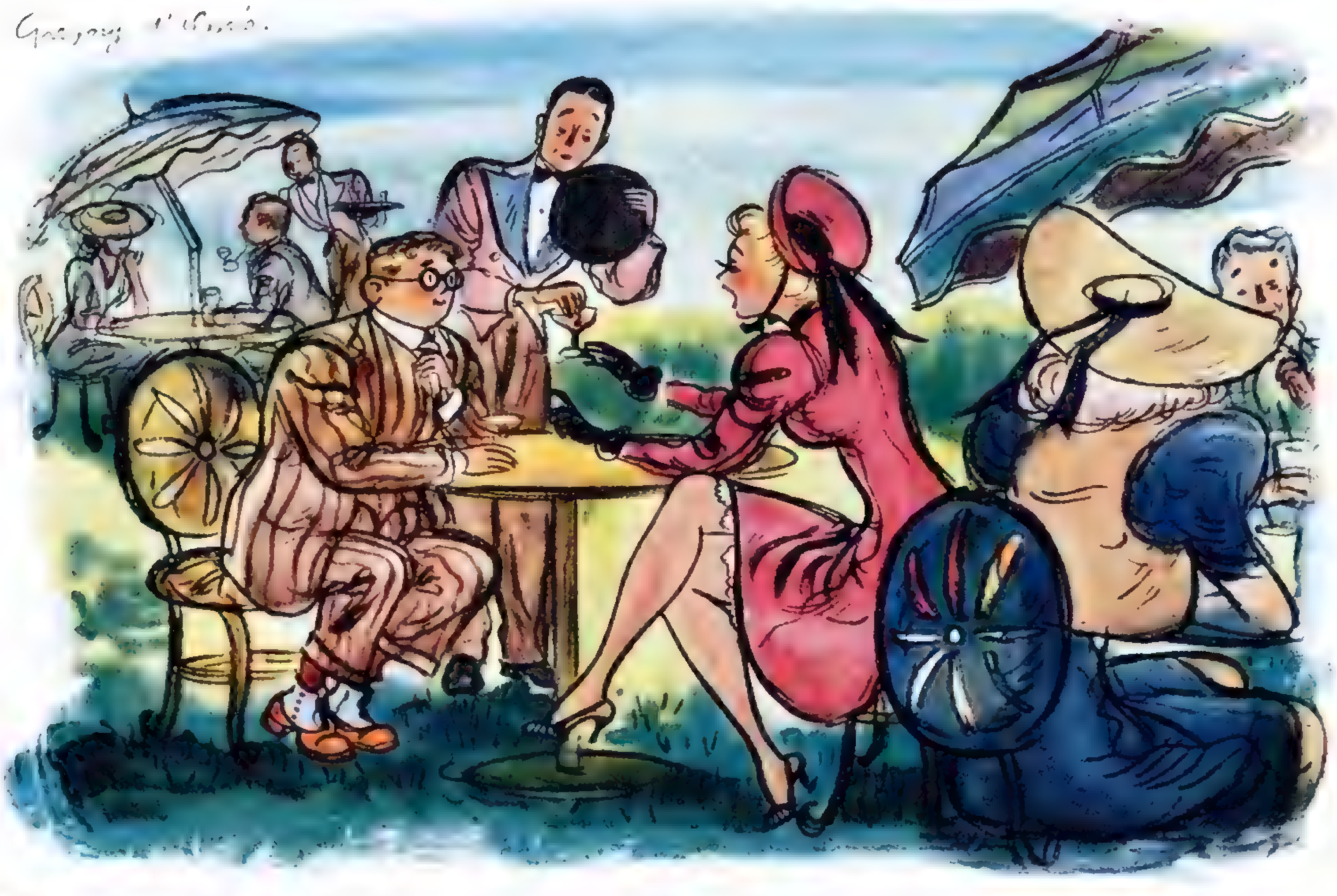


"Say! If you think that's good you ought to see Broadway on Saturday night"

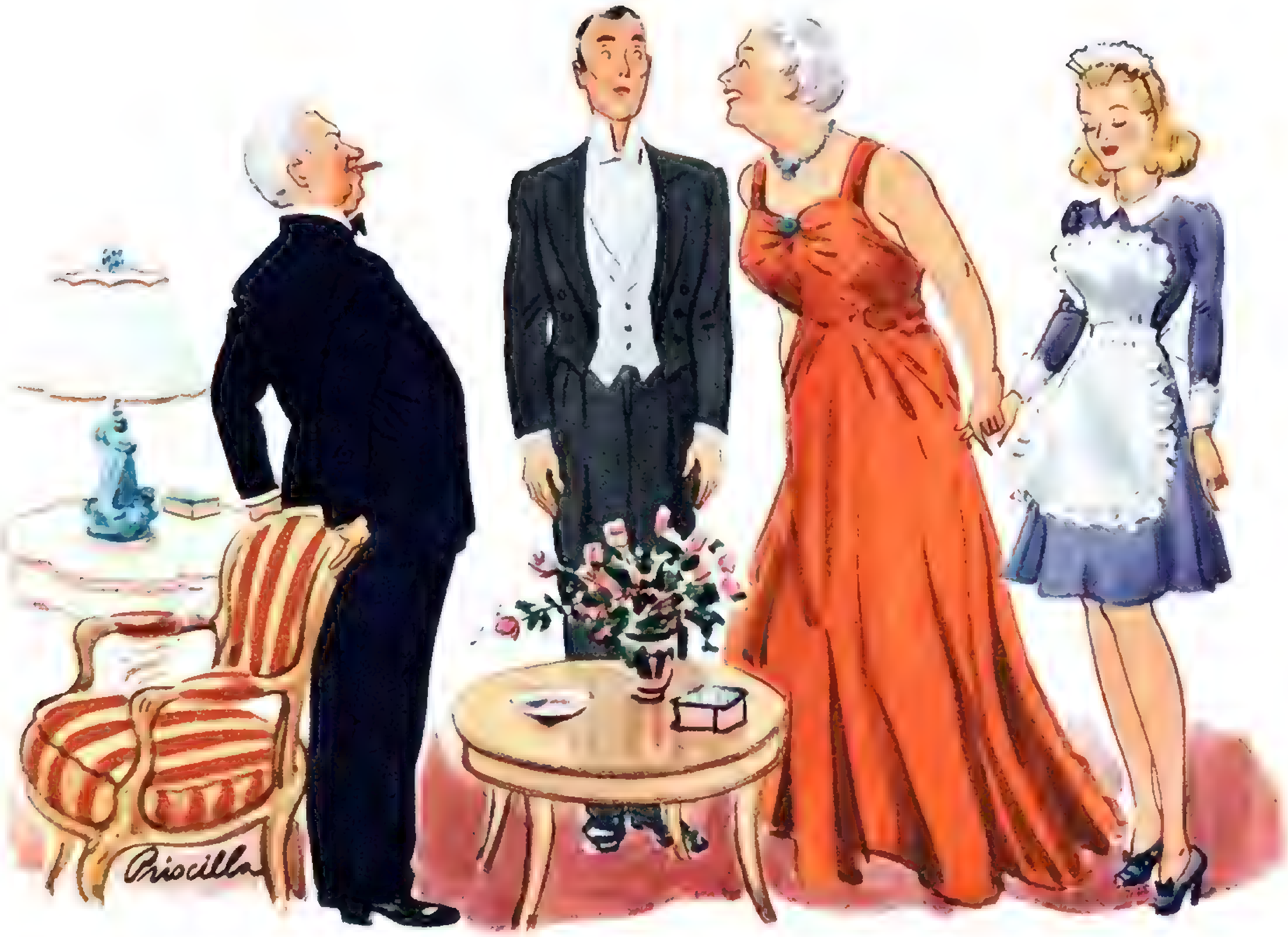




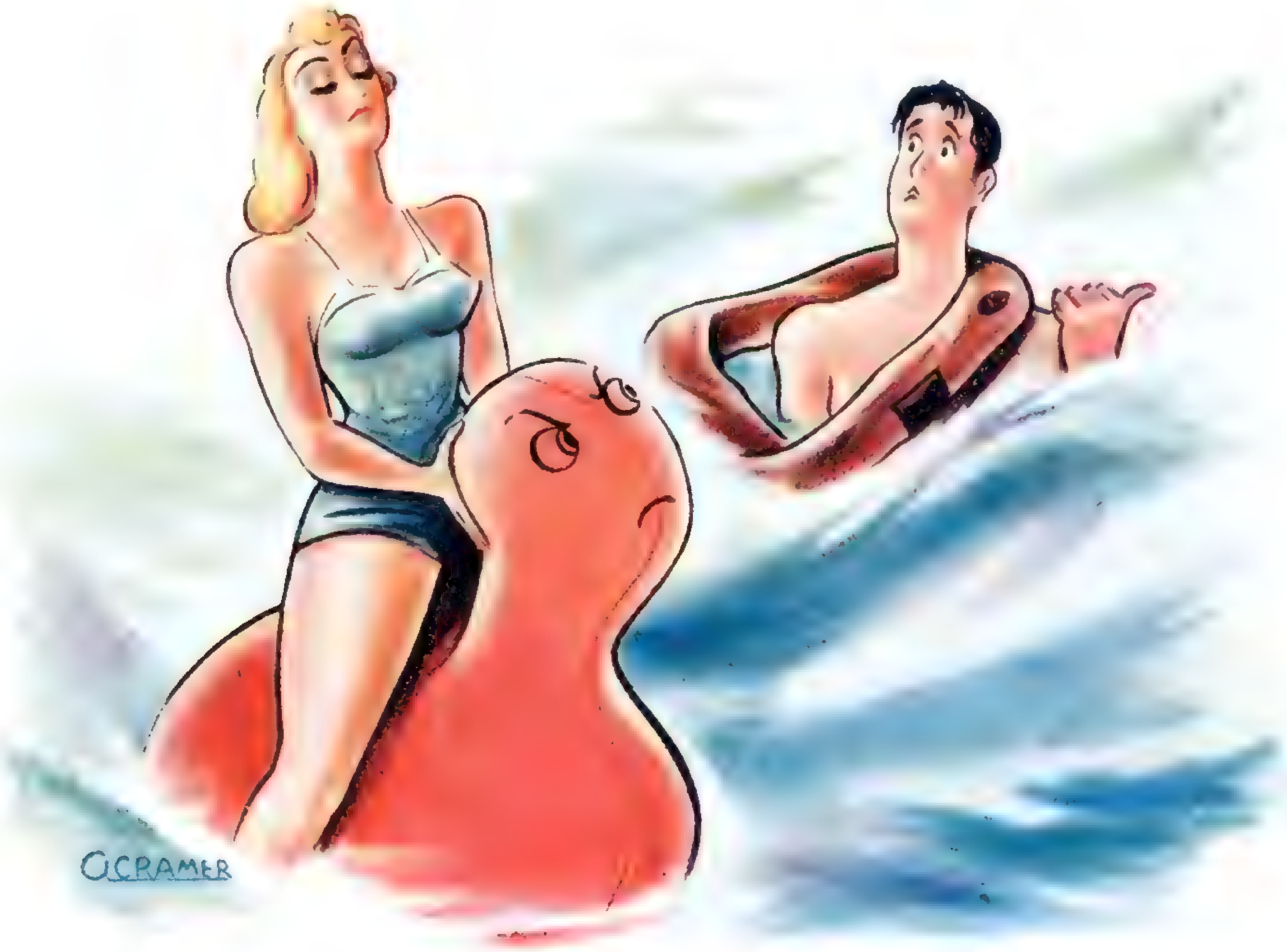
"Ed is one salesman who's always on his toes!"

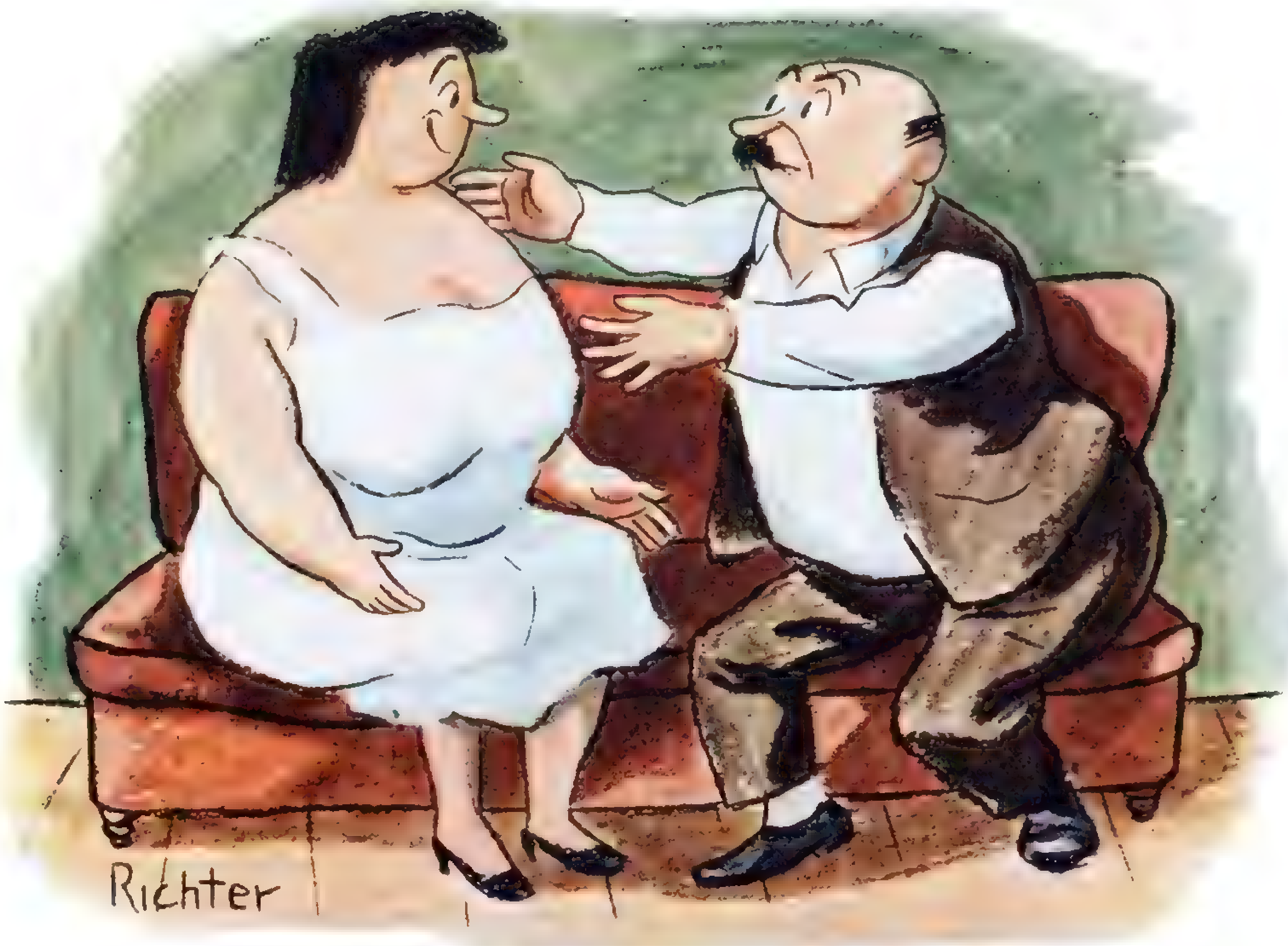


"This is positively the last one! Ye Gods, you're beginning to look good to me!"

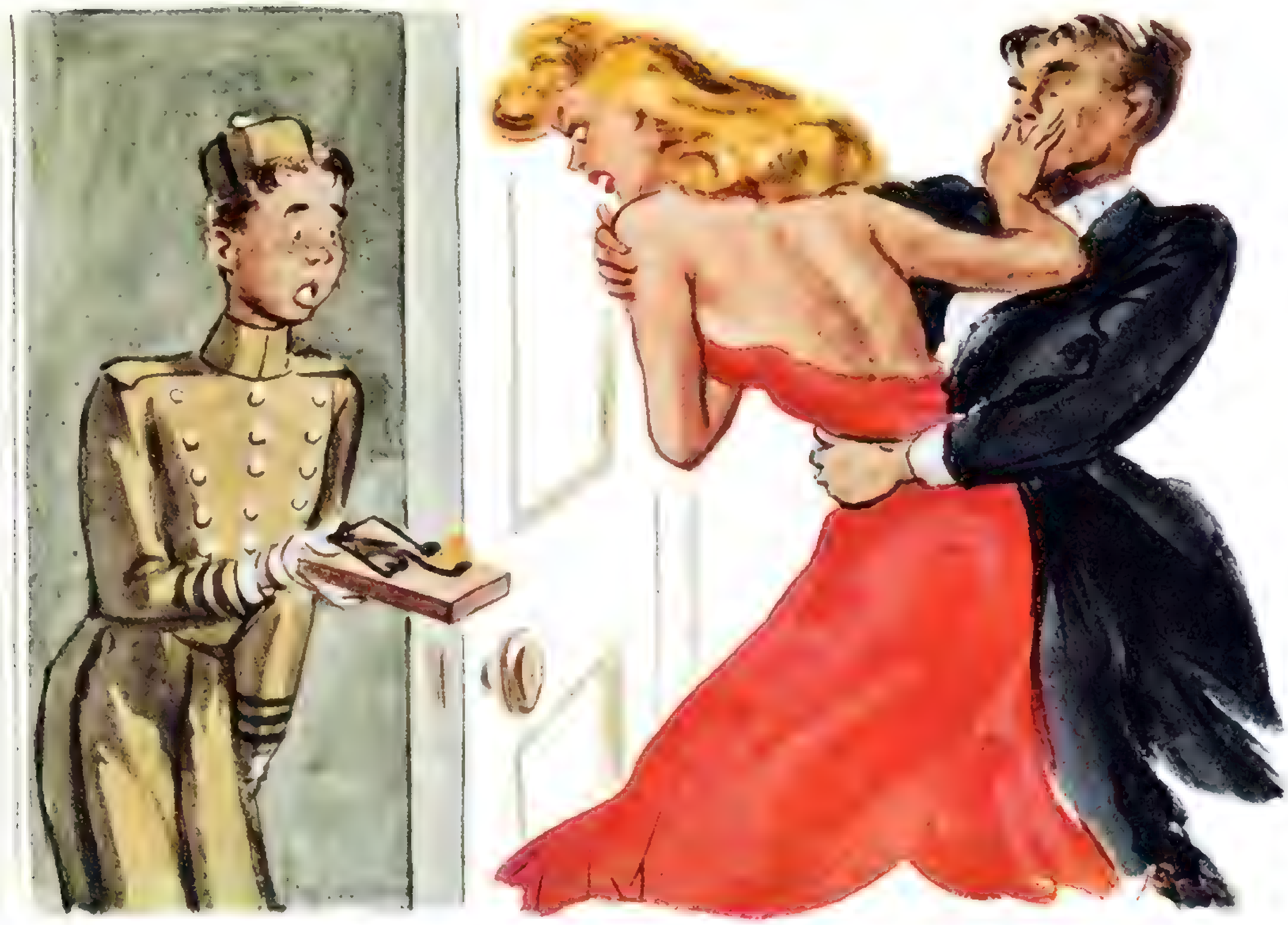


"Hodgins, look what we got you for your birthday!"





"Who's resisting?"



"Are you the lady that called the desk about a rat in her room?"

Passing of a City Dump

It seemed to the Mayor a poor place to play, so he was glad to show the blueprints to Mike

by WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

• FICTION •

THE big car stopped on the wide, flat, upper level of the big city dump. Two neatly dressed gentlemen, the Mayor and the City Engineer, got out and walked over to the edge of a great yawning gully, whose irregular sides were covered with a stinking mass of garbage, ashes, tin cans, junk.

The City Engineer unrolled a sheaf of blue prints, and the two men had just started to discuss them when they were interrupted by a loud noise. A truck, loaded with garbage, was slowly backing toward the edge of the gully. From the far side of the truck a high-pitched childish voice rang out: "All the way back to the edge, you big bum! Do you want me to climb up there and knock your teeth down past your tonsils?"

The truck backed all the way to the edge, and dumped its load. As it drove away, the owner of the childish voice was revealed—a small boy with reasonably dirty clothes and a very dirty face.

The Mayor, followed by the City Engineer, walked over and spoke to him: "Who are you?" he asked. "How old are you? What do you think you're doing?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business," said the boy, "but my name is Mike McGee. I'm ten years old. And I work here; I'm the Assistant Dump Boss."

"And just how did you get this job?"

"My dad appointed me."

"Who's your dad?"

"He's the head Dump Boss. Right now he's back there in that little shack by the main road. He's resting."

"He rests while you work?"

"Sure—but keep your pants, Mister. It's perfectly all right. You see Dad used to be in the Fire Department. But he lost his leg when the big pumper at Station 47 got smashed up a couple of years ago. So he couldn't be a fireman any more. And they made him Dump Boss out here. He's a good one, too, except it's pretty hard for him to get around with only one leg. He gets pretty well worn down by the end of the day. So I come over every afternoon after school and help him out."

"I see," said the Mayor. "And just what are your duties?"

"It's mostly bawling out these lousy truck drivers. They're supposed to back right up to the edge so the stuff will roll down in the gully. But they're always scared to death for fear they might back the truck over. If you didn't watch them, they would just dump their loads all over the upper level here and make such a mess that pretty soon nobody could get in or out."

"Do you ever have any trouble making these birds do what you tell them?"

"Sometimes I have to get fairly hard-boiled," said Mike. "But so far there has been only one egg I couldn't handle myself."

"So what did you do then?"

"I had to call Dad; he put the fear of God into him quick enough. But it's not a bad job, on the whole. And in between times—when there are no trucks arriving—I get a chance to play around in the dump."

"Not a very good place to play, I should think," said the Mayor.

"No," said Mike, "but there's plenty of interesting things to do. Like yesterday I dug out three old busted baby carriages. I took them apart, and I got four good wheels, and I'm making a wagon out of them. It's right over there—what do you think of it?"

"It looks all right to me."

"Not bad, considering," said Mike. "And now that you've stuck your nose into my business and found out all about me—"

"I suppose you want to know who I am, and my age, and what I'm doing around here—is that it?"

"Yes."

"All right—I'm fifty-four years old. And I'm the Mayor of the city. And—"

"Honestly?" said Mike. "Gosh, maybe I shouldn't have talked so fresh to you. If I'd known you was the Mayor—"

"You don't need to apologize. You're a good boy, Mike, and you seem to be doing a good job. So I want you to meet my friend here. I don't know how old he is. But he is the City Engineer. And if you want to know what we're doing, we're talking over a project that ought to be very interesting to a guy like you. We're going to make this whole place into a park—with grass, and trees, and a nice little lake—"

"Grass—and trees—and a lake?" said Mike, incredulously. "In a place like this?"

"Absolutely," said the Mayor. "And there is going to be a great big playground for kids just like you. Look." He spread out the blueprints. "Right here, where we're standing, there's going to be a whole row of swings. Over there, sand boxes and teeter boards. And farther along, a lot of other stuff. The lake is going to be down in the bottom of the gully."

"Gosh," said Mike.

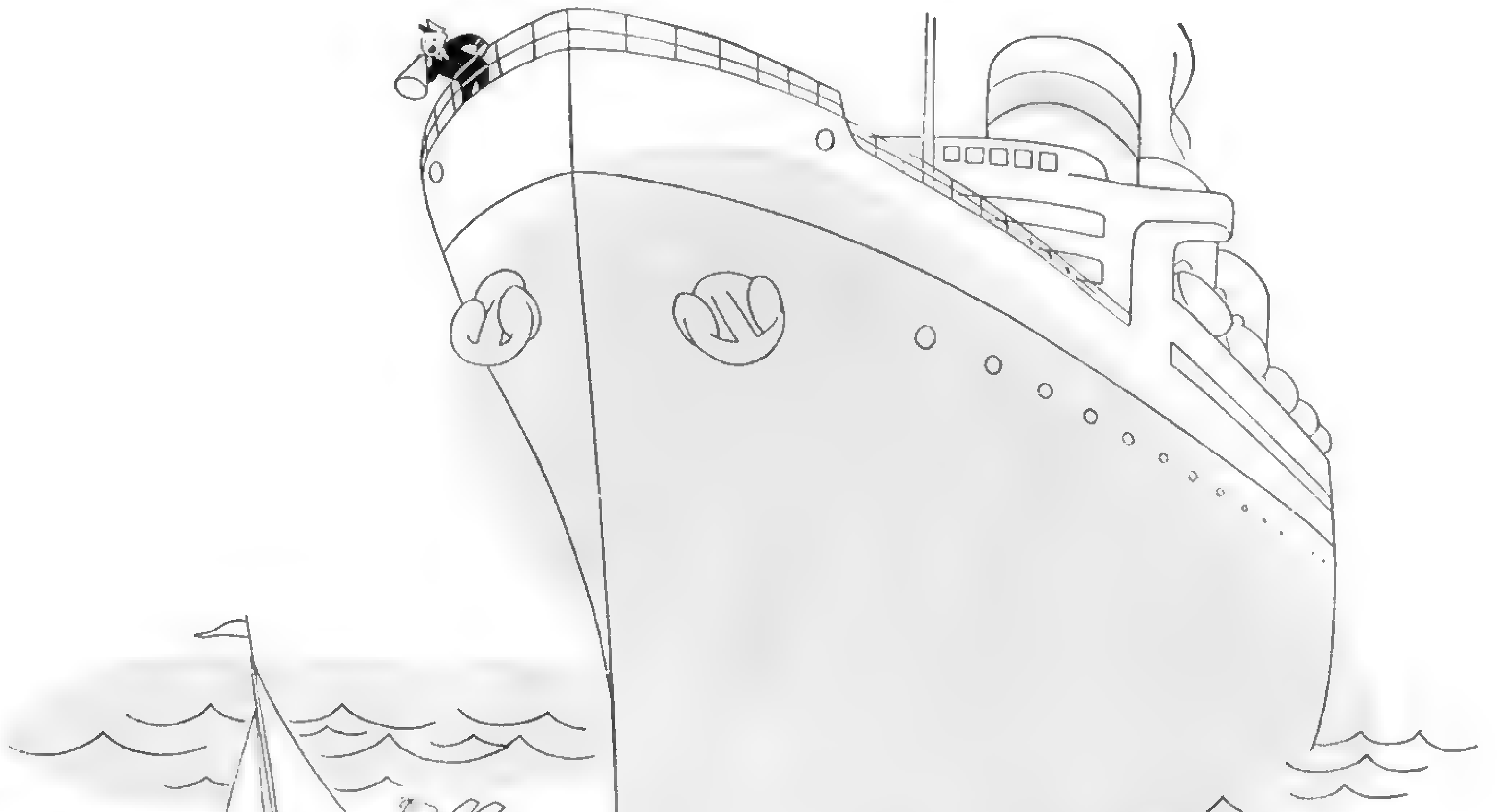
For some time the three of them pored over the plans. When everything had been thoroughly explained, the Mayor rolled up the plans and smiled pleasantly. "Well, Mike," he asked, "what do you think of it?"

"Gee," said Mike, "I think it is going to be all right."

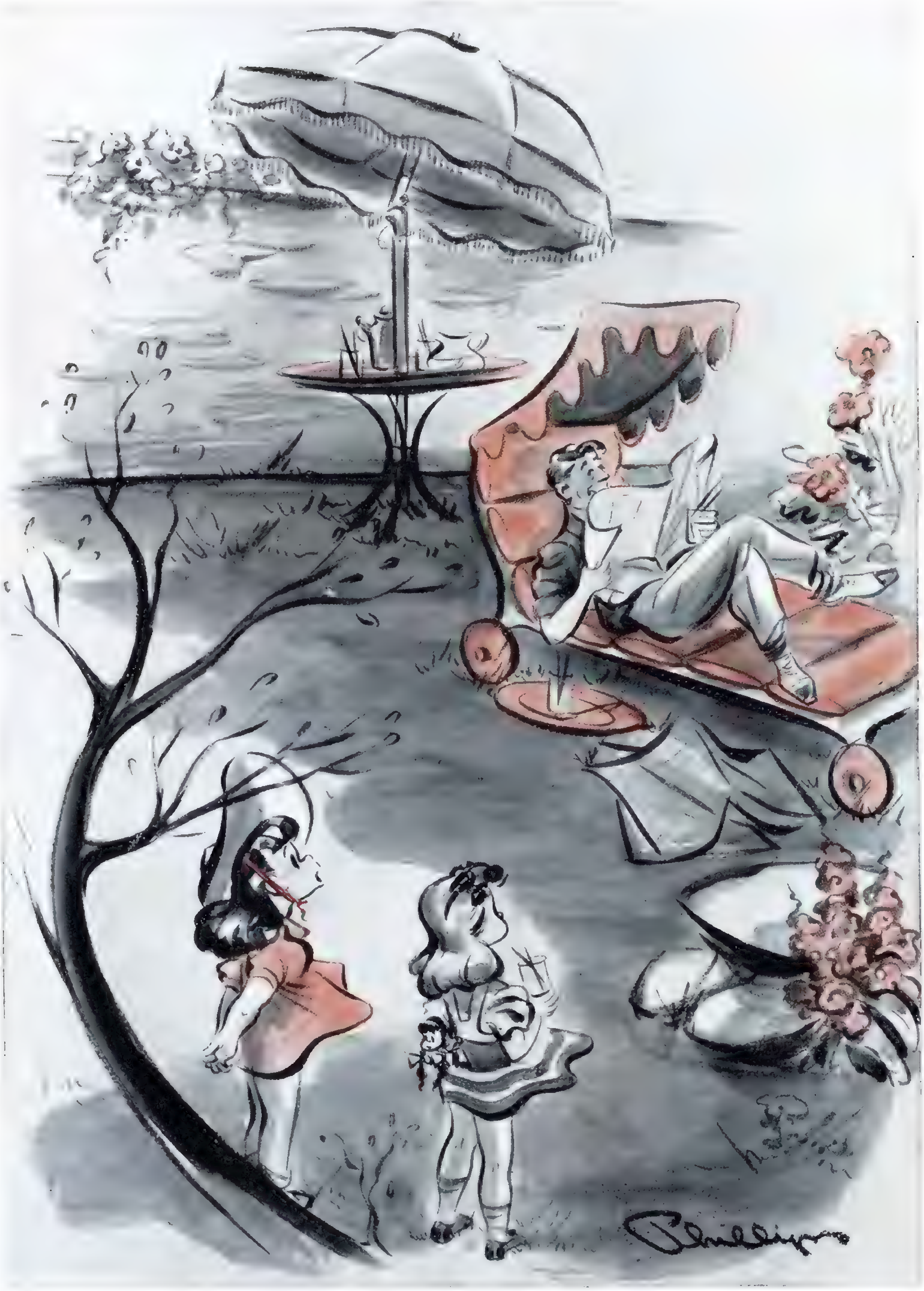
The Mayor and the City Engineer departed.

A few weeks later, a whole fleet of tractors and scrapers appeared. In almost no time at all, the surface of the dump was graded down and smoothed out. Drives and pathways were laid out, and a dam was built. Droves of trucks arrived and a thick layer of rich top soil was spread around. Trees were planted—some of them great big ones, twenty or thirty

Continued in center of page 122



"He says their engines have gone dead, dear, and their radio's out of order. Shall I let him have this extra pair of oars?"



"Yes he's awfully nice—youngest father I've ever had"

Man with Wings

He never could stand to be afraid of anything, and that was why, despite his wife and kid, he kept on racing

a father's day feature

by ALVAH BESSIE

• FICTION •

FROM five thousand feet the land was flat and measured into patterns cut in endless and divergent shapes, and he could close his eyes for minutes at a time, feeling the ship roll under him, rise and fall and gently reassume its wonderful stability. And opening his eyes see the same pattern below, the thousands of small fields in tones of gray and green and brown, the deeper, softer green of the woodlands, the lines of hedges and the tiny boxes that denoted human habitation. The roads were fine threads binding the small scab-like towns, but tenuously; there seemed no real connection between them. The sky above had broken clouds that cast small shadows on the fields below, and he would watch the solid outline of his plane, moving slowly across the farm land of Ohio. Behind, on the smoky horizon there was Cleveland, and beyond it the now invisible lake that he had crossed from Detroit, its many wide islands that could have been stepping stones or emergency landing fields if necessary.

As always, he was impressed by the total absence of a sensation of speed; by the timeless suspension in which he hung, waiting as it were for the earth to roll slowly beneath him and the airport finally to appear before the nose of his ship, as if by magic. People who did not fly thought of flying as an activity of immense excitement; he knew better. It was an extension of the human ego; he could find no words to express this thought, though occasionally he could visualize it for himself by the image of his helmeted head and goggled eyes, looking casually over the side of the cockpit at the human earth so far below. When you flew, you left the earth behind, and though you never left it for very long, it was long gone, remote; its problems and the problems of the unseen people who lived in the infinitesimal houses that lay below, did not vanish, but like the man soaring on his wings, hung suspended for the moment, waiting to reassume their respective urgencies. It was difficult, but not impossible, to think that only that morning he had been worried by the imminence of hunger; the small purse he had won at the local air race in Detroit would be gone almost before he landed in Pennsylvania to make the visit that he contemplated. Three years now! It did not seem quite possible.

In those three years so many things had happened; and so many things in the years before. But never during those long years had he been more than a few short hours away from that small town in Pennsylvania, a few hours by air. So many things are possible for the airman; time contracts as well as space, and he wondered again why he had postponed the visit for so long. For many times, flying east or west to participate in the races that provided his meager living, he had passed over the house; it was there far below him, and he had wondered, Do they know that this is me? Do they hear the propeller hum so many thousand feet above them, and do they think, I wonder where he is and what he's doing? Does the kid say, Mom, there's an airplane, is it Pop? He could not think that *she* could hear an airplane without remembering those days, those few short years when—He listened carefully to the engine; he looked over the nose at the push-rods, dancing their endless jig; the oil pressure was all right; the temperature; the r.p.m. He gently goosed the throttle with his left hand, watched the instruments, saw the pressure rise and sink, the tachometer-needle move gently and then return to 1800. It was all right . . . So many things had happened. (The kid would be six.)

"Sam Falk," she'd said (so many times), "I want you to stop racing."

"I like to race," he'd said. It was a lie; he was afraid of it; he knew he was afraid of it, and that was one of the reasons he did it. He could not stand to be afraid of anything. (Remember the machine-gun!)

"I don't want you to race, Sam; I'm afraid."

"Nonsense," he said. "Flying's easier than walking."

"Not racing."

"I don't intend to stop," he said

"Not for me; not for the baby?"

"Not for you; not for the baby. It's my job. I can do it; I can do it easy. It don't bother me."

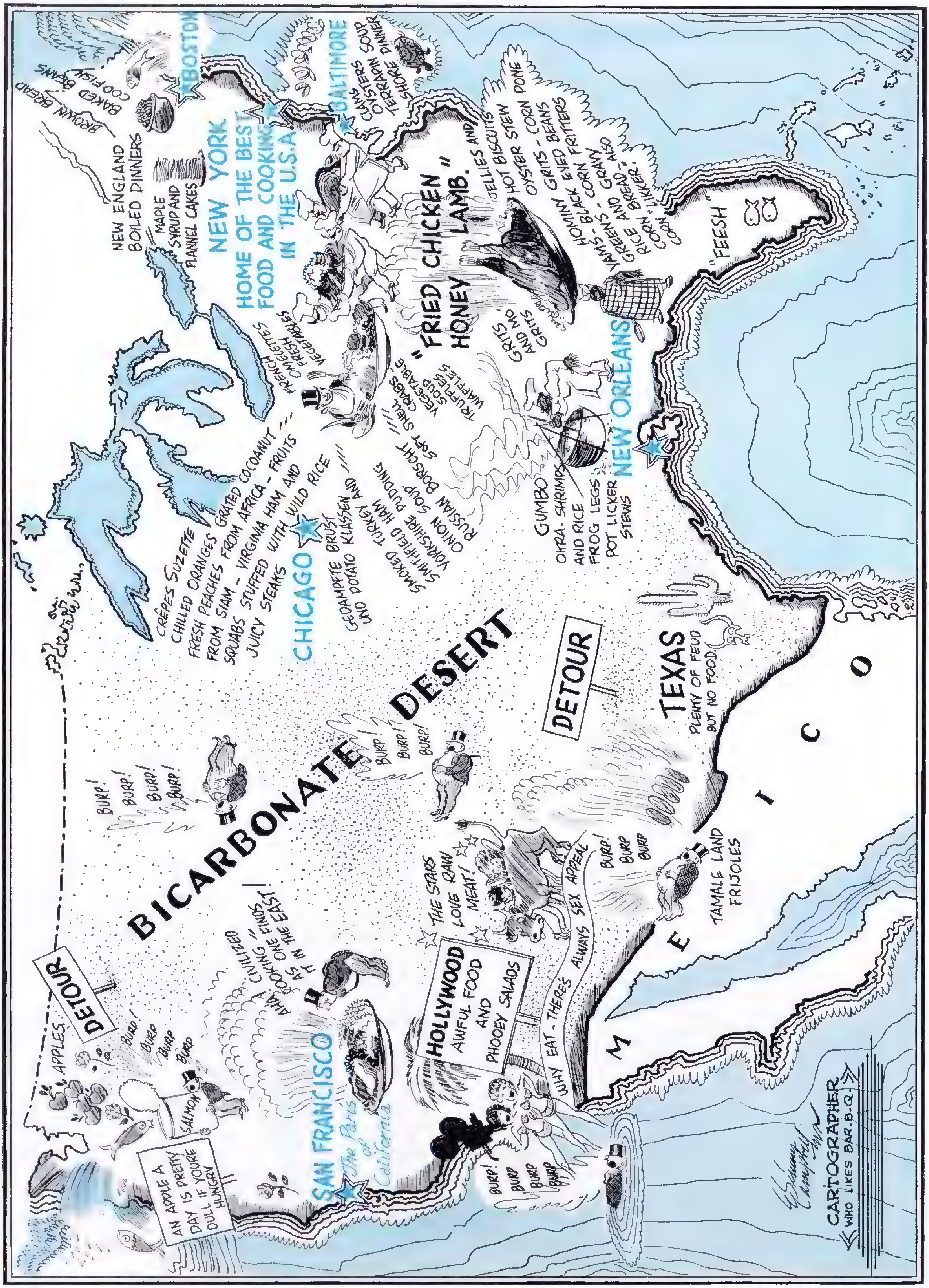
"You've got thousands of hours," she said. "You're known all over." (I was better known then than I am now, he thought; Sam Falk, the famous racing pilot, the dare-devil, the Man with Wings; humph! he thought; it's different now. Humph! he thought, fame!) "You could easily get a job with the airlines; it's safe; it pays well; we could have a home; you could be in it."

"I'm not a chauffeur," he said with derision, supressing once again the information that he could not give her, but that she must intuitively know. They never spoke of it; he was too old; he drank too much; the air was full of youngsters now, but a chauffeur! a truck driver! That was the rub, he thought; that was the point. A man must pit his strength against the others; *all* the others; against the living and the dead . . . So many were gone; so many dead; crashed and scattered to the winds, their blood spilled on the earth they'd thought to leave. They were gone, washed out, wrapped up, but they were still entries; he felt them with him in the ship; in the air that howled past the cockpit; in the screaming of the propellers; they called to him but he fled from them, whipping around the pylons with the field, feeling the centrifugal pull in the seat of his pants, in his guts. They were there all right and he

Continued on page 184

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"That's what I like about a big city—everybody minds their own business!"


BOSTON
BROWN BREAD
BAKED BEANS
CODFISH
NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNERS
MAPLE SYRUP AND FLANNEL CAKES
NEW YORK
HOME OF THE BEST FOOD AND COOKING IN THE U.S.A.
BALTIMORE
CLAMS
OYSTERS SOUP
TERRAPIN DINNER
SHORE
FRENCH OMELETTES
FRESH VEGETABLES
"FRIED CHICKEN" HONEY LAMB.
JELLIES AND HOT BISCUITS
HOT STEW OYSTER STEW
CORN PONE
OYSTERS - CORN
GRITS - BEANS
HOMINY GRITS - BLACK EYED BEANS
CORN FRITTERS
YAMS - CORN
GREENS - GRAVY
RICE AND BREAD - ALSO
CORN "LIKKER"
CORN "LIKKER."
"FEESH"
GRITS GRITS AND MO GRITS
SOFT SHELL CRABS
VEGETABLE SOUP
TRUFFLES
WAFFLES
CRÊPES SUZETTE
CHILLED ORANGES GRATED COCOANUT
FRESH PEACHES FROM AFRICA - FRUITS FROM SIAM - VIRGINIA HAM AND SQUABS STUFFED WITH WILD RICE
JUICY STEAKS
CHICAGO
GEDAMPTE BRUST UND POTATO KLASSEN AND
SMOKED TURKEY AND SMITHFIELD HAM
YORKSHIRE PUDDING
ONION SOUP
RUSSIAN BORSCHT
GUMBO
OKRA - SHRIMPS AND RICE
FROG LEGS
POT LICKER STEWS
NEW ORLEANS
BICARBONATE DESERT
BURP! BURP! BURP! BURP!
BURP! BURP! BURP!
DETOUR
DETOUR
TEXAS
PLENTY OF FEUD BUT NO FOOD.
M E X I C O
TAMALE LAND FRIJOLES
BURP! BURP BURP
THE STARS LOVE RAW MEAT!
WHY EAT - THERE'S ALWAYS SEX APPEAL
HOLLYWOOD AWFUL FOOD AND PHOOEY SALADS
AH! "CIVILIZED COOKING" ONE FINDS IT AS IN THE EAST!
SAN FRANCISCO
The Paris of California
APPLES
BURP BURP BURP BURP
SALMON
AN APPLE A DAY IS PRETTY DULL IF YOU'RE HUNGRY
BURP! BURP BURP BURP
CARTOGRAPHER WHO LIKES BAR.B.Q.

Eating 'Round the Map

Traveler's protest against the crimes committed in the name of cooking in these United States

by TED SHANE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Editor's Note: *If the rising gorge of your regional pride will not prevent you from reading this opinionated solo survey of American cooking through to its bitter end, you will note that the author "expects to have his teeth knocked out by return mail." It wouldn't surprise us. Chicagoans on our own staff are already writing him angry letters of violent disagreement—and he said he LIKED Chicago cooking!*

Down in Texas (the cow country) I tried to get a good beefsteak. The waitress thought I was crazy.

"We send all the steer around here to the Chicago stockyards," she told me, "but we've some excellent New England clam chowder."

She was wrong about that. What she brought me was neither clam chowder, nor New England inspired. It was something Lucretia Borgia had whipped up out of alkaline water, soggy canned vegetables, small bits of rubber tire and too much thyme—the same greasy and terrible dish sold the country over—and why?

Because this country is filled with the damnedest cooking that has ever insulted the human insides.

Having crisscrossed and rimmed my native land many times, mostly by motor car, and during these trips made my stomach an unwilling traveling laboratory for all manner of gruesome dishes, I wish to rise in protest against the crimes that go on in the name of cooking in these United States. Blessed as we are with every conceivable cooking ingredient; able to rush them anywhere, anytime, fresh from the loam, dairy, sea, hotbed and orchard before the vitamins die; crammed to the teeth with machinery for stewing, mashing, browning, roasting, mixing and other processes; overrun with cookbooks in any language—we should have the power and desire for concocting these messes properly.

But do we? No! We fling our gifts carelessly into pots and let them simmer into undelectable indigestibility. Our tender calves' liver turns into filet of boot sole, our wiener schnitzel tastes like a motorman's mitt, our homemade pies are often the good old cement-crusted, glue-filled kind that only Mother Machine can make. We entrust our cooking to natural-born rubber puddlers or anyone who has bought a chef's cap and says he can cook. We even let grey-haired mothers—bless them!—make the same gastronomic mistakes their grandmothers made when jerked pemmican and dried corn was the menu, year in year out. We dine sumptuously in drugstores where food is prepared by a pharmacist and we can hardly tell a mustard plaster on rye from a ham salad sandwich (a ghastly slap-together). We erect walls of sectional hatred around our dishes, eat ourselves into a monotonous stupor with the same local dish year after year. More and more we are standardizing our cooking, ruining age-old recipes, which require artistic, creative skill, thought and effort to devise.

I once asked a famous chef in a big New York hotel why it was that this country didn't have the best food in the world. I pointed out that we have every conceivable food you can want for any dish you can name. We have Baltimore oysters, pompano, avocados, wild rice, mallard duck, dewberries, turtle steaks, Jersey cream, plover eggs, passion fruit—or means of getting them from any part of the world at any season at practically a moment's notice. "Under these marvelous circumstances," I said, "Is there any reason why Charleston, S. C., shouldn't serve a delicious Moscow borsch and Moscow (Ohio) serve an old-fashioned Charleston chicken pilau?"

PEPPER
VINEG

"There is only one reason," the world famous chef smiled. "Bum cooking!"

He continued, "Given a half-dozen plover eggs and no imagination, a $5,000 a year chef in New York's most awesome hotel can make you a sawdust omelet!"

If I were to draw an eating map of the country, it would shape up something like this. The entire Pacific Coast—with the solitary exception of San Francisco, a civilized oasis—would represent the sea level of cooking. Going eastward the level would keep sinking, till it sunk well below the Grand Canyon depth throughout the West. Approaching the Mississippi it would rise but not dizzily. Across the Mississippi I should raise it slightly above sea level. Then it would rise and rise till it reached New York, the Mt. Everest of the Kitchen Art. N'Orleans, Chicago, Philadelphia would be gastronomic oases like San Francisco. And of course many smaller cities would show sudden abrupt rises but not enough to redeem the "bum cooking" of the surrounding country, or cause enough for their Chambers of Commerce to dash out and erect great electric signboards gloating over their Banana Fritters or Pickled Watermelon Rind.

Let us first examine California, that land of golden sunshine and soil fertility that causes anything under, on or over God's Green Earth to spring up to unheard-of succulence, richness, savor, flavor and size. I have spent five years in California (mostly around Hollywood) trying to get a meal that tasted good and unless I flew to San Francisco for my meals—I never did get one.

Somehow California food is as pale and insipid to the palate as a piping hot dish of baked iron filings and abalone. While there may be some reason for the meat tasting flatter than the Salton Sea (meat doesn't do well in tropical countries) I never can understand why California vegetables look so tempting and are so tasteless. Like movie queens their outsides belie their true corniness. It's axiomatic, of course, that you can't get a decent orange in California, unless you drive down into the San Fernando Valley and risk having your broadsides filled with rock-salt if you're caught swiping the tree-ripened fruit before it's shipped away for everyone else to enjoy but Californians.

So we find the good, cultured people of Hollywood existing on a dash of salad and great, dripping raw steaks, imported from Kansas City at great expense. One Hollywood he-man totes a refrigerator tattooed with his name wherever he goes and eats nothing but one three-dollar steak for one meal. It is well-known that another star, billed as a delicate passion flower, gets her pale fragility by eating nothing but beefsteak, too. And of course there is the California hamburger.

When I first came to California I drew up to a roadside modernistic mosque in Hollywood and ordered a hamburger of a young woman dressed like a Roxy Rockette. She trilled emotionally (all young ladies in Hollywood imagine you are a director and may tap them as a coming Garbo):—"Would you like

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Old Man's Darlings

Family ties were strong in the days when all good fathers lovingly laid down cellars of wine for their sons

a father's day feature

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

CONNOISSEURSHIP is cumulative. That appraisive regard as the candidate for approval makes its bow out of the bottle; that judicial toying and swishing to note color, body, bead, and cling; that rapt, sage whiffage as nostrils get the range; that excited yet admirably controlled first sip, with the tip and sides of the tongue going into executive session, aided by reports from the upstairs office and the road; that collating of results and general sentiment; and, finally, that ransacking of mental files for comparisons and associations: none of these pillars of wisdom was picked up whole. Experience has built them drop by drop, stalagmite-fashion, and they keep growing.

Luckily wines and liquors, although *living* things (as any chemist will tell you) don't get to choose their consumers. If they did, a lot of us, with no qualifications except thirst, would be left out entirely, and the veterans with savant palates would have bottles waiting in line for them all around the block.

As regards quality, however, things work out largely as though the beverages *did* do the choosing. For you'll notice that the gilt-edge-branded de luxies find their way to the men of gullet sagacity, and the outright gorilla goods gravitate to I don't have to tell you whom. Except that natural trends can be twisted with the aid of plausible looking labels designed to disguise the fact that Fly-by-Nighthood is in flower. Some of these guileful ingenuities are of an edginess which the sword-swallower at the circus might warm up with. Thanks to them, the caste picture is a bit criss-crossed, not to say double-crossed.

Consequently, young fellows hitting their stride in the social and business world would be naïve selectors and handlers but for the tutelage given them by the older generation. An uncle expounding the merits of his favorite Bourbon or Sherry is a veritable vista-opener. But mostly the job enlightenment devolves upon Dad. If *he* is a failure as an educator, anybody would be.

The *modern* father, that is to say. For, frankly, the old-style sire such as George the Second's Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was reared by—who, historian Hartley Grattan informs us, wouldn't permit his son the impertinence of remaining sober while he, papa, was in his cups and hiccups—seems today a wee mite egotistical. Not really constructive.

Yet in one respect the parental pedagogues of the Old World and olden-time America were exemplary. They laid down cellars that were liquid libraries of learning, uncut. Shelved for future pouring, were the classics of Bordeaux and Beaune, of the Rhone and of Reims, of Jerez and Oporto, and the vinous isles. Likewise the West Indies were on hand in puncheons. Cognac slumbered in cask. And that interesting commodity from Scotland and Ireland, called whisky—also made in America but differently, though no less interestingly—took it easy in hoops. The butler was drawing master. Experience told him that two bottles per person would probably take care of the situation till punch time. But that three would be safer. You just had to be foresighted in these matters, because there was no package store to whisk an extra couple of dozen to you as ekers-out.

When the lord of the house was presented with an heir, he didn't acknowledge receipt by merely rushing out and buying a rattle. Odsbodikins and safety pins, I should say not! Assigning a wet-nurse as a stopgap, Sir Proud Parent unhurriedly went at the problem of the little chap's future. Claret, for instance. The Margaux yield of last autumn seemed, ahem, quite promising—so much so, one couldn't afford to overlook it. But could one *bank* on it? A "big" wine undoubtedly, but was it as *sound* a wine as, say, the Pontet-Canet of the year before? The lad who would some day be drinking it in his own right wouldn't feel that his Old Man had let him down, would he? And if that particular wine were one of the, say, eight or nine clarets put in, how many hundred gallons of it should one figure on as adequate? For the family 'scutcheon would be as good as skunked if the young man were skimped. So (sucking feather of quill pen while infant tapped nurse), damme, make the Margaux item six hundred gallons instead of five. And so on and so on in fatherly glow, assisted by red nourishment from a magnum of claret which *his* father had lovingly laid down.

Thus family life had much to hold it together, and a boy who ran away from home was crazy. Civilization had stability, continuity; none of this Bedouin stuff. Not even a fidget. You simply couldn't pull up your ancestral roots because of the vast disturbance of sediment it would involve: those twinkle-filled woodenwares, those dusty-glassy sleepers in the cavernous cool, were entitled to their tranquillity until called upon. Mention of a legendary butler reputed to have shaken a bottle sent shivers down spines.

They'd have shivered worse had they been vouchsafed a preview of present-day infamies. But this is our era and we're stuck with it, cellar or no cellar.

And somehow it manages to offer compensations for its cussedness. If we lack the fixity of our forefathers, we've got flexibility and adaptability galore, reaping drinks which neither we, nor anybody related to us, ever planted. They just grow, conveniently within reach. Hundreds of miles from where we're sitting some farmer is tractoring a field of corn to give us Bourbon. And some other guy somewhere else is coming through with Rye. Scotland and Ireland have virtually floated

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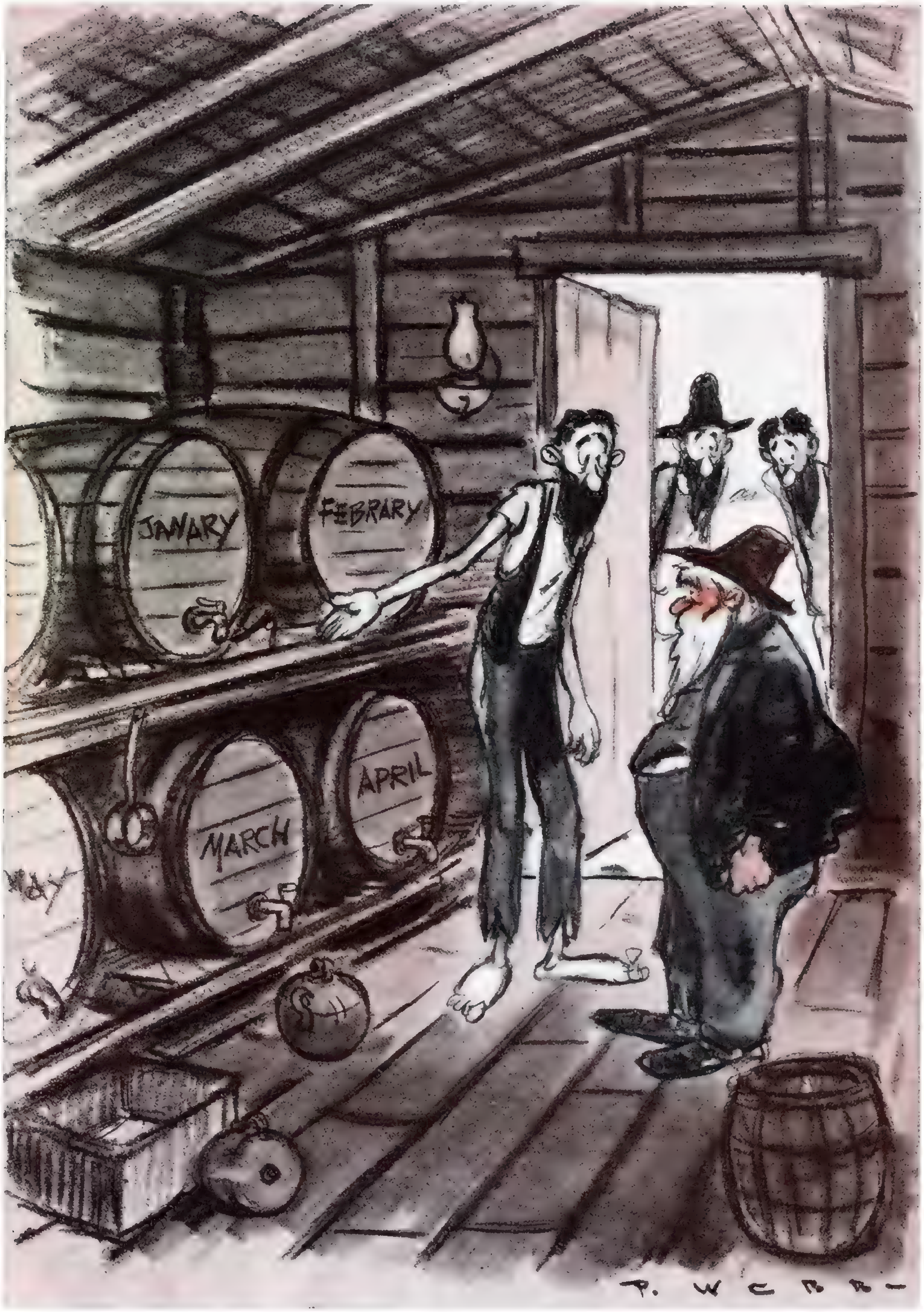
JANARY
FEBRARY
APRIL
MARCH
MAY
P. WEBB

"Here's where Paw keeps th' best stuff, Oncle Furd—which vintage d'ya wanna sample?"

Roulades and Cadenzas

On the dying Met, Mozart's Anniversary and the small-eared critics of Stravinsky

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

One discovery usually leads to another. Since my piece last month, hundreds of Private Men have written to tell me they always suspected the Metropolitan Opera was lousy, but never having read so in print, they weren't sure.

Partisans, that is, those directly or indirectly interested in preserving the *status quo*, have besieged me with explanations both polite and logical.

It seems I was discussing essentials—a highly unusual procedure—whereas the Metropolitan is still concerned with externals. It is, in the words of one of its directors, "a sinking raft that can be kept afloat only by the greatest effort."

Superlative performances are not only impossible at the Met. They are not wanted. The reasoning is this: Seasonal attendance at the Met would decrease if Toscanini were persuaded to conduct there. Then, no one would go to the other performances. And what would happen when Toscanini, or whatever great maestro you hired, died? No! It is much safer for the Met to continue as it is . . .

"And, a man like Bruno Walter (Mr. Walter was available for next season but was not invited) couldn't work under the rough-and-ready conditions which prevail at 39th & Broadway. He'd be as out of place there as an electric automobile on Fifth Avenue—very nice and cosy, but he'd stop the traffic . . .

"The Met simply cannot afford rehearsals and new productions in the manner of subsidized European opera houses. It must—and does—operate in the black . . ."

Not being an accountant in possession of a detailed balance sheet, I am unable to refute this proposition. However, schools, universities, museums and symphony orchestras are not expected to break even—nor should an opera company. And, though I cannot be sure I have grasped the financial situation in its entirety, I understand sufficient about art to be confident that no one with any pretensions to serious and cultivated views would propose that we enshrine mediocrity and stifle quality lest the mediocrity die. If this be, as I am told, common sense, let us use a little uncommon sense.

We must not, in a panic of fear that we lose entirely a third-rate opera company, discard respect for art and genius. Unfortunately, the influence of the Metropolitan directorate so far permeates the press that the present tendency (notwithstanding that the opera management thinks it is spanked too often) is to pet the Metropolitan, give it free space for its campaigns, and indulge it with gushing paragraphs when its exploits ought to be contemptuously criticized off the face of the earth. We should improve it before we label it the world's greatest opera house.

* * *

Musical Small Talk: Toscanini said Bruno Walter was ruining his orchestra. Next year Walter will guest-conduct the New York Philharmonic Symphony—will not conduct N. B. C. Symphony. . . .

Dimitri Mitropoulos is being tried out in New York next season as a possible collaborator with John Barbirolli. . . .

Stravinsky's *Capriccio*, Hanson's *Symphony No. 3*, Foote's *Suite for Strings*, the earlier of Mozart's *C Major* Symphonies, and Fauré's *Pelléas*—soon to be released—may be the Boston Symphony Orchestra's last recordings for RCA-Victor.

* * *

Esquire Orchids: Giuseppe de Luca: the style, the school, the unparalleled bel canto, and, above all, his spirit. May he live forever! . . . Vladimir Horowitz, who this winter out-Horowitzed Horowitz . . . Boston Symphony's John N. Burk for his biography of *Clara Schumann* . . . Serge Koussevitzky for his playing of Robert Planquette's march, *Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse* and Louis Ganne's *Marche Lorraine* at a French benefit concert. I had to travel to Boston to hear how a march should be played . . . Alexander Kipnis, for his forthcoming Brahms album . . . Kirsten Flagstad, for the finest song recital of the season: all-Norwegian lieder at Town Hall. RCA-Victor should record it . . . Hans Kindler, for his service to music in the nation's capital . . . Philadelphia Opera Company for its sold-out houses, its English librettos, its spirit, its future . . . Gladys Swarthout for her careful preparation of Carmen . . . Irra Petina for her incomparable characterizations in *Figaro* and *Barber of Seville* . . . Walt Disney's Figaro, for reflecting his famous namesake's *esprit*. His was best performance in *Pinocchio* . . . Artur Rodzinski for training the cleanest orchestra in America . . . Ezio Pinza for his magnificent, unparalleled singing of forty operatic roles . . . Fausto Cleva, Metropolitan chorus master, for inspired, vital conducting at an opera luncheon in Cleveland. He should be put in the pit and tried out at 39th & Broadway . . . The Metropolitan artists who gave us a few good and thrilling moments during the season . . . Thomas L. Sidlo and his associates for organizing a "people's opera," for providing free seats for Cleveland's blind. In six days last April over 70,000—(world's record for indoor opera)—heard the Metropolitan, applauded the tunes they recognized, hummed them in entr'actes, and, in general, had a good time, which is as it should be—and isn't at opera.

* * *

The Mozart anniversary in 1941 will make considerable literary and musical stir, especially in the trade papers. Likenesses of Mozart at all ages; views of Salzburg; portraits of Marie Antoinette, to whom he proposed marriage at an early age; picture of the

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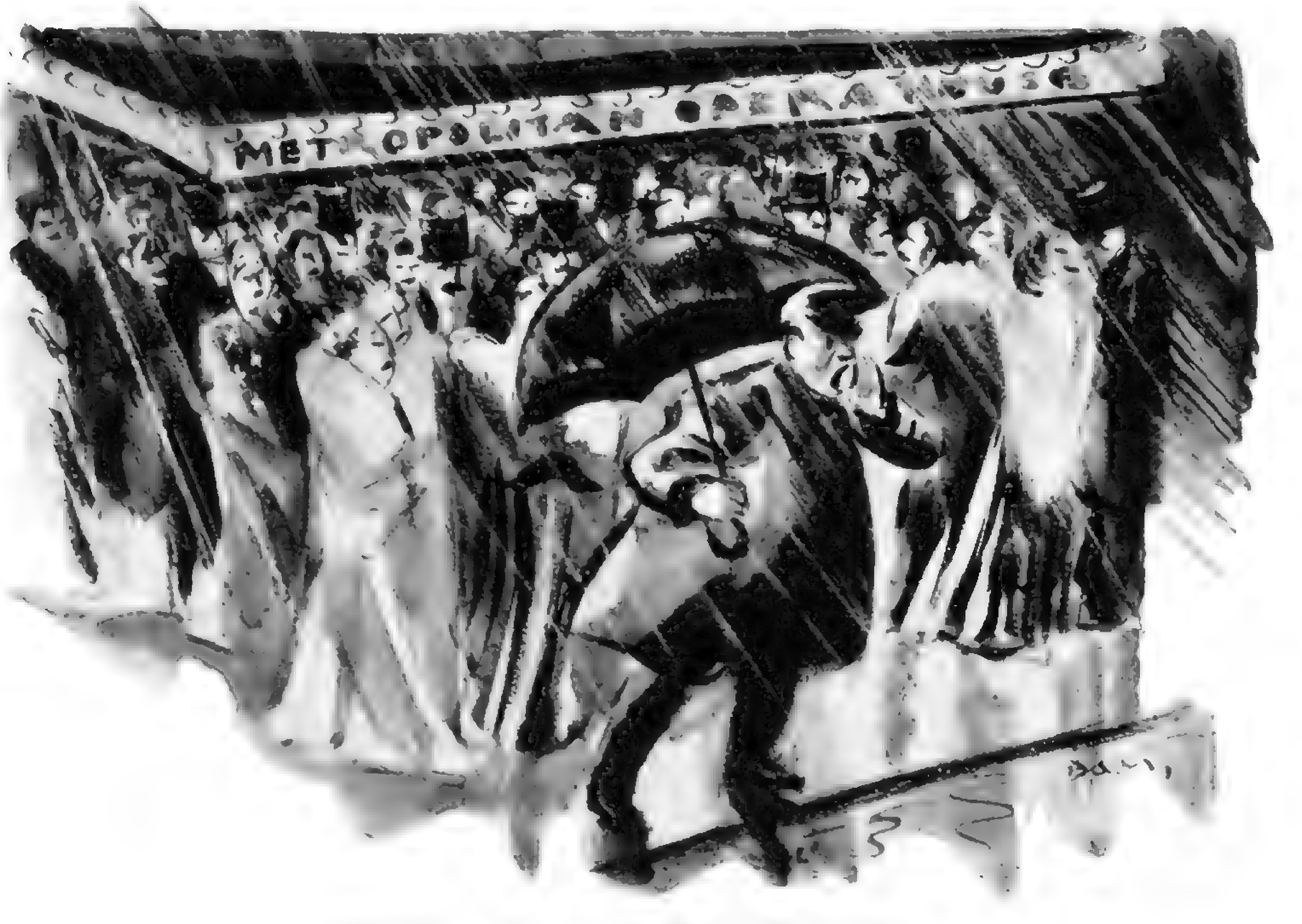
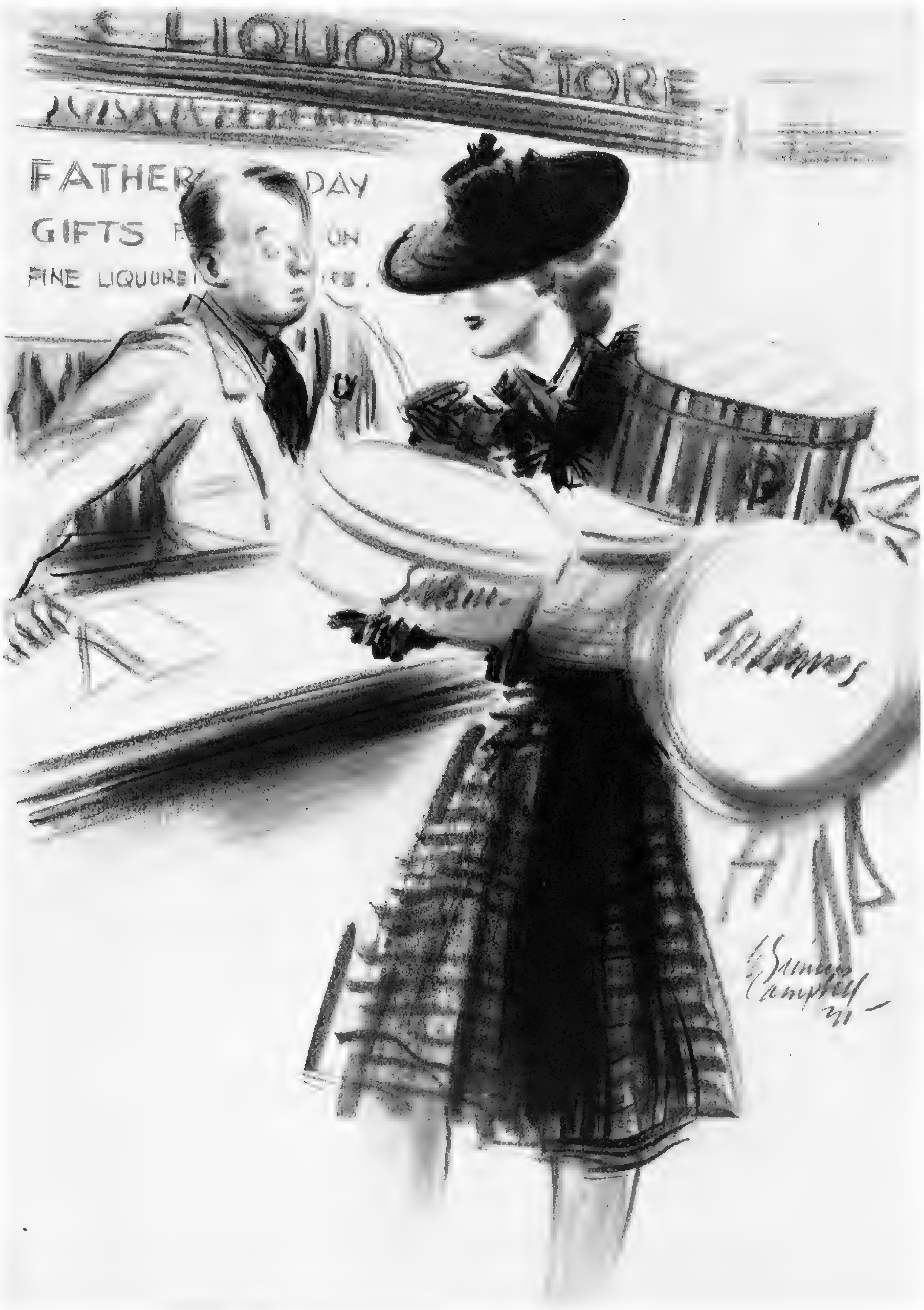


"*Calling all cars! Calling all cars!*"


LIQUOR STORE
FATHER DAY
GIFTS
FINE LIQUORS

"I'd like something for my husband—something that will make him forget a few bills"

Official Business

Everything but the Dog

AMERICAN AIRLINES

Goodbye, Mr.——

SHERRY
BLENDED WHISKEY
RYE
VERMOUTH
SCOTCH
BOURBON
RUM
GIN

Evening with the Boys

Text for Townlings

If He's Strong for Weekends

Tile, Toilet & Towel

Sportsman

TURN PAGE FOR DESCRIPTION OF FATHER'S DAY GIFTS

Father's Day Gift Album

GIFT DESCRIPTION

Everything but the Dog

Maybe this is where you came in. PA-radise was comfortably presiding in the old corner armchair when you went out to the movies, and he probably hasn't budged from his lounge and leisure. This challis robe worn with crepe silk pajamas or gripper-fastened broadcloth shorts may well emblematize his evening of ease. Kidskin slippers complete the ensemble, and Dad is ready for the year's best seller and a pipeful of his favorite tobacco. Smoking soon is incomplete without those all-important armchair accessories in which leather propounds high masculine praise; this tobacco humidor and pipe rack of laminated and link leather; this ash tray and table lighter constructed entirely of laminated leather. Or you can augment Dad's pipe collection with an imported briar; black root briar; cross country; or Algerian briar with duralumin stem.

Official Business

To son and spouse Dad brings home the bacon, and that's no easy job these days. What with office hours and conferences, secretaries and salesmen, the office is more apt to resemble Grand Central Station than his own private domain. Unless someone helps to make it distinctive: for example, a genuine brown crocodile desk set with weighted pad, two-pen stand, blotter, letter knife, calendar, letter tray, and waste paper basket; or a cable stitched wine colored calfskin picture frame. Air-minded as well as heir-minded fathers should hail this chromium airplane-propeller 8-day desk clock. And since not every office is air-conditioned, this water thermos set is your opportunity to pat some of the sweat from Pater's brow. And here's swank for chain-smokers: a Brazilian onyx ash tray with sailfish motif modeled in solid bronze; or its natural companion piece, combination cigarette box and touch-tip lighter in dureum and enamel. Proffered on a more personal plane, leather again speaks a man's language with this crocodile wallet lined in morocco; a vest pocket crocodile cigar case; and a card case in pigskin.

Evening with the Boys

You know the story as well as we: the gang, the game, and Dad, the host. Run the gantlet from sherry to Scotch and nothing is lacking on the liquor list. Raw materials provided, incidentals graduate to importance: a zig-zag corkscrew relieving arm-effort; copper banded glasses for highball, cocktail, or beer; a recipe cocktail mixer with wooden swizzle stick that mixes a drink as you roll it between your hands; tantalus set of sherry and port bottles. Playing cards, durable and easily cleaned, provide a proud gift if his fancy turns to bridge or poker. If the latter pastime prevails add these unbreakable chips in cowhide case. Smoking pleasure is satisfied with good cigars; a large clear crystal ashtray; or a table lighter of bronze and enamel. For an accurate reminder, this fine leather bound engagement book will give him the "week-at-a-glance." There's the list—you can make your own closet check-up—.

Goodbye, Mr.—

With a weather eye towards making Dad's trips as pleasant as possible, here's a collection calculated to win applause from any seasoned traveler: a cocktail kit with silver-plated accessories snugly fitted in a small striped airplane case and fully equipped to slake that drawing room thirst; and another interesting comrade, the handy portable radio to add the "song" to the "wine." This lightweight airline suitcase solves his problem of completely and conveniently carrying two well-pressed suits and all their accompanying accessories. Companion piece to this larger edition is a smaller overnight bag. It's a matter of taste whether he prefers a fitted or unfitted toilet kit, both illustrated here in russet cowhide and ginger pigskin respectively. New ideas in sets are this matching striped rep silk tobacco pouch and tie, and a duralumin stemmed pipe and cigarette holder.

Text for Townlings

City-dwelling Fathers turn interested eyes toward authentic fashions in apparel. Here's how you can help Dad become the well-dressed man he wants to be. Smart cotton lisle socks wear colorful stitched clocks, and warmer wools parade in diagonal tweed effects; while narrow washable garters are new notes in hosiery holder-uppers. Bright paisley foulards, Indian silk choppas, and chevron striped white ground spitalfields exemplify neckwear narcism. Wide selections are available in shirt and tie combinations: featuring demi-bosoms worn with striped rep silk ties; and button-down collar cheviots or wide striped broadcloths backgrounded against fancy foulards. A cowhide black and white belt serves as attractive alternate to regimental striped braces. Dad's pipe smoking may well take on new meaning with this rough briar; regimental striped silk tobacco purse; and the long wished-for pipe lighter that actually blows the flame down into the bowl. Outstanding contribution to convenience is a silver-plated cigarette case or a vacuumatic pen and pencil set. Jewelry jumps to the forefront with a combination pocket-knife, corkscrew, and key; green gold chain; rose dial pocket watch; and cuff links in a new dumbbell design. Striking a similar note are tie clasps, personalized with framed initials; or gold, tipped with a single ruby; a "money-to-burn" money clasp; or a dress set with small pearl centers. With formal fashion, a black antelope billfold makes spending money even more festive, while wristwatches in these decorative designs tell the time handsomely.

If He's Strong for Weekends

"Call to country" does not always exemplify patriotic pride, but may simply mean stepping on the gas and spending a weekend beyond city limits. When this is the case, country clothes are half the pleasure of the going. Wool hose in fancy patterns or plain colors; caps in small checks; and rawhide belts receive the popular approval of country callers. Or trim his torso in a crew-neck cotton-mesh shirt, a tartan plaid flannel shirt, or a knitted wool sweater and Dad will look the part of a country squire. Colorful shirt and tie combinations dominate the country picture: a cotton mesh weave with blue foulard necktie of tied-and-dyed pattern; or this glen urquhart plaid worn with a foulard tie featuring the design of the Royal Artillery. Foulard bow ties strike unusually smart notes in rustic attire; and a hand-blocked foulard or woven silk handkerchief lends a further distinctive touch to sports apparel. Prominent fashion leaders, regularly noted at the better resorts, acclaim the comfort and style of Norwegian moccasins. If Dad's a camera fiend, possessing his own movie camera provides an extra pleasure; or if he's gadget-minded then a car compass adds another interesting dashboard detail.

Tile, Toilet & Towel

In some cases, whistling in the bath may be attributed to a lockless bathroom door, but in others, it simply expresses delight in using personable toilet accessories such as these: colorful coarse-grained rub-down towels; a smooth safety razor; a fountain shaving brush; or any one of the electric razors illustrated. Decorative and practical, these clear crystal bottles (with painted bird designs) may contain his favorite face and after-shaving lotions. These military brushes in their compact cowhide case become doubly convenient for packing purposes. And you can keep a well-groomed finger on Dad with this russet fitted manicure case. Man-size soap is best in a shower, while terry cloth slippers smartly simplify Father's foot-drying bother. A timely reminder he mustn't linger too long in his bath, this leather trimmed crystal ball clock clicks with its masculine surroundings.

Sportsman

Many ardent stadium spectators themselves indulge in sport removed from the public eye. Nature becomes a stage setting for the outdoor type who seeks recreation amid wood, field, and stream. With fishing goes tall-tale-tellings of adventure with such an English fly casting rod (5⅛ oz.), agate line-guide reel, and French split willow creel with leather harness; and this streamlined folding camera may lend pictorial support to the fishiest story. These 8 x 24 power binoculars in a leather field case will undoubtedly increase Dad's enjoyment of the races, sailing, and similar events; while crimp trap shells may substantially improve his shooting score. For gale and golf a smart windproof, water-repellent jacket is a "ne'er go wrong" item; on the other hand, these compactly covered folding vest pocket sunglasses will protect his eyes from glare on bright, sunny days. Sportswear finds a new star in this reversible tan and green sleeveless sweater of mesh woven cotton. For easier out-of-doors smoking, a hurricane pipe is designed with an adjustable lid to resist the wind; and for further smoking pleasure, a glove pigskin tobacco pouch, or a combination cigarette case and lighter. Always appropriate are stand-bys like a pigskin belt, or a dozen of his favorite golf balls.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Proving that dramatic critics can err just like human beings and Mr. Nathan is no exception

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

SINCE there is nothing, except possibly most of the plays he sees, to prevent a reviewer from thinking, I submit herewith some of the cogitations, more or less, that interfered with my normal mental vacuity during the theatrical season just concluded.

I

Many persons, among them a number of the professional critics, point to the overnight collapse of such a large proportion of the season's plays as indicative not only of the badness of the season but of the sunken estate of the theatre. Any such contention seems to me to be foolish. The prompt critical and popular failure of these plays, every one of them either outright or approximate trash, proves not that our theatre has declined but that it has risen far above their level. If such exhibits prospered, we would give up all hope for our theatre. The critical and theatregoing body that kills them in their tracks does the theatre and its future proud. Any season like this last one which witnesses the immediate failure of dozens of plays like *The Burning Deck*, *The Unconquered*, *Aries Is Rising*, *The Woman Brown*, *Billy Draws A Horse*, and *Goodbye In The Night* is a bad season only in the minds of such critics as think in terms of the box office, which are no terms for any reputable critic to think in. But it is a good, nay a grand, season to anyone who has faith and hope in the future of a fine American theatre.

Think of a season that would bless with critical and popular financial approval not only such plays as those mentioned but a lot more, equally wizened and equally merited failures, like *Sea Dogs*, *Pastoral*, *Summer Night*, *I Know What I Like*, *Ring Two*, *Foreigners*, *Farm Of Three Echoes*, *Once Upon A Time*, *Christmas Eve*, *Another Sun*, *A Case Of Youth*, *Leave Her To Heaven*, etc. Think, and weep.

The most disappointing thing about the season was, rather, the failure of the more established American serious playwrights to meet their previously attained standards. Every one of them showed a marked decline. Maxwell Anderson's *Key Largo*, Elmer Rice's *Two On An Island*, Sidney Kingsley's *The World We Make*, and Odets' *Night Music*, among others, were inferior to their better efforts of the past. Among the foreign playwrights, Carroll's *Kindred*, Van Druten's *Leave Her To Heaven*, Lonsdale's *Foreigners*, Priestley's *When We Are Married*, and Shaw's *Geneva* were even more painfully inferior.

II

The average star actress who is allowed by her management to have any say as to the casting of any play she appears in, very often out of personal vanity, particularly if she be over forty, damages the play by casting for the male role opposite her some actor who appeals to her as a rather romantic fellow, whatever his other disqualifications for the role may be. The result is frequently a play that needs only a movie camera to put it in its proper place. I have in my time seen many a play debauched by virtue of such casting. Even Bernhardt and Duse were not above it in their later days, as witness the former's casting of Lou Tellegen, that lovely ham, and the latter's of the pretty stick who played with her on her disastrous last American tour. At least six of our American actresses have helped to lodge themselves in the discard in the last fifteen years by indulging themselves in a similar witlessness.

III

Defending her vehicle, *Ladies And Gentlemen*, from the contemptuous snorts of the critics, Miss Helen Hayes delivered herself as follows: "I suppose I shouldn't bite the hand that feeds me so many wonderful notices but no bad play was ever a hit because of an actress. It can't be done! This play isn't a hit because I'm in it; it's a hit because it's a good play."

Class-room study (freshman year) for Miss Hayes on the impossibility of a bad play becoming a hit because of an actress: *Skylark* (Gertrude Lawrence), *The Green Hat* (Katharine Cornell), *The Heart Of Maryland* (Mrs. Leslie Carter), *Escape Me Never* (Elisabeth Bergner), *Diamond Lil* (Mae West), *Dancing Mothers* (Helen Hayes), *Common Clay* (Jane Cowl), *Her Cardboard Lover* (Jeanne Eagels), *Miss Hobbs* (Annie Russell), *The Great Diamond Robbery* (Madame Janauschek), *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary* (May Robson), *Sis Hopkins* (Rose Melville), *M'liss* (Nellie McHenry), *The Swell Miss Fitzwell* (May Irwin), *Mrs. Deering's Divorce* (Lily Langtry), *Sunday* (Ethel Barrymore), *Her Own Money* (Maxine Elliott), *Bonnie Prince Charlie* (Julia Marlowe), *Loyal Love* (Mrs. James Brown Potter), *The Adventure of Lady Ursula* (Virginia Harned), and just about half a hundred or more others.

Class dismissed.

IV

I make bold to offer the appended suggestions to actresses cast in romantic roles. During three decades of professional theatregoing I have laid eyes on so many otherwise competent and engaging stage ladies, young and not so young, who in one way or another have intermittently invalidated the effect of their performances that it occurs to me a little impolite constructive criticism may be in order.

a. Don't, if carrying a handkerchief, continue to hold the moist thing in your hand after dabbing your nose with it. Put it away somewhere. The sight of a mucousy rag, even

Continued in center of page 109

"Gosh! I must have struck a sunken mine!"

The Goblins Catch Up

And the nasty machines that were going to enslave us turned out Walt Disney's animated cartoon

by GILBERT SELDES

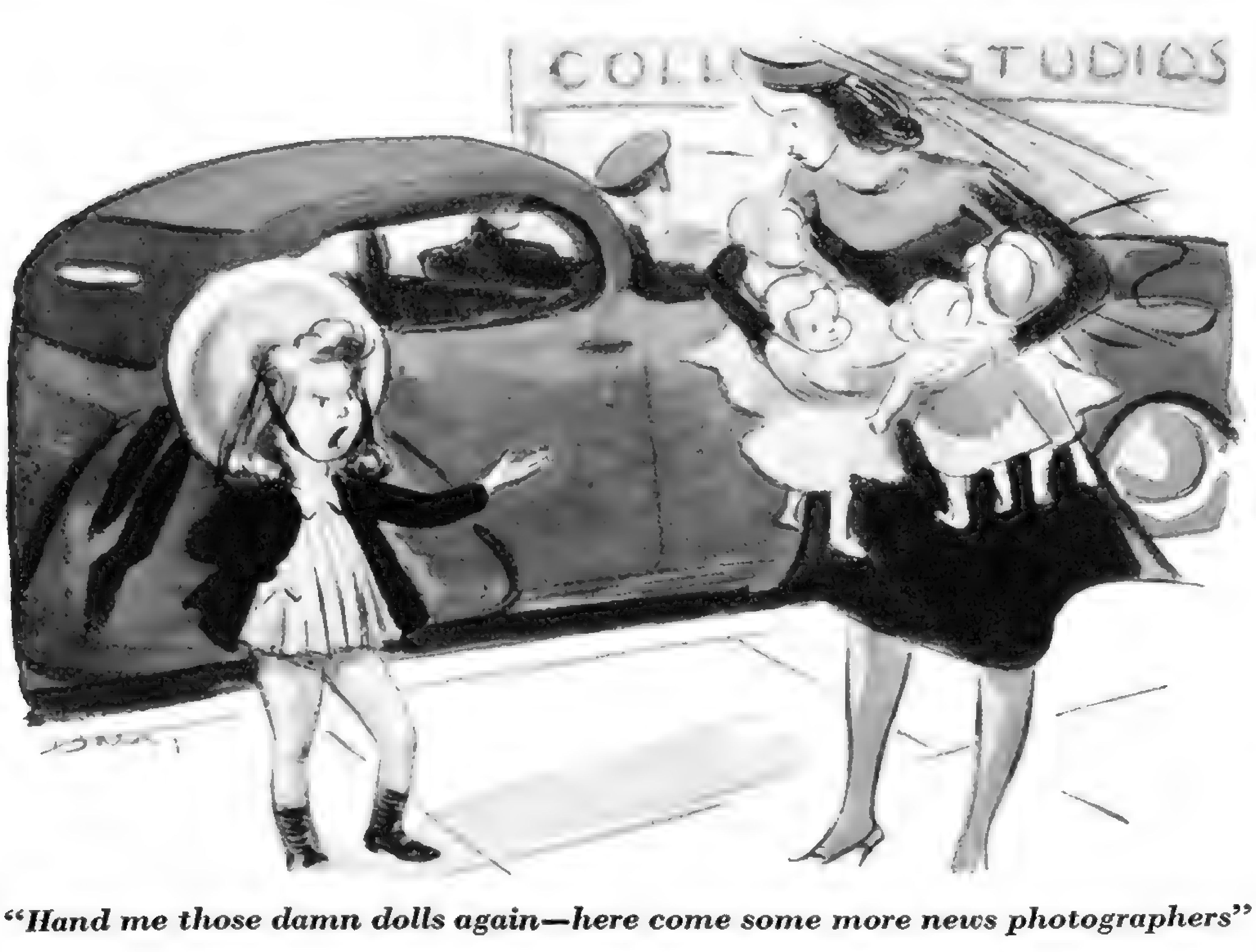
• THE LIVELY ARTS •

You could hardly say that the reception of Walt Disney's *Pinocchio* was lacking in warmth, and if you read everything written for the event, you must have been impressed by the special enthusiasm which critics have for Disney-at-length, as compared to their glancing indifference to Disney-plain or one-reeler. Yet, as *Gone With the Wind* proved, you can make a long picture without contributing anything whatever to the style, technique, art, or even value of the movies; whereas, with Disney as a witness, you can make a ten-minute subject and develop half a dozen new methods. (The way colors changed with the speed of the messenger boy in a recent Donald Duck picture was an idea out of Einstein translated into fun.) The reason critics go into raptures about long Disneys may be that they never see short ones; they have to catch three or four feature pictures and write a specified amount, more or less; and at the end they say "a new Silly Symphony completes the screen programme and the Three Les Whistling Girls are starred in the presentation." (That isn't entirely fair, because the presentations are almost vanished now; but the neglect of the shorts is as marked today as it was in the days of Keystones and unit-stage-presentations.)

At any rate, as the critics are impressed by length—and as Disney is actually one of the immortals—the word artist is flung through the air like a hot dog at a baseball game and these are great times surely when for twenty-five or fifty cents you can see a world masterpiece; yes, the original, around the corner from your own house, the very same picture that a multimillionaire might see, but even if he bought it, he couldn't keep it from you, he couldn't palm off a "print" or a chromo. Because this work of art—any animated cartoon—is a work of art which is a miracle and a myth come true and a tremendous joke: the joke about the goblins catching up with us—and taking us to the movies.

You miss the point of the joke if you think that the essence of Disney (or any other animator) lies in the particular story he chooses, the particular ingenuity of a sequence, the special attractiveness of a single picture; the essence of Disney is that he is a by-product of the machine, his picture doesn't exist without the machine. And as he is a god, you have the myth come to life: the god out of the machine who was only a figure swung over the Greek stage by a mechanism, but is a lot more to us. There are several hundred demi-gods working with Disney, and half a dozen topnotch ones may ultimately go into the business of being machine-gods themselves; and there are a few other good animators, who also may reach the top.

But they will all do their work, if they are good, not for the gallery which may buy a blown-up single frame, but for the projector which will run the film off for millions.



"Hand me those damn dolls again—here come some more news photographers"

In my private history of the movies, Disney is not the first to take over the medium and create a work of art; but I am supposed to be prejudiced. Therefore, the major point is now that for the first time intelligent people, all over the world, see a product which is "pure movie" (especially the shorts which draw hardly at all on literature); and their first reaction to this product of the movie-machine is to cry out that it is Art.

For two generations, at least, we have heard the contrary. The machine would create a robot—a subman; the machine would destroy the creative spirit; and America, being peculiarly abased before the machine, would be the first to dry up and wither and vanish. For, as Mr. Ernest Hemingway so warmly put it, "a country finally erodes and the dust blows away, the people all die and none of them were of any importance permanently, except those who practiced the arts . . . a thousand years make economics silly and a work of art endures for ever." That made life pretty terrible for us in America; not that we knew about economics, but we sensitive ones felt that only those are important who practice the arts, and so few Americans could, because we were all slaves of the machine, selling out the one part which would make us immortal, our natural capacity to be artists. And we felt it, the sadness of life, the bitterness of our wasted years. For, as Harry Alan Potemkin sweetly put it, "America is frustration, Hollywood is frustration." Fair made us cry, that did.

Queer, though; Hollywood was frustration, but the movies were all right, if they were made in Sweden, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, Berlin (good old Ufa) or Upper Tooting. Broadly speaking we had invented the movies, we had made them popular, we knew them backward and forward; but there was no credit to us in that. There was just enough credit to give the Europeans; none to us. Until Serge Eisenstein missed his cue, arriving in America, still giving the capitalists and Hollywood hell, but announcing that Disney's work was something fresh and wonderful, something darned special in the way of an artistic achievement. Disney had been praised in this country, to be sure; but that didn't count; who were we to know, even if we did call him great? But the Soviet Union was then the home of all spiritual values (with a kind of economic sweet tooth for the speed-up) and praise from Serge was praise indeed.

Since then Disney has been subjected to economic determination and interpretation: first reassertion of American optimism after the blow of the depression in the *Three Little Pigs;* chaos and excitement of the NRA in *The Band Concert;* escape mechanism, I

Continued on page 166

BETTE DAVIS
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph

CLAIRE TOWNSEND
Hurrell Photograph

Esquire on the Record

Larry Adler, the "lousy harmonica player," wows everybody from their Britannic Majesties to the Zulus

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

I AM cute and I am pretty. I have been everywhere and done everything. . . . Thus began Larry Adler, and proceeded to prove it. When I was five years old I decided to be a singer and I used to go to band concerts and persuade band leaders to let me sing with them. I was acclaimed singing champion of Baltimore.

I took up the harmonica when I was ten. I had no luck with it and quit. At thirteen, I decided to play in a harmonica contest. I got in it and found that I was hopelessly outclassed, though I managed to reach the finals. There I discovered we were twelve, all playing *The St. Louis Blues* to three judges who were rated the greatest musicians in Baltimore—in Maryland! So I switched to Beethoven's *Minuet in G*, was declared champion and rated 99.9. They explained, after apologies, that no one was perfect. The decision was unpopular with the audience who wanted the *St. Louis Blues* guys.

In this way I came to New York. My ambition was to be in a harmonica band. I went to a harmonica band leader and played my guts out. I played the *William Tell Overture* and when I finished he said, "Do you want my honest opinion?" I gulped, and he said, "It's lousy."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Baltimore."

"Go back."

So out I marched. That was on 53rd Street and I started to walk to the Pennsylvania Station. I stopped in the Bond Building. I forget why. I went into an agent's office, he heard me play, and ok'd the harmonica band leader's opinion. As I passed the Paramount Theatre, I saw Rudy Vallee's name, so I checked my grip at the Astor Hotel and told the doorman I had an appointment with Mr. Vallee. He believed me and let me go upstairs.

Vallee didn't know me and said he couldn't do a thing. But I got him to listen, anyway, and he put me on at Villa Vallee. After that came my big job, synchronizing for Mickey Mouse. I made one of those things. Then I got a contract with Paramount by the expedient of playing outside of Paul Ash's dressing room until he opened the door to see who was making the noise. I'll never forget that first performance. I took bows like a hunchback with convulsions. I had never been on a stage before.

Then after being in show business for awhile, I was "discovered" by Gus Edwards, put in a bootblack's outfit, besmudged with soot, and billed as an urchin from Tenth Avenue. I played the Palace Theatre and got rave notices. Sid Skolsky did a column. *Variety* gave me one line: "There is a lousy harmonica player at the Palace this week." I got damned sick and tired of hearing that!

Eddie Cantor heard rumors that I looked like him and hired me so that people could see there was nothing to it. But, as a matter of fact, I did look like him, so we used a gag with great success. He would say, "How old are you?" I would reply, "Sixteen." He would ask, "Where were you born?" I answered, "In Baltimore." Then he would begin thinking back, "—sixteen years—Baltimore . . ." and by the time he finished wondering, the audience was one long belly-laugh.

I don't care whom you name. I am their protégé. In Ziegfeld's show *Smiles* I got a contract when Ziegfeld saw me work with Cantor. I was Ziegfeld's glorified stooge. I was a backdrop for Fred Astaire.

It was then I started playing the piano. Astaire and I always had arguments as to who was the better pianist. I thought I had him when one day his sister, Adele, now Lady Cavendish, asked me if I would accompany her on Alexander Woollcott's program. I went with her and rehearsed the number. I will swear right now that I didn't know any notes, all my playing being done by what is called "ear." I tried to study at the Peabody Conservatory in Maryland. After three weeks they told me to quit. Why? Because I had no ear for music.

Adele decided that the piece should be played one-half tone higher than she usually sang it, which would mean in 7 sharps. I couldn't play in 7 sharps. As a matter of fact, I can't play in 7 sharps yet. I told her so. She got very temperamental and insisted I play it in that key. All right, I did. All I can say is that when Adele got back to the theatre she rushed to her dressing room and had fits. The orchestra leader shouted, "You little b- -. Who ever told you you could play the piano?" It was weeks before I got either Fred or Adele to speak to me.

As a matter of fact, on Christmas I walked into Fred's dressing room and saw the *Herald-Tribune* carrying big headlines, "Larry Adler is a dirty rat." I wasn't quite sure how people had found me out, so picked up the paper. Of course, it wasn't real. Fred had fixed it up himself by cutting out letters and pasting them across the paper.

I still think I play a better piano than he does, but he did save me from being fired when I missed a show.

I've worked for M. G. M. twice, but I've yet to see the inside of their studio. I got a salary for two months without doing a damned thing. I was signed for Marion Davies' picture *Operator 13*. I must have been the wrong number. They never used me.

I have a lot of fun being mistaken for people of different nationalities. In Havana they thought I was a Spanish politician come down to help finance the revolution. I used to have twelve little squirts following me wherever I went and I was always expecting a knife in the back. In Trinidad they thought I was a

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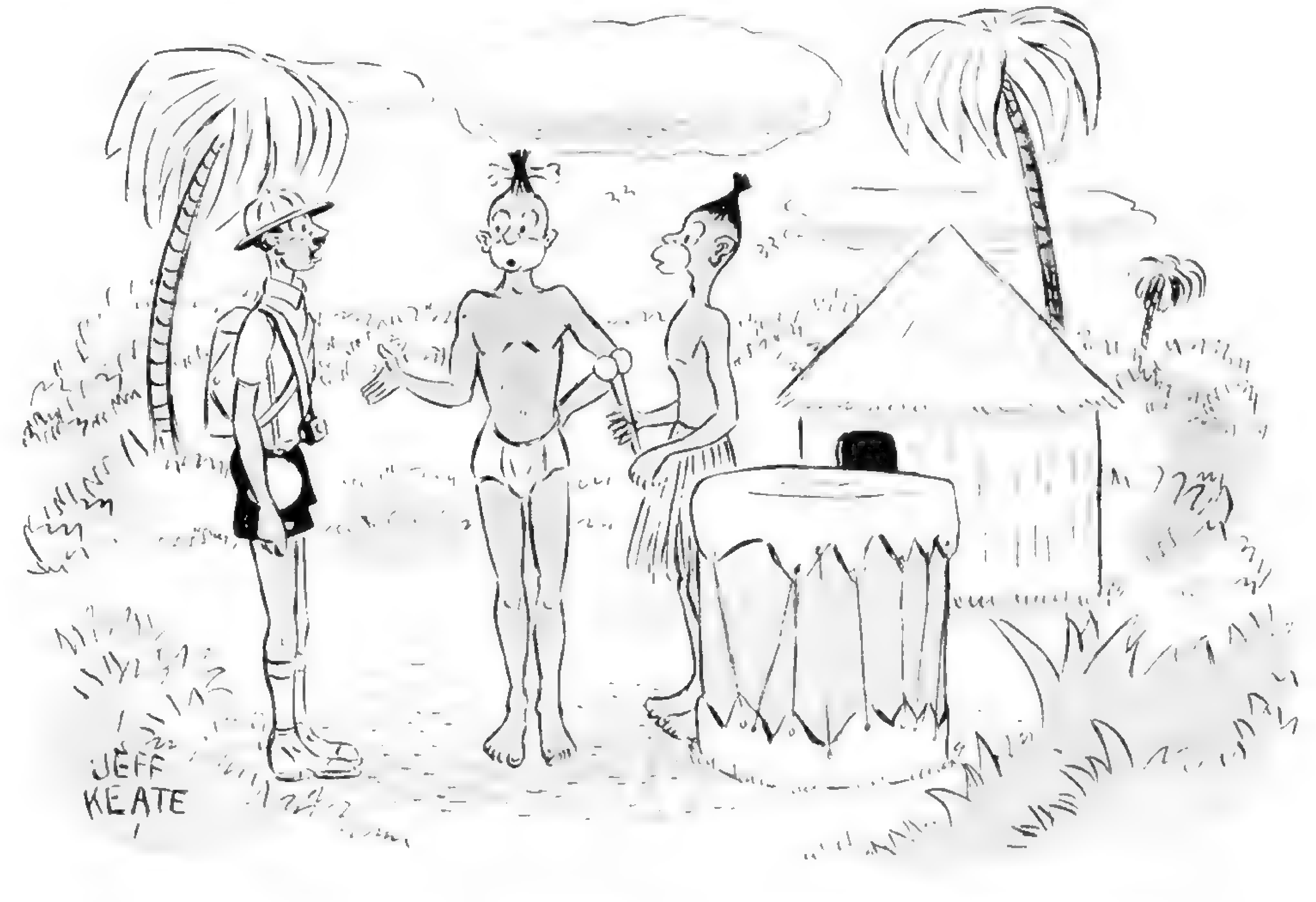

"He has no objection to you tapping his drums—he merely asked if you had your union card with you!"

Man the Kitchenette

Only a man has that special kind of intelligence and efficiency for making a really good salad

by ILES BRODY

▪ EDIBLES ▪

According to gastronomes salad is not a main dish. It can only be a link, or equalizer, between two principal courses, coming as a rule after the meat course and before the dessert. (In California and in some parts of France it is the preface to the whole meal, coming even before soup or hors d'oeuvre.)

But thank goodness, salad *is* a main dish in America. People eat more sanely here than in any other part of the world, and the salad *kultur* is really very great. Climates, not the maxims of perfectionist gastronomes, create the eating habits of a country. Hot weather is a factor in food, and for example in Abyssinia—as someone who has lived there tells me—salads are the mainstay of most meals.

With this issue the summer starts in earnest, and we had better settle the salad question before the dog days arrive. I looked it up in Pears' *Dictionary of Gardening:* in June you have to "establish your tomatoes in sunny position," and "transplant your lettuce," and "thin out your parsley." Presuming that you are not a capitalist with a garden, and have not yet attained the age and philosophical exaltation when cultivating plants is your greatest and only delight, I advise you to brush up at least on your salad making.

For salads are really *the* man's department; and belong more properly in these pages than any other kind of dish I have ever written about. Only a man can make a perfect salad. This may sound like a pretty general statement, but it is not my own invention; among many other experts the owner of the Restaurant de l'Odéon told me so in Paris the very day I arrived in that magnificent city, wellspring of all my joys and sorrows. But it was worth it . . .

The salads were worth it too. Perhaps the well-seasoned green leaves of Paris balanced much of the dissipation, the reckless eating, and the intentionally sleepless nights. I was only a wanderer in Paris, but, mimicking all good Frenchmen, I soon formed the habit of eating a well and appetizingly prepared salad twice daily; in the beginning it was prepared by the Maître d'Hotel or the waiter, and later, when I saw that it was the thing to do, by myself. No restaurant, small or large, would think of serving you a ready-to-wear salad; they hand the man, always the man, the leaves in a bowl, and the ingredients, and you go to work with your hands and imagination, amazing your table companion with your creation.

But not only the French—who by the way are marvelously clever at dietetics without making much fuss about it—cultivate salads; the Russians too are great devotees; and a Rumanian vegetable salad as made at the restaurant of Bucharest's Plaza Athénée is the most refreshing dish I have ever tasted. In Hungary the salads are sweet, and that country, outstanding in all other branches of the culinary art, is a complete failure as far as salads go. A sweet salad of lettuce leaves is sickening. The Scandinavian salads, incorporated more or less in Smörgåsbord, hardly count as salads in my opinion; for a foreigner Smörgåsbord represents a heavy meal, something interesting to eat, but only for once in a while. Polish salads are much the same, with plenty of mayonnaise on top and pickled cucumbers, among other things, inside. In Belgrade, Yugoslavia, I have eaten salads in which the leaves were torn into very small bits: they were excellent, besides being economical, because there were no traces left to indicate the undoubtedly poor quality of the lettuce.

But the best salad I have ever come across was in Mexico's Tia Juana, in a popular restaurant kept by two Frenchmen near the red-light district; this was in the good old days, when Papa Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures, used to be a week-end visitor at the border town, and insisted on the roulette table's coming to his hotel apartment instead of his going down to the terribly over-crowded gambling-rooms. Edgar Wallace was also on hand in those days, and he tried that marvelous salad; so did probably Jack Dempsey, who was building a road from Tia Juana to Encenada. There were small fry there too, though I can't say whether they all ate the salad; but I know I did. I have even written about it in these pages; but on the presumption that you don't remember, here is its recipe once more at an appropriate time. Make it and keep cool this summer.

Wash a head of romaine, and dry each leaf separately and well with a napkin. Toast a piece of bread, stroke it gently with garlic, cut the toast into small squares and place them in a salad bowl; put the leaves of romaine over the toast. Soft-boil two eggs, and spread them over the leaves. Add three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, lemon instead of vinegar, salt, pepper, a bit of Worcestershire sauce, mix very well, and finally sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese on top.

Romaine is the only salad that may be eaten with the fingers.

Each country has its own favorite salads. (The modern American salad is lettuce. However, I don't like the way it is served in most places here, with the heads simply quartered and either Russian or French dressing poured over it.) In the second half of the past century, Oscar Wilde and his contemporaries of that precious era, ate chrysanthemum-petal salads, if you please. This chrysanthemum-petal salad came from Japan when that country was "discovered" for the rest of the world. There was a Japanese craze in Europe; Whistler was painting under the influence of the great Japanese artists, screens with exotic birds made their entry into Victorian drawing rooms, and young men about town learned

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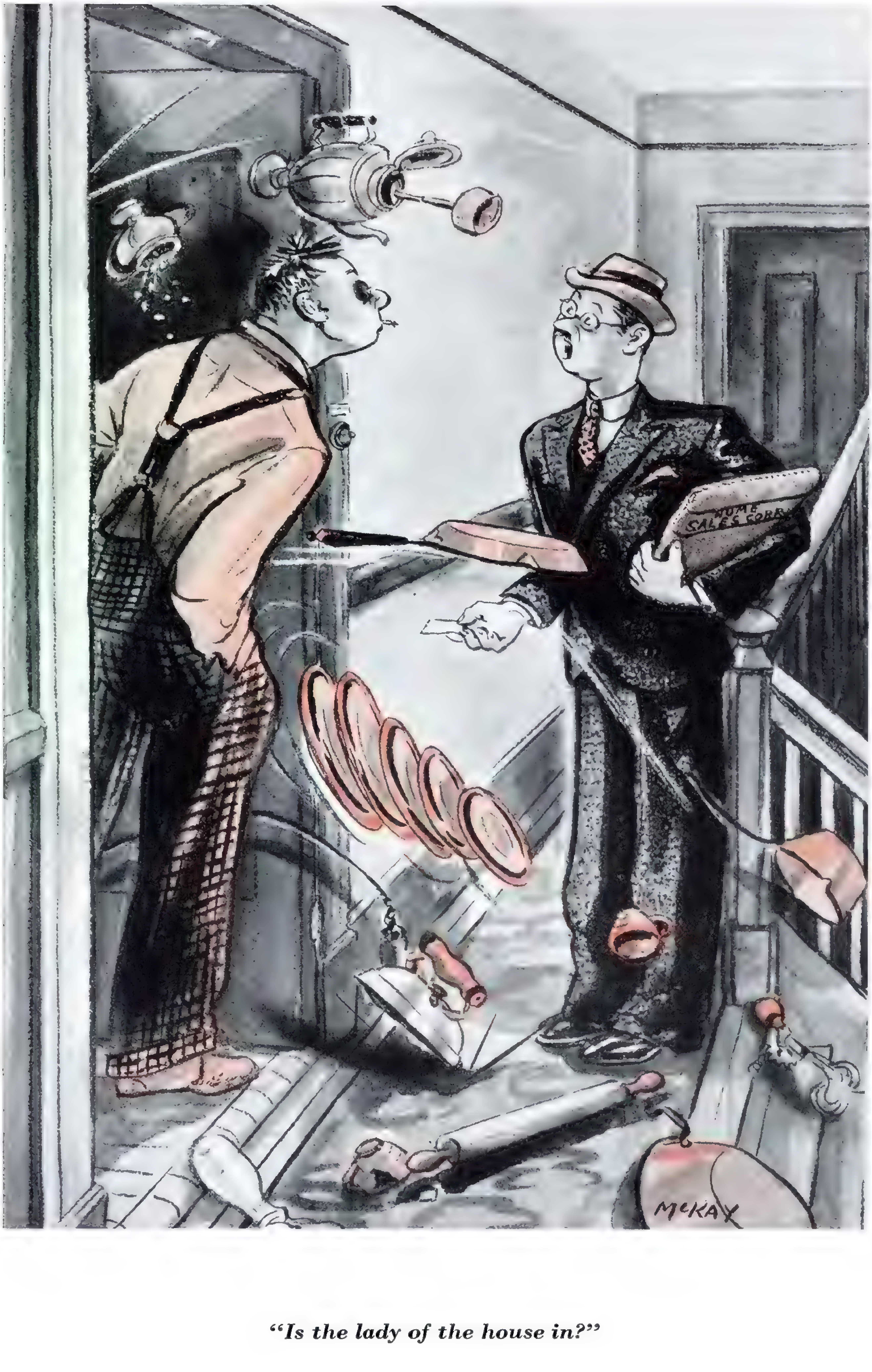
"How do you want the money, on white or rye?"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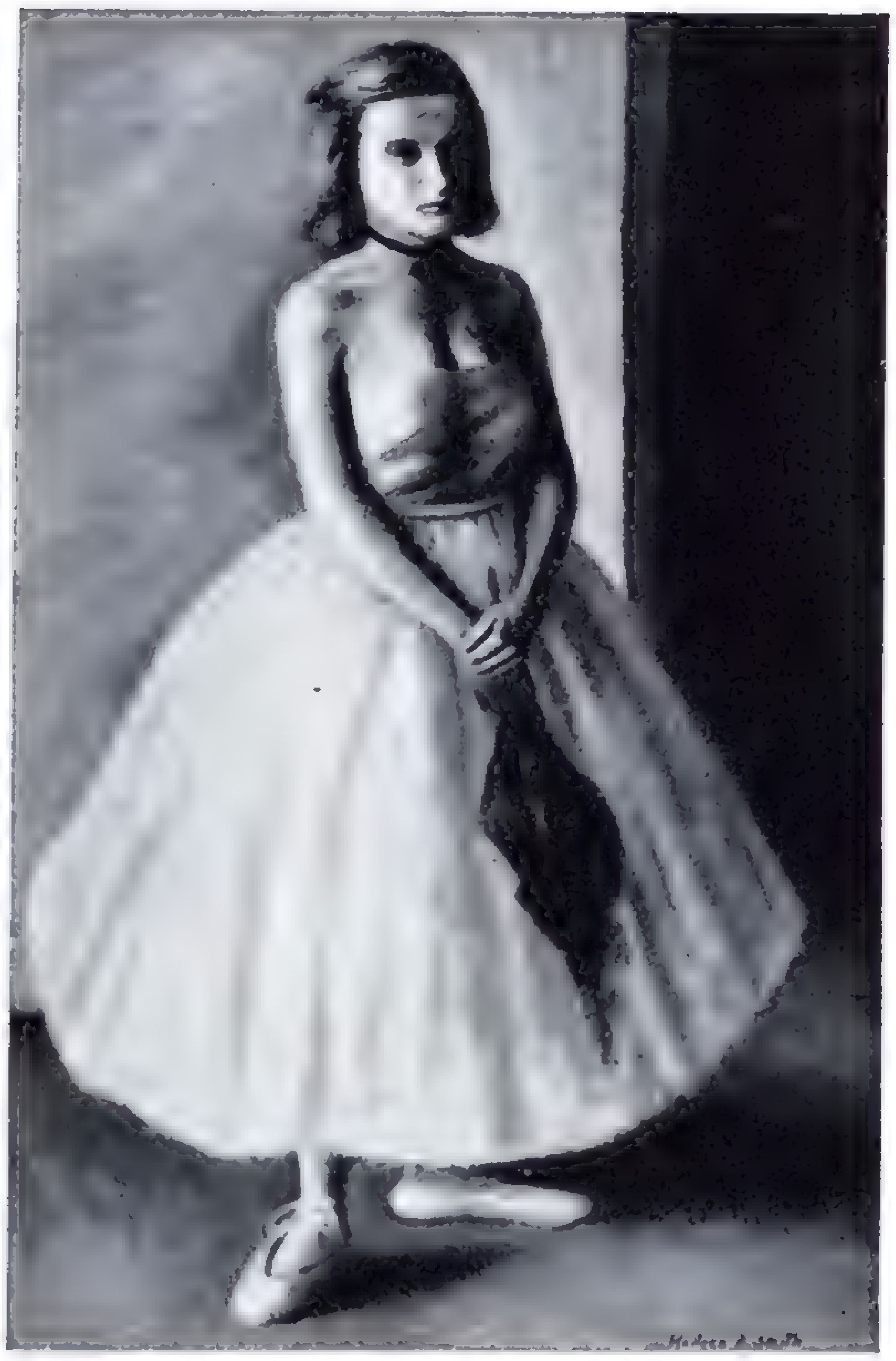
"Is the lady of the house in?"

Wallace Smith: Song & Dance in Art

Though he isn't famous, his pictures are his own and he's come a long way from the Triangle Club at Princeton

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪



LITTLE DANCER

WALLACE HERNDON SMITH was educated to become a snob. Perhaps, had all things remained on the even keel of "the good old days," and had the imp of the perverse been exorcised out of Smith at an early age, he would have followed his father in investment banking. Now the boat didn't stay on an even keel and the imp was only partially exorcised; Wally Smith, therefore, became an architect in the expectation of commissions for stately pleasure domes, and such-like, from the abbreviated Kubla Khans of St. Louis and environs. But the depression came along, leaving the snob public, to build houses for whom Smith had been educated, more frightened than impoverished and the only commissions that came along were for kennels and bird houses to be designed without pay in the thumb-twiddling architect's spare time, of which he had nothing but. The set-up was one to encourage the imp of the perverse, who took Wallace Smith by the nose and guided him toward a life of much more satisfying humility, the life of expression in art, governed by standards snobbery never heard of. Instead of living in a trough dug for him by the social custom of his time and place, he undertook the process of digging his own justification for living with his own head, his own emotions, his own talents, conditioned as all these things must have been for him by the circumstances of his birth and breeding. Wallace Herndon Smith became an artist. He has painted pictures which are all his own. Maybe he hasn't yet discovered a living, but he has been finding a way of life.

He has been learning the worth of a new set of values, values beyond the comprehension of the world from which he is a partial fugitive. In that world the measure of a man is contained in the answers to the questions; Where does he come from? and What is he worth? Now in the world into which he has been adopted a man's real worth lies in the answers to *these* questions: Has he talent? Can he paint? Affirmative replies make superfluous references to race, nation, family, education, connections, cash in pocket or in prospect, even personal habits. In this world the lord of the mines may have to sit at the foot of the table but he will obtain satisfactions beyond the purchasing power of Croesus. The contrast between the two worlds, that of commerce and that of art, is best exemplified in what passers-by in two countries say to an artist working in the open. In France, they invariably exclaim—and Smith's experience is verified by other sources of information—"My, but that's nice!" In America, wherever he has painted, in park, or street, or river front, Smith has never heard anything but these two questions: "How long does it take to do it?" and "What do you get for a thing like that?" These questions remind him of a lot of things, including the standards by which he no longer exclusively lives.

Now all this makes him seem very deliberate, determined and dedicated, somewhat like the young man who was admonished to give up father and mother and follow Jesus if he ever expected to find salvation. Yes, W. H. Smith wants to get into Heaven, but he'll do it with a self-deprecating, unself-conscious grin, not really expecting that his coming will make a difference. He is serious about being an artist, yes, but he'll not give up his joke for it. He is no teeth-gritter. He likes to play the piano—and that doesn't mean Bach, Brahms or Beethoven—and he is a great story-teller, a first-rate mimic, with a highly developed ability to capture shades of expression and character. In the world from which he comes there are many, many more who will remember his comic recitations than will suspect even the existence of the serious artist. Peggy Bacon, the satirical artist, has written of him that he is "so light-hearted and unassuming that he never seems to be taking himself or his work altogether seriously. In manner indolent, his clear, somewhat remote, blue eyes wander speculatively over an active world in the apparent detachment of a noncombatant. His face wears the expression of a village loafer sitting on the steps of the general store watching the folks go by and, possibly, whittling. Rangy, easy-going, casual, witty, he has a quality as native to America as Huckleberry Finn; and with these traits go others no less traditional though more compelling."

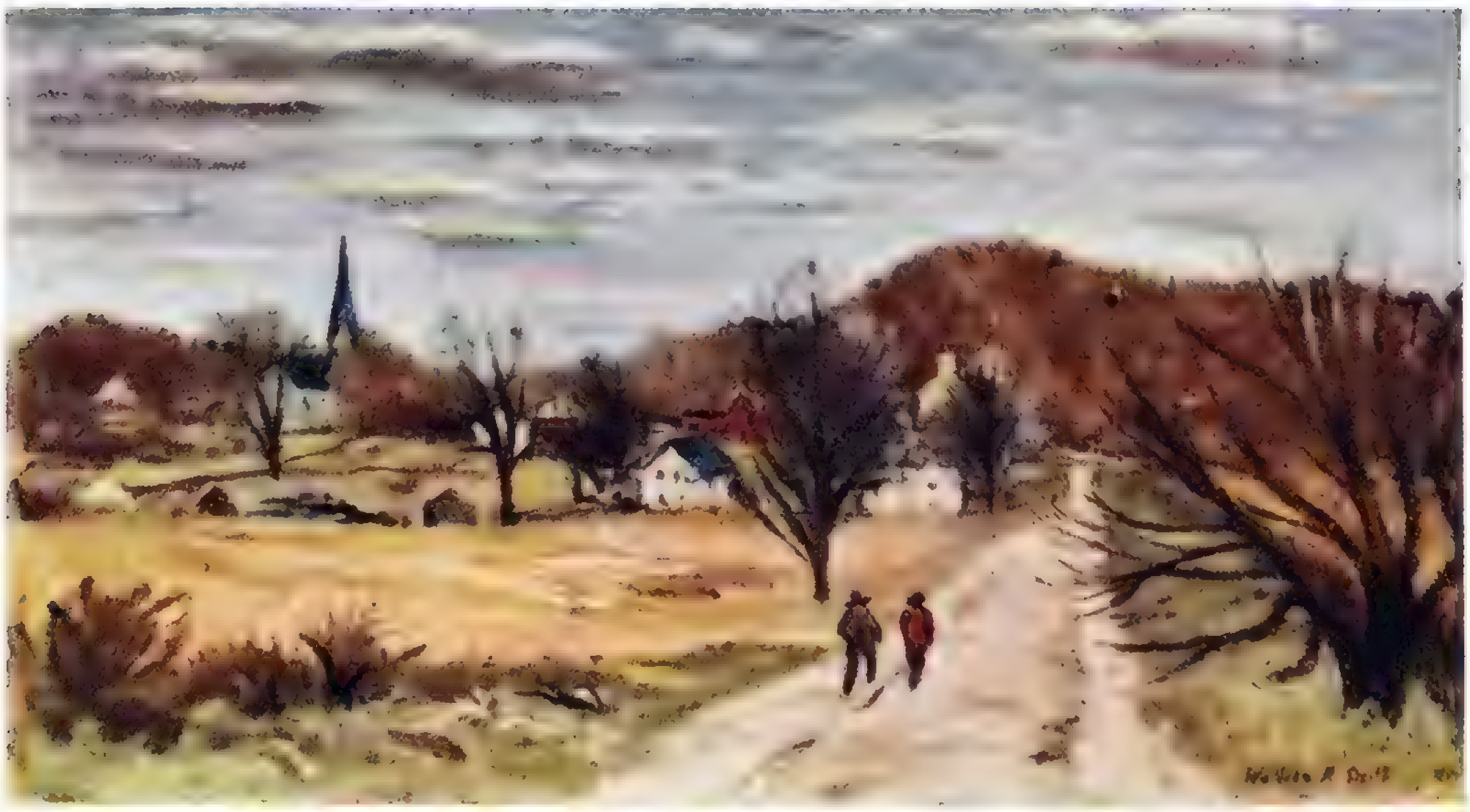
The real Smith lies somewhere between the determined and the casual aspects of him, and in both. He pretends perhaps to take his own work lightly in order that your dismissal of it shall not give him pain, in the spirit of the man who laughs at himself in the effort to anticipate and disarm your contempt of him. Yet it has taken courage to go against the fashion, to paint pictures that expressed Smith and not, for example, Joe Jones, all of which will come out in the wash of the story of Wallace Herndon Smith which follows.

* * *

He came into the world a little less than forty years ago in St. Louis, the son of Jay Herndon Smith, investment banker. Robert S. Brookings, who founded the Brookings Institute, was a grand-uncle. That should give you an idea. There was no music, art, literature or the like during his formative years. At Lawrenceville, the prep school which is Princeton's social, if not scholastic, threshold, he spent five years, entering at the age of thirteen, the smallest boy in the school. He wanted a little distinction. He wasn't much of an athlete and no one in that circle had ever heard of scholarship as a means of attracting favorable attention. He went into dramatics, becoming president of the Dramatic Club, and he made a lot of noise in the Mandolin Club, too. Early he showed a flair for mimicry, which gift he turned on the faculty. In straight topical prose, which he recited in and out of school, he impaled his instructors with such painless precision that even they could laugh, and in that way he made for himself a name as court jester.

This gave him his dominant cue for the academic life. In 1920 he entered Princeton, his reputation clearing a wide path for him. He had one consuming ambition, to become a member of that university's famous Triangle Club. Nothing else mattered. He might have been Cézanne hoping to have a picture accepted by the Academy. He elected the clarinet as his wedge into the club, hoping in that way to become a member of its orchestra. This would have constituted a back-way entrance. At Harbor Springs, Michigan, the family's summer home (and incidentally the setting for some of his most beautiful paint-

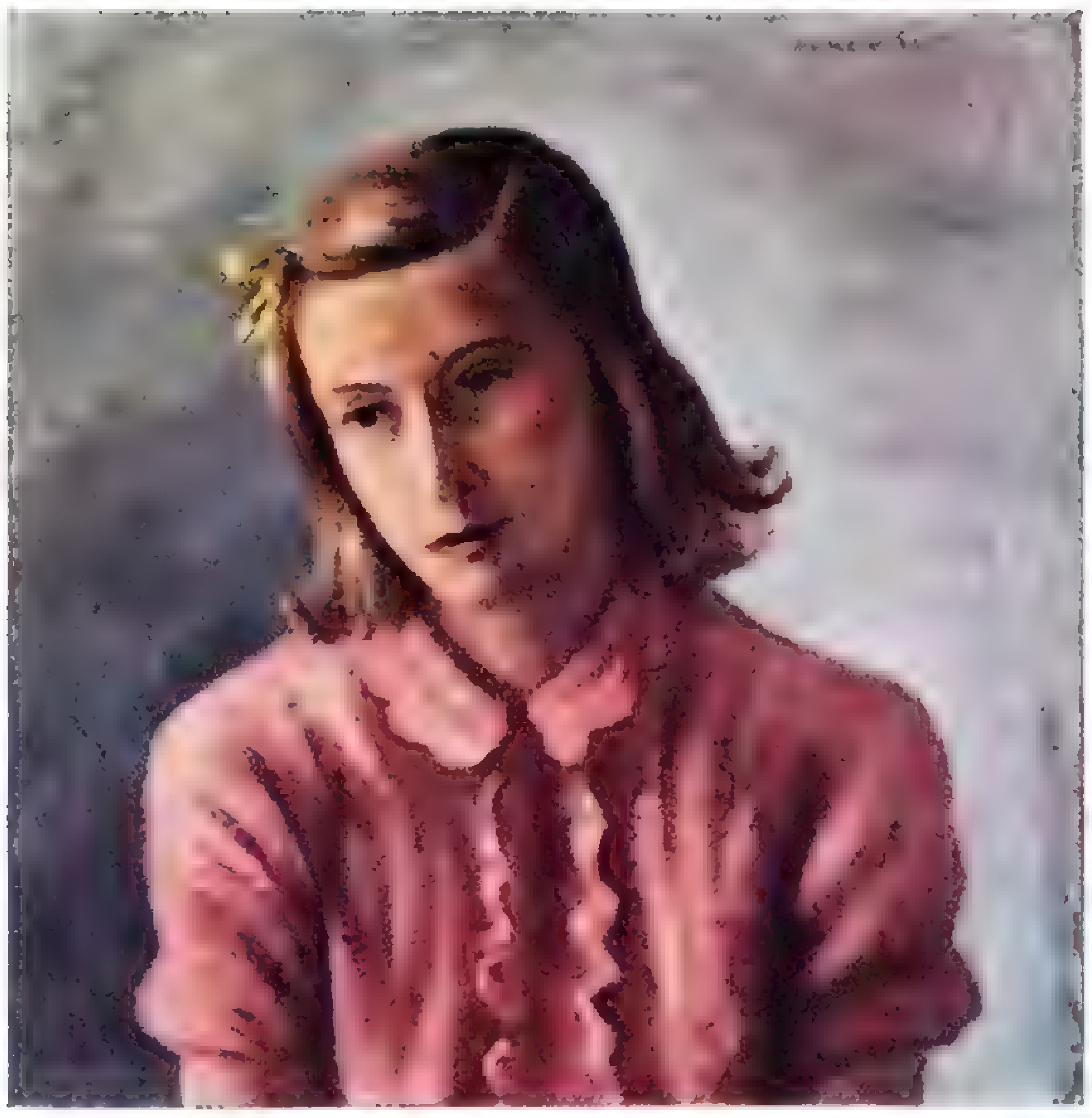
Continued on page 156



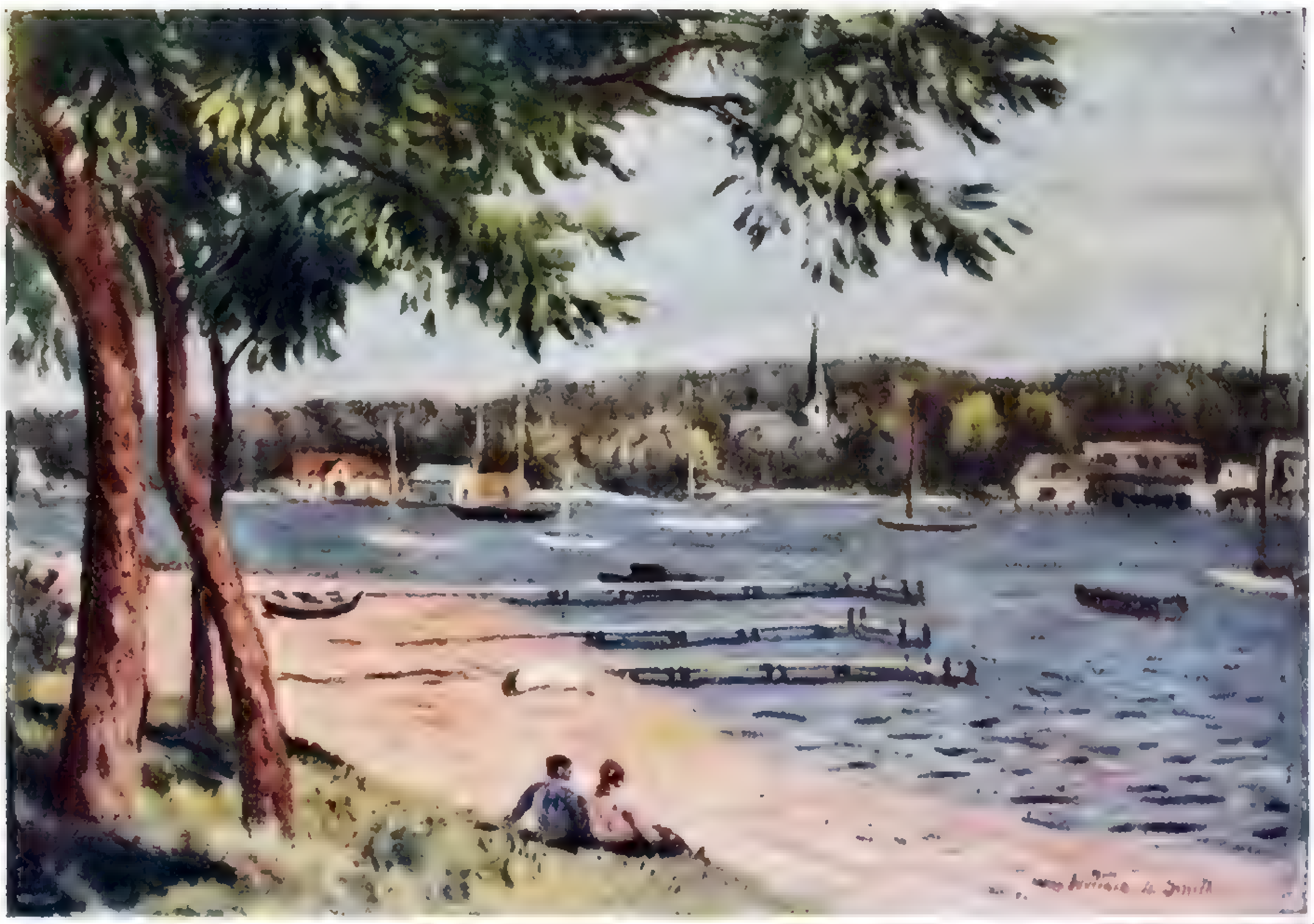
ROAD TO BEDFORD

A Portfolio of Paintings

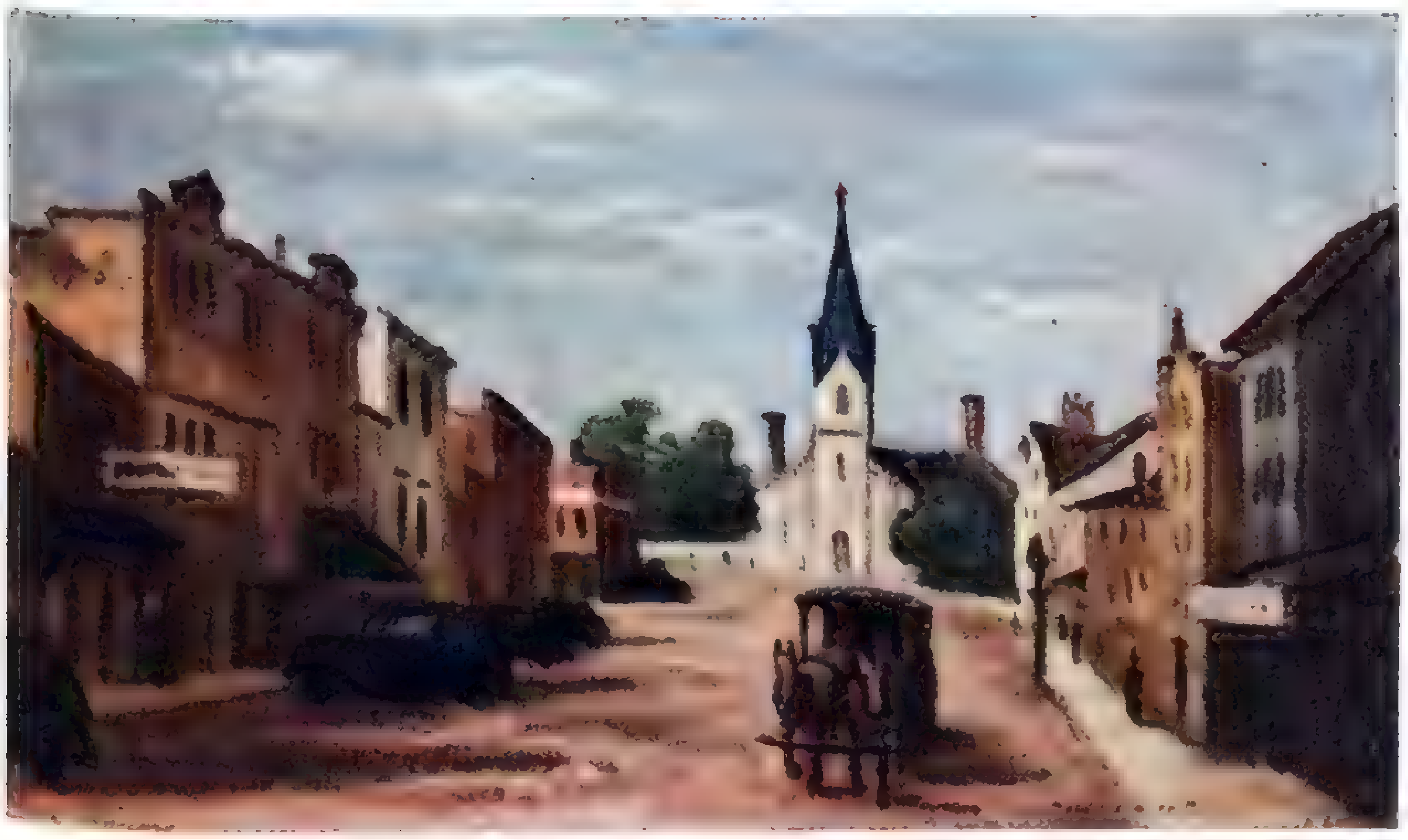
by WALLACE SMITH



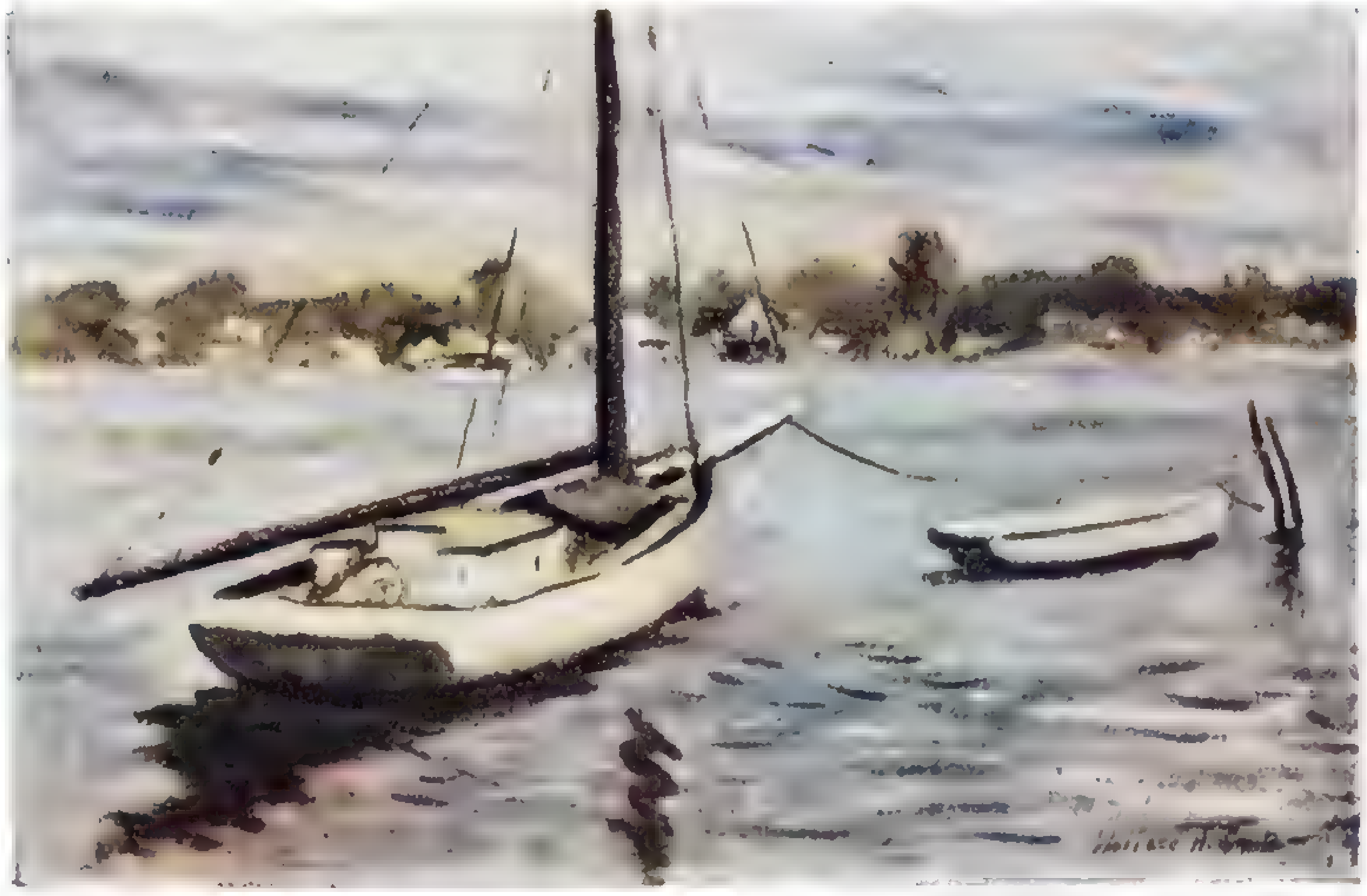
LUCY



SUMMER CONVERSATION



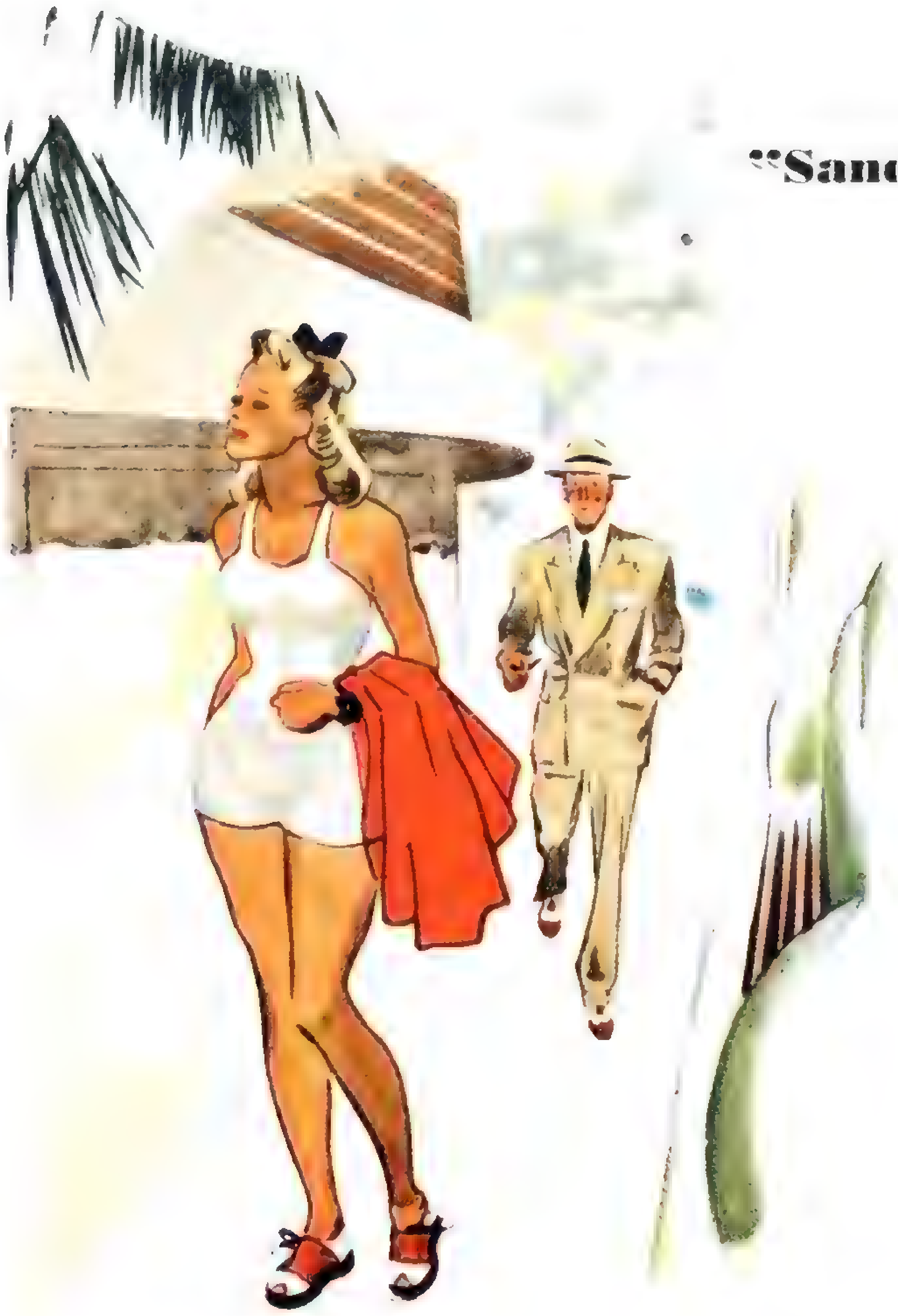
HARBOR SPRINGS, MICHIGAN



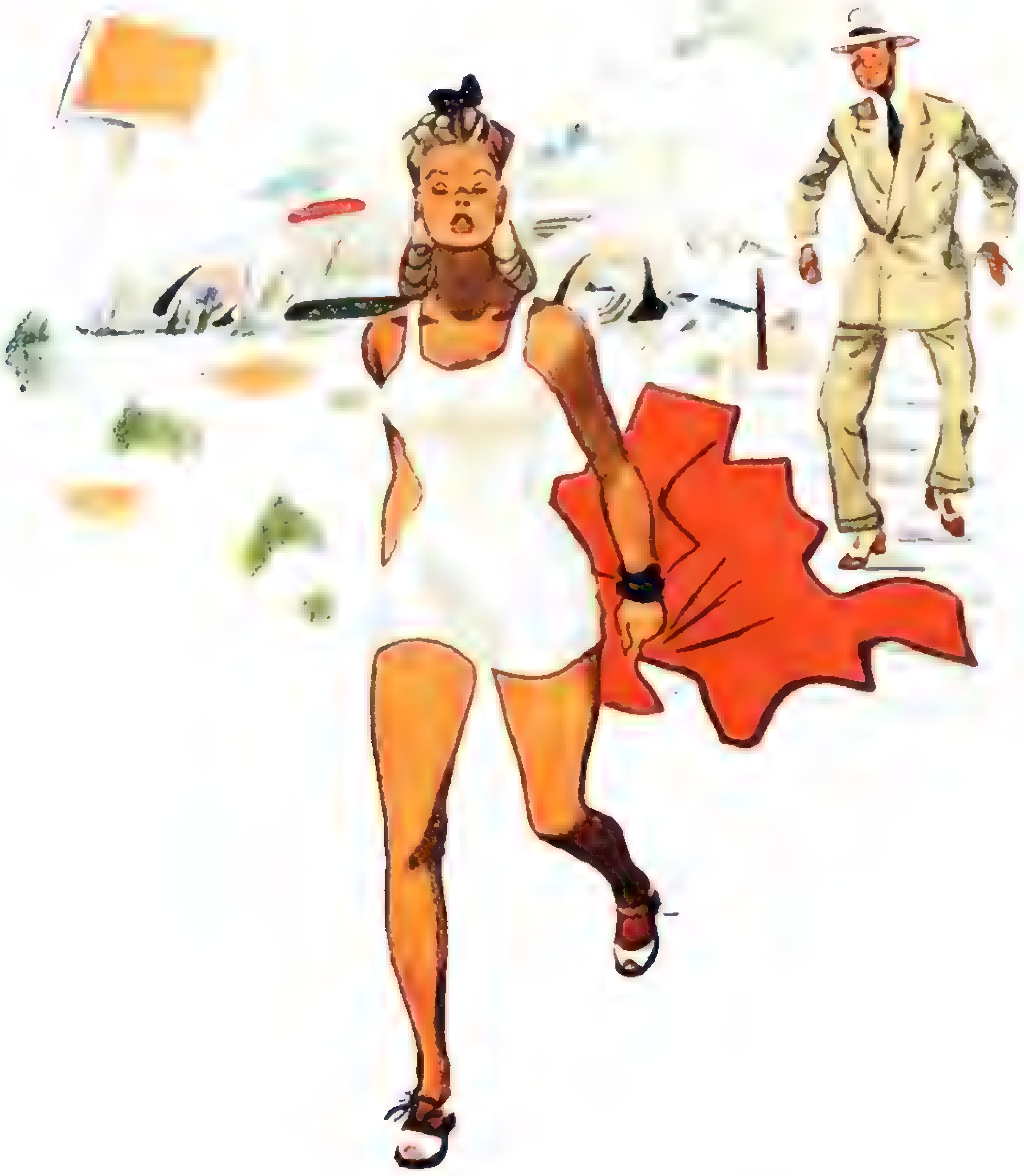
MOTHER AND CHILD

These paintings reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Associated American Artists' Galleries, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

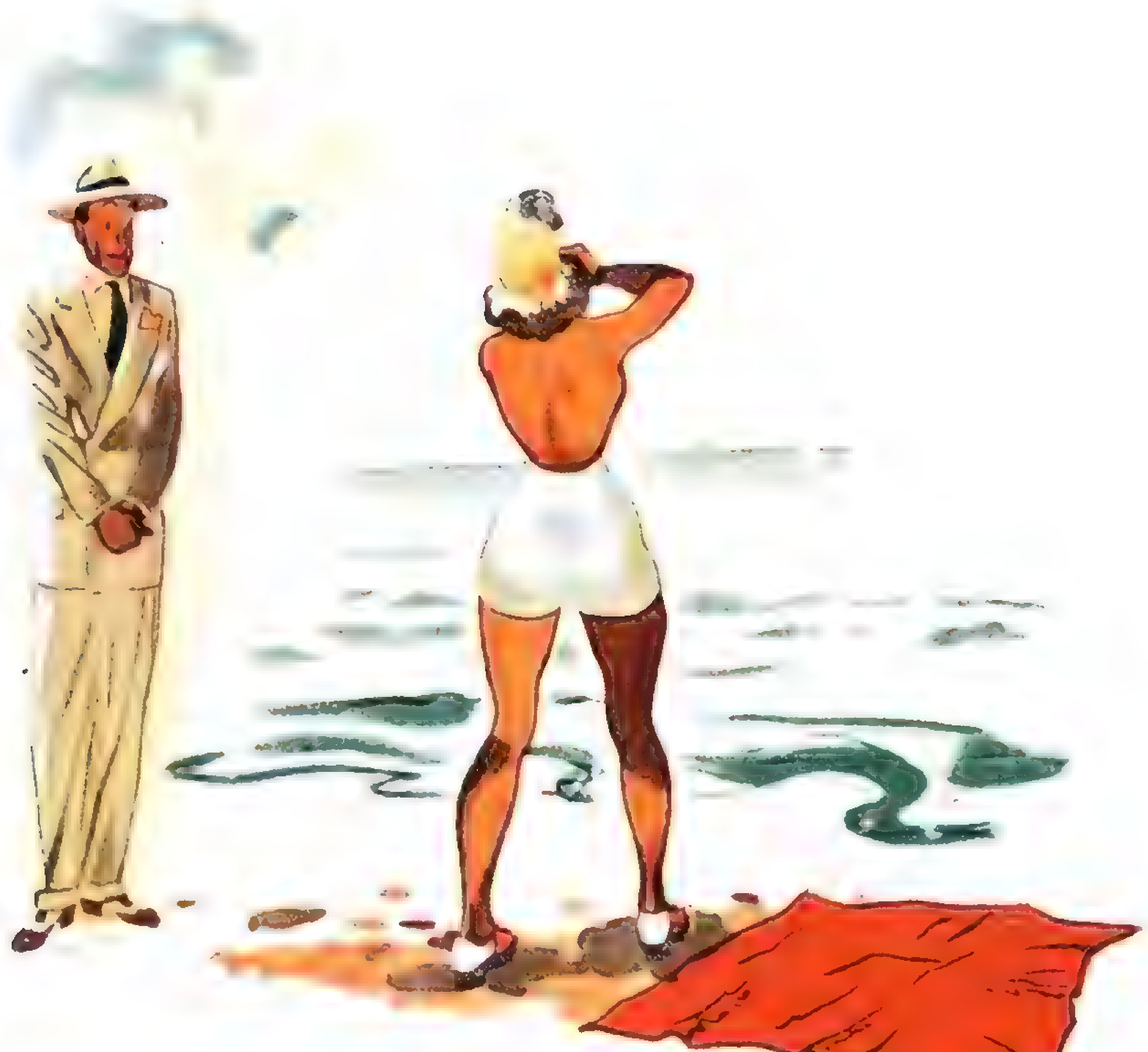
"Sandune" Symphony



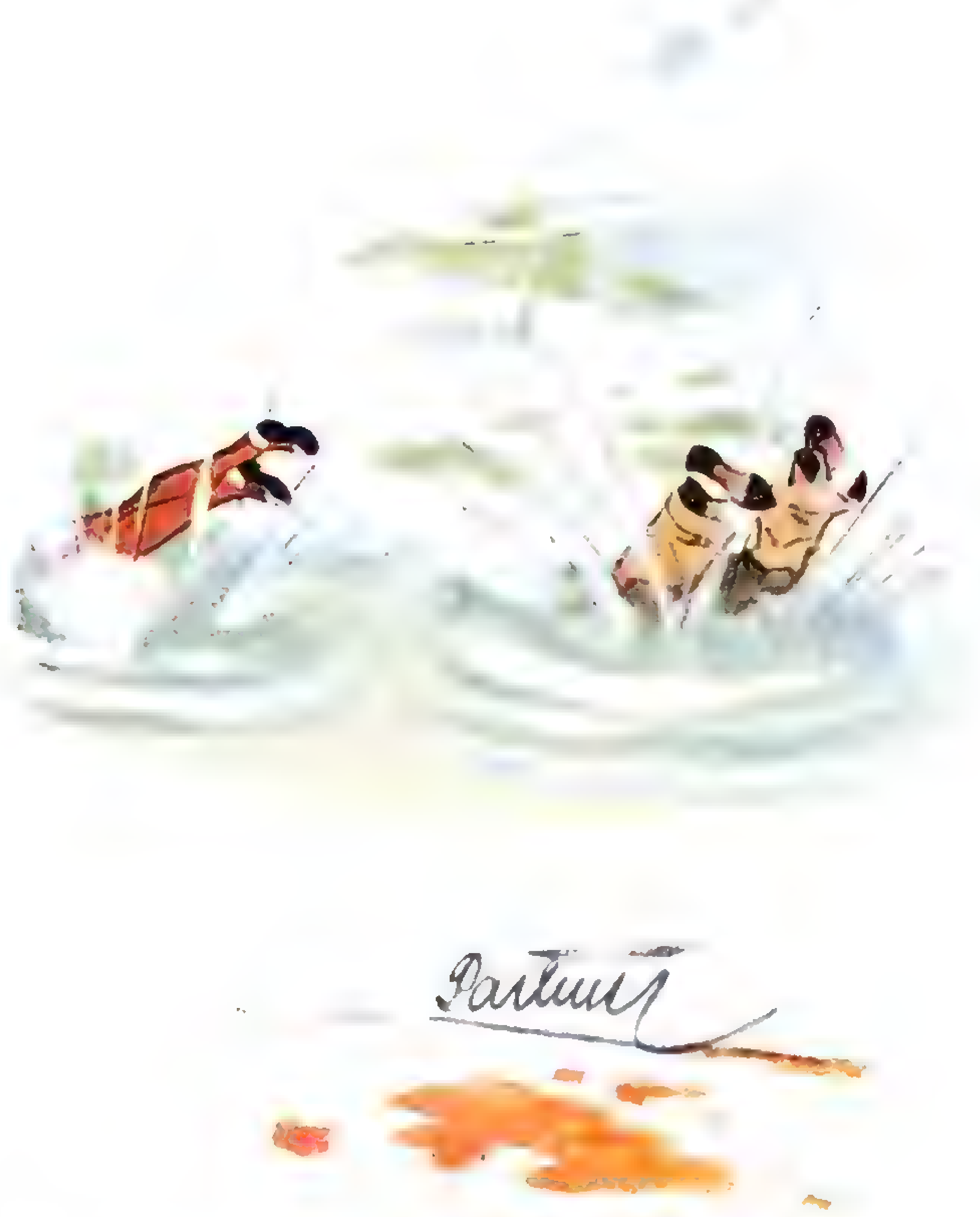
1—Tripping down the pathway comes a luscious bathing beauty
Followed by a glamour guy who's dazzled by the cutie . . .



2—And since the suit he's wearing is the latest "Sandune" shade,
He's sure the beach is just the place for him to make the grade;



3—She gazes at the water and he gazes at her form,
To tell the truth the temperature is getting rather warm!



4—And the ending to this story an ancient pun revives . . .
You shouldn't follow ladies who take you into "dives"!

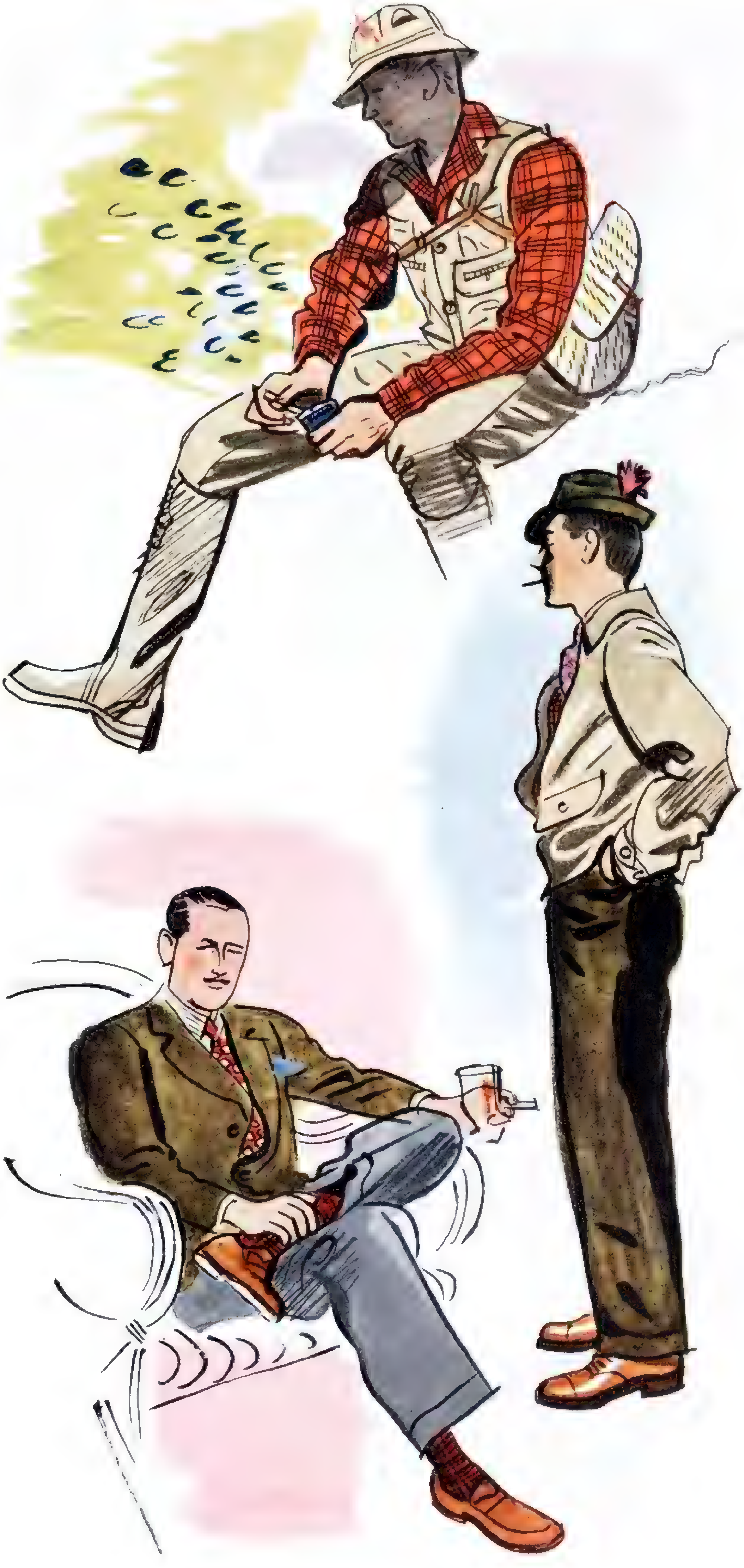
without rod and reel

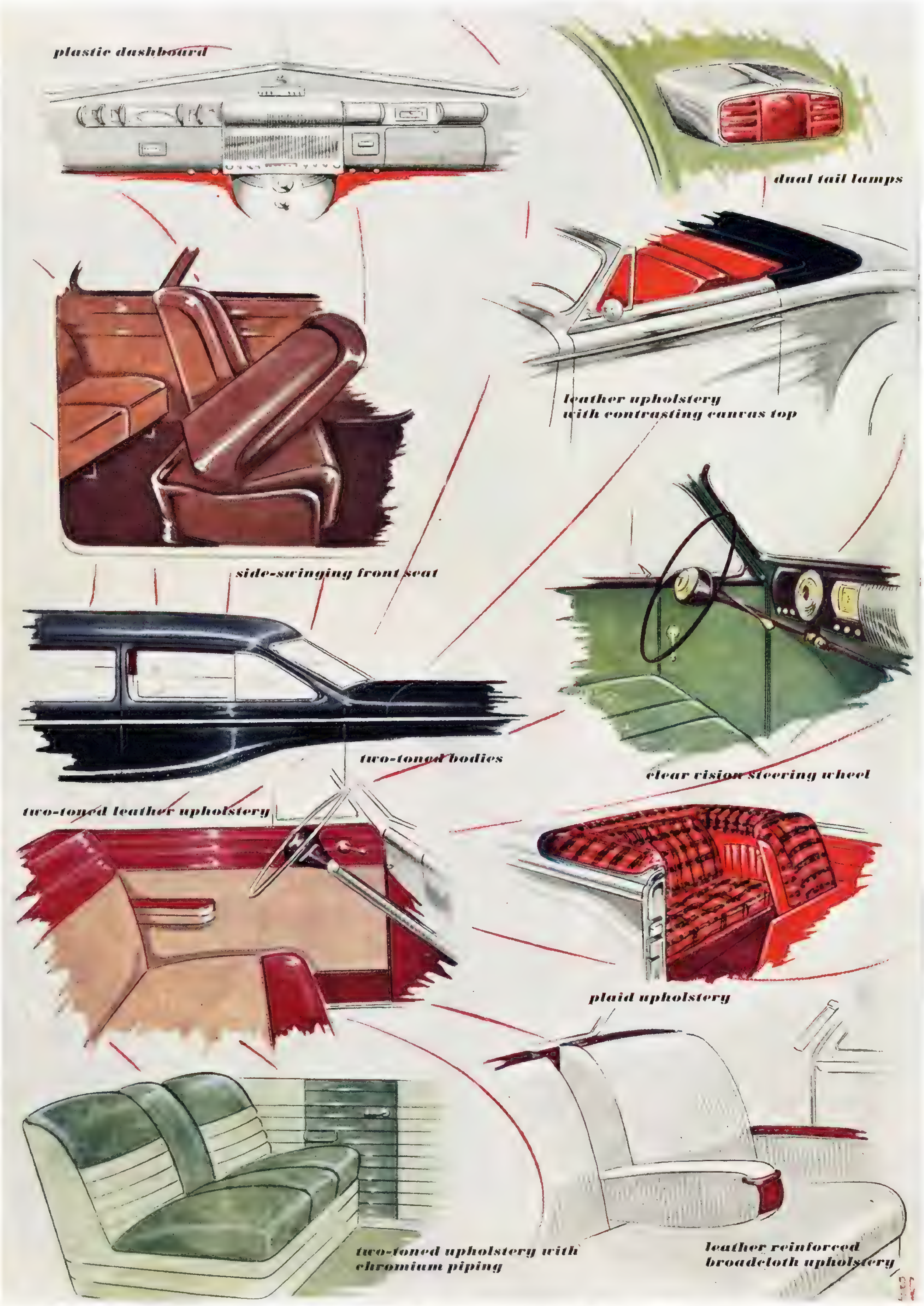
Somebody, probably a salesman of fishing equipment, once coined or cribbed the following aphorism: "Allah does not subtract from the allotted span of a man's life the time he spends in fishing." That being the case, the topmost of these gentlemen had better come more directly to grips with the finny creatures if he doesn't want to die young. The only trouble is that he seems to lack the proper equipment. It couldn't be—or could it?—that, after its recent embarrassment in getting its reels and rods all bumbled up, our art department is playing safe and sitting this one out.

The unarmed fly-caster is at least well uniformed. The tan cotton fishing hat has screened air vents at each side (the screen keeps out stray gnats and mosquitoes) and little canopies to shed the showers. The turned-down brim serves as a good sun shade, although probably not quite so efficient as the artist has indicated. The flannel shirt in a brilliant tartan has the same attraction for fishermen that a Royal Coachman has for a rainbow, or maybe your experience has been different. The sleeveless tan cotton vest is ultra practical, permitting freedom of action despite the fact that it is practically a walking storehouse. Two small patch pockets at the top hold cigarettes and other incidentals, while the two lower pockets are more capacious and have slide fastener closures. The back is virtually one big pocket, with a slide fastener down one side, that easily accommodates a lunch and other major impedimenta. The tan cotton breeches, worn inside the rubber boots, have knitted bands at the bottom that provide a snug fit over woolen socks.

Some men, although none of them has ever given a coherent reason for this, like to hike. The outfit on the standing figure is a good approximation of what to wear when setting out on this pointless mission, consisting of green Tyrolean hat, cotton twill jacket with removable flannel lining, khaki wool trousers, lightweight flannel shirt, tartan wool tie and sturdy blucher front hiking shoes. For lounging in the lodge or thereabouts, we nominate the Harris tweed jacket, oxford shirt, foulard tie, grey flannel slacks, plaid wool socks and leather moccasins that are as easy on the feet as they look.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)




plastic dashboard
dual tail lamps
leather upholstery
with contrasting canvas top
side-swinging front seat
two-toned bodies
clear vision steering wheel
two-toned leather upholstery
plaid upholstery
two-toned upholstery with
chromium piping
leather reinforced
broadcloth upholstery

FASHION DETAILS OF THE 1940 CARS, AS NOTED BY ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

If You're Buying an Auto

You can't miss, for moderate-priced cars are svelte enough for anybody and luxury models cost little to run

by ROBERT W. MARKS

■ MOTORS ■

This is a bonanza year for values in the U. S. automotive industry. Not since the Indians passed Manhattan Island over to the Dutch patroons for twenty-four dollars worth of baubles, has so much been offered for so little. The 1940 motor car offers you the closest thing to the luxury of floating as a disembodied spirit that has ever been offered outside of a seance or an execution—and all of this at prices so low you can virtually ignore them.

As a matter of fact, if figures keep falling (for value delivered) at the scale they have been falling over the past several years, asking the price will become an empty gesture—like tipping your hat to a rhododendron.

Ten years ago, a moderate-priced car was looked on as something little better than adequate hack transportation. "It takes you there and it brings you back" was the modest slogan one manufacturer once leaned on. If you wanted comfort, speed, power for hills, and durable engineering, you had to take a running jump into Mr. J. P. Morgan's lap. And then you found yourself saddled with a white elephant—or *vice versa;* and for fuel, upkeep, and minor repairs you had to call in the gold reserves of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Well, all of that, now, can be forgotten—along with the problems of the covered wagon, the Pony Express, and the trip around the Horn. Almost any moderate-priced American car today is *svelte* enough to satisfy the most jaundiced eye of nizam, bezam, prince, or rajah; it is a junior miracle in mechanical perfection and automatic thinking; it does everything but choose its own streets, debate with the traffic cops, and sink its own oil wells. And the 1940 cars in higher price brackets, adding to all of this a certain plus-plus in luxury, have reduced operating costs almost to the level of that of their middle-class brothers.

With fundamental problems solved, the aristocracy of the automotive family have been able to devote themselves to those finely-drawn subtleties that even the Administration's research committees have been unable to recognize as problems. They have fortified themselves, for example, against the fact that even through seventeen inner-spring mattresses, Mr. Hans Christian Andersen's Princess could detect the presence of a slightly-wrinkled pea.

What is most remarkable is that, in spite of the standardization and mutual interchange of engineering improvements in modern cars, individuality still stands out. Almost all cars today are good cars—yet marked distinctions in personality or design are to be found in each. These features, it is true, are not always so obvious to the unpracticed eye—but then neither are the differences between a Chateau Margaux '18 and a Chateauneuf du Pape '21. Both are red wines; and both come in bottles.

In other words, in this coming-of-age of the American car, distinctions have become subtle; and they sometimes hide their heads under a bushel. Take, for example, the matter of a fluid drive—to be had on the Chrysler and Oldsmobile. This is a radical innovation. It makes stalling a thing of the past. It makes jerking as obsolete as bundling. It makes it possible to drop the word "clutch" from your vocabulary—or reserve it, at best, for the cinema art of Bela Lugosi. You can even start your car in high—and stay there. Yet this mechanical subtlety is something shielded from the naked eye, a refinement hidden under modernistic, streamlined bodies. To appreciate it, you have to know about it; to see it, you need a can opener.

The overdrive is another case in point. This is a form of supplementary transmission gear, available on the Packard, Lincoln Zephyr, Studebaker, Nash, DeSoto, Hudson, and some models of Chrysler. Thrown into operation at speeds over twenty miles an hour, it steps up the gearing ratio between the engine and the driving wheels—making it possible to maintain speed, while slowing down the engine. On the open road, this invisible device saves up to about twenty-five per cent in fuel consumption.

The list of individual touches, both visible and invisible, reads like a catalog. It is obviously no more possible to cover all of these here than it is to describe the build and birthmarks of every Rockette in the Radio City Music Hall. Some of the more outstanding features, however, can be touched in passing:

Take the new Chrysler: here we have, among other things, a smart, new sports convertible called the "Highlander"—a model distinctively upholstered in Scotch plaid. With a little effort you can probably get yours bedecked in your own clan tartan.

If you take the trouble to stuff your pockets with good size washers, you can always have an exciting game of checkers on the rear seat—while a friend changes your tire.

Most of the cars in the Chrysler manufacturing group—which includes Plymouth and Dodge—carry a two-speed windshield wiper, making it possible to wipe your glass slowly or quickly, as the humor strikes you. These machines also feature a stentorian warning system on the dashboard dials: a red light pops up on the ammeter, thermometer, oil and fuel gauges when things are not all they should be. On the speedometer, this system is even more communicative: the lighting effects switch from green to orange when you climb above 30 m.p.h., and from orange to red when you go beyond 50. With this setup, the only alibi you can hand a speed cop is that you are color-blind—and this will auto-

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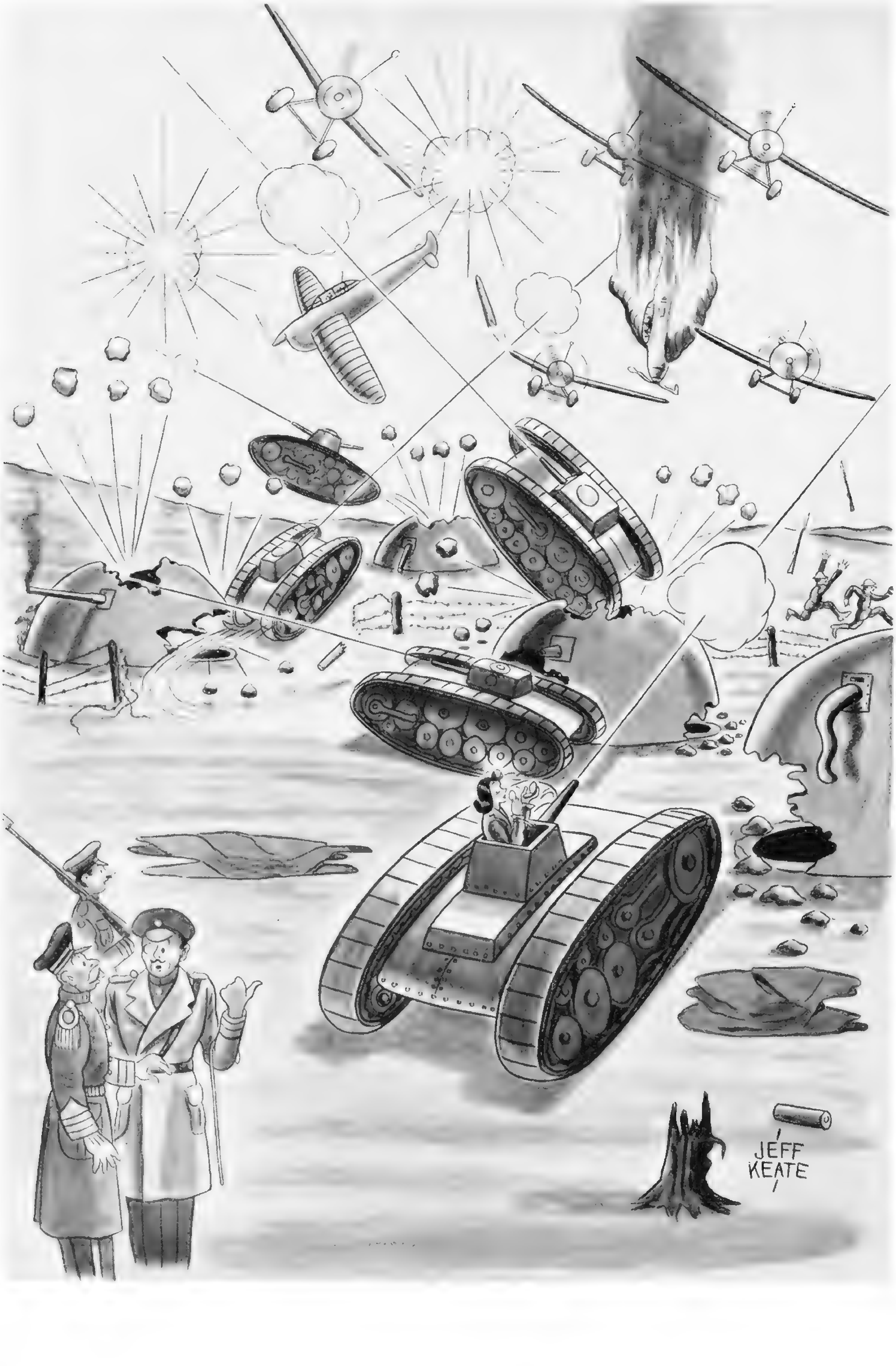
"That ties us, dear, one to one"



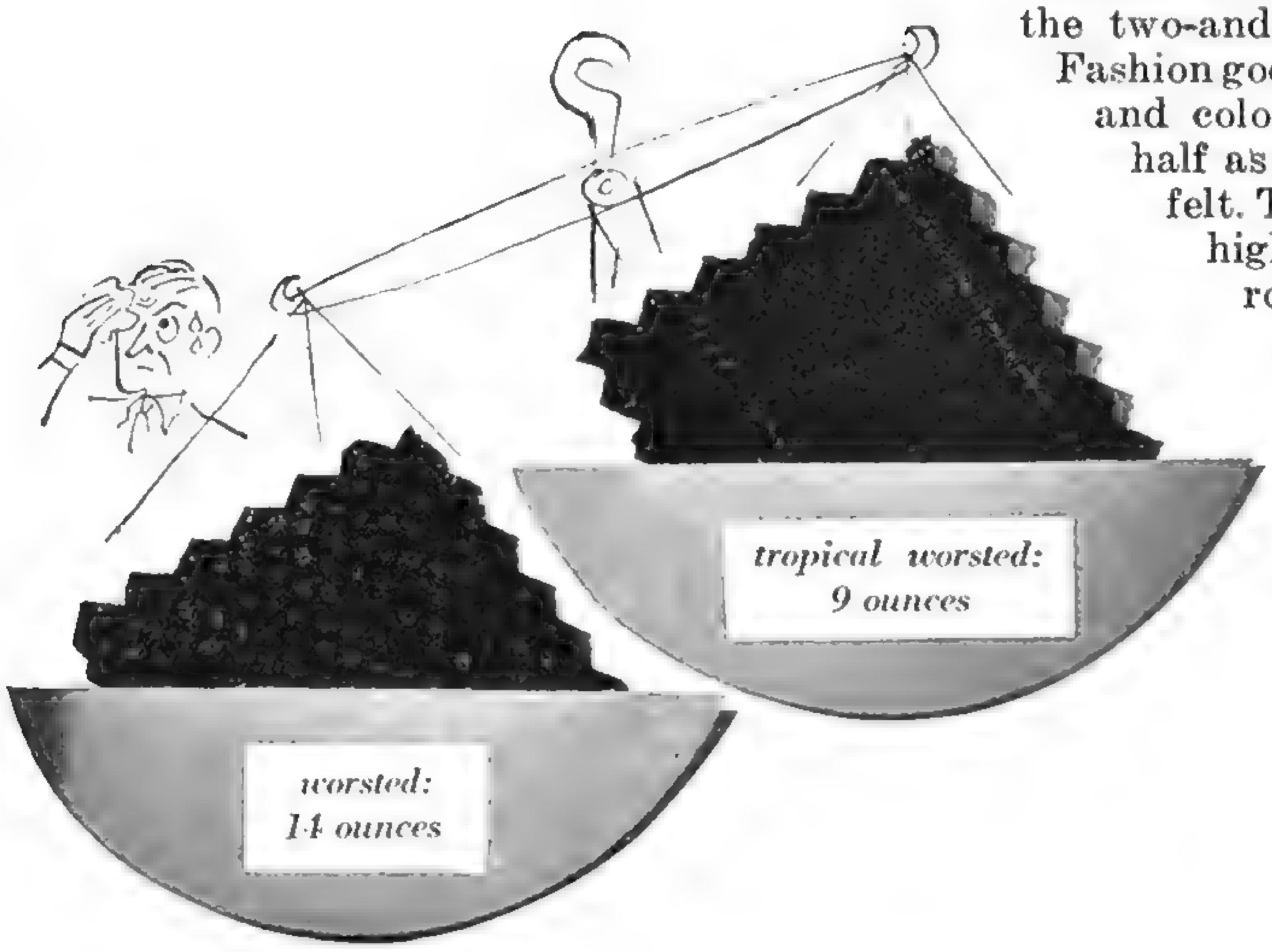
"We find that the use of women drivers brings most satisfactory results!"

Defeat the Heat

And be cucumber-cool in light-fabric suits, mesh-weave shirts, two-and-a-half-ounce hats, summer town shoes

by FASHION STAFF

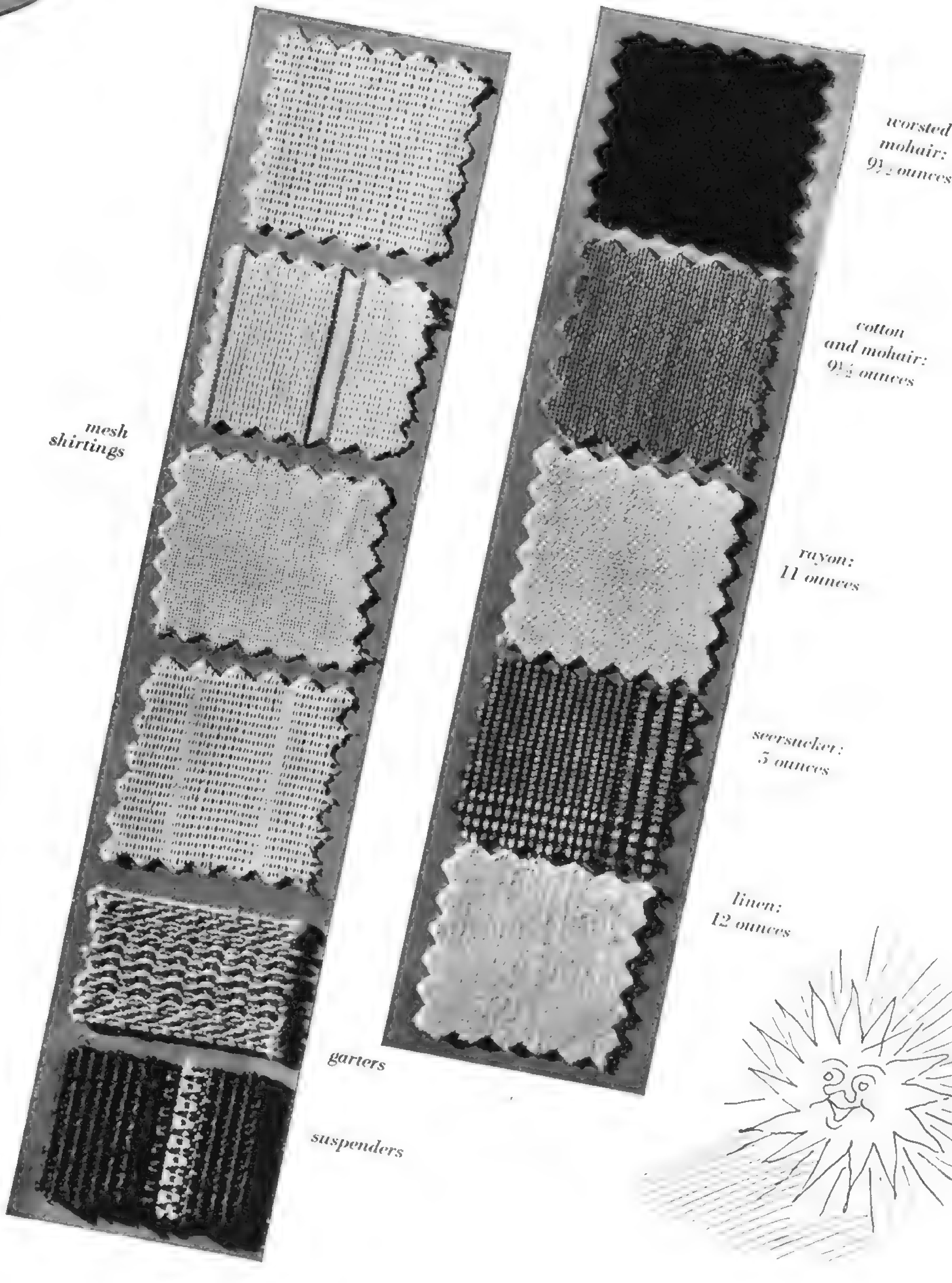
▪ WEARABLES ▪



When the mercury soars this summer, minimize the effects of sultry air and sweltering sun by dressing lighter. You no longer need to be penalized in appearance by the lessened weight of your hot-weather ensemble. Though summers are getting hotter, people are cooler, because they are putting on the right kind of clothes.

Dr. James A. Kimball, meteorologist in charge of the weather bureau station, New York City, states: "The period from 1930 to 1938 for New York has been the warmest on record. Last August the average was 76.8 against a 70-year mean of 72.7. June was 1.8 degrees higher, July about the same, September .8 degrees higher. Meteorologists agree that there has been a steady rise in temperatures throughout the country."

Great strides have been made in styling modern fabrics. The shiny black mohair suit with an "old-man's" jacket has vanished like horsehair covered sofas from the living room. Fabric designers have run the gamut of patterns and shades in lightweight suits. They've injected as much style in worsteds nine ounces to the yard as in fourteen-ounce fabrics used in your winter suits. Light, dark or in-between—stripes, plaids or solid colors; take your pick. Worsted-and-mohair fabrics are in the same weight range. Cotton-and-mohair blends, weighing nine-and-a-half ounces, come in wide variety of tones and designs. The type of linen used in suits runs twelve ounces to the yard. Rayons are mostly eleven, seersuckers only five. Tailoring of lightweight fabrics has undergone improvements. Stiff-looking jackets are out; soft constructions retain fashionable lines. Weight comparisons of suits lead to one conclusion. We put a two-piece heavy worsted suit on the scales which registered 59 ounces. A tropical worsted, also without waistcoat, tipped the beam at 36 ounces. That shaded pound and a half differential a day, for 120 days of the season, becomes 180 extra pounds which a man has to carry when he wears a heavy suit. Accessories carry out the trend toward lighter living. The newest triumph of hatmakers is the two-and-a-half ounce, soft-body straw. Fashion goes to your head in pork-pie shapes and colorful puggrees, weighing exactly half as much as your regulation winter felt. This logic has placed mesh weaves high among shirt fabrics. Their porosity seems to snare the breezes. Again no penalties are attached to comfort. White, solid colors and stripes in diaphanous fabrics are available. The same logic applies to underwear. Meshes subtract ounces from the shorts. And knitted mercerized cotton undershirts with a high rate of absorption are cooler than none. In the supporting cast of accessories, suspenders and garters have undergone the reducing process. Mesh elastic webbings are just as effective as heavier weight versions. Loss of weight in footwear is your gain. Summer town shoes weighing in at a mere 26 ounces are no such pedal impedimenta as your 44-ounce winter oxfords. Perforations in the uppers bring aeration right down to the ground. Get out of heavy clothes—swing to lighter living! ⌗



Human Punching Bags

Continued from page 60

Johnston's Bob Pastor was training for his last fight with Joe Louis, a steady stream of strange characters were led into the ring, two and three new ones a day.

"Why don't you pick out three or four of those you like and use them regularly each day?" Johnston was asked.

"After two or three rounds, these fighters are useless," Johnston explained. "You see, after a short while Pastor figures out the style of the average sparring partner, handles him too easily, and grows careless. However, if you keep feeding him new ones, with different builds and different styles and different punches, he has got to remain alert in there. Thus, he trains, not only his muscles and his wind, but also his mind and his nerves."

Usually, though, a sparmate is retained and used throughout the training sessions. To hold down the job, however, he must do a delicate job of straddling the fence. He dasn't make the champ look bad, yet, at the same time, he must keep the champ hustling. In one instance, he will displease the fighter; in the other, he will displease the trainer. For instance, when Schmeling was training for his title defense against Jack Sharkey, he complained about the battle tactics of crouching Natie Brown.

"But, Max," protested Trainer Max Machon, "he is strong and he is a good workhorse and he is good for you in the clinches. He will help strengthen you."

"Ya, ya," snorted Max, knowing that Brown made him look bad to the spectators who attended the workouts. "I know all that, but you get rid of him."

And, so, Brown was sent on his way that afternoon.

Years later, while conditioning himself for his first fight with Joe Louis, Schmeling looked clumsy and inept against several fumbling stumble-bums. The experts nodded wisely and said:

"The poor old guy hasn't got a chance. His best bet was always his right hand, and, look, he can't even throw it now!"

But Schmeling, cagy fellow that he is, deliberately looked bad. He spent each day maneuvering his sparmates into the line of fire from his deadly right hand and then, after he had drawn a bead on his target and cocked his gun, he would relax and step away because he didn't want to let the Louis camp know that he planned to attack Louis with right hand shots inside a left lead.

Brown is not, by any manner of means, the first sparring partner who incurred the displeasure of his employer; nor is Nicholson the first to try to bust the boss one on the beak. Phainting Phil Scott was, forever, having trouble with his employees. One time, while training for his match with Jack Sharkey in Miami, Phil was floored by Charley Hahn, a murderous-punching middleweight, and another time Phil tripped and fell while posing with Jack Renault, and the Canadian's manager rushed prints of the "knockdown" throughout the continent as proof of his man's ability.

Once when Tom Heeney, The Hard Rock from Down Under, was preparing to be barbecued by Tunney, a skinny kid from New Jersey came over to his camp to work out with him and stunned the small group of observers by crashing the challenger to the resin with a crushing right hand. The incident was hushed up and nothing much was heard about it. But the skinny young fellow was heard from later. He went on to win the world heavyweight championship. His name is James J. Braddock.

Braddock is one of three sparring partners who rose from the ranks and won titles. James J. Jeffries, the bull-necked Irishman, worked out with Jim Corbett when Gentleman Jim was training for his losing battle with Bob Fitzsimmons. Two years later Jeffries avenged Corbett's defeat by knocking out Ruby Robert. The third sparring partner who became a champion is Lou Ambers, who regained his lightweight crown from Henry Armstrong, and then lost it. Lou sparred with Tony Canzoneri and three years later, after failing once, he knocked the stuffings out of Tony to win the title.

Braddock never forgot those weary and hungry days he suffered as a sparring partner. No champion ever treated his sparmates better than did Braddock. They got twenty-five dollars a day, three meals, and a private room. Unlike most training camps, the sparring partners ate at the same table as The Champ. Once, because of an unusual number of visitors, there was no place for Braddock, who appeared a few minutes late for dinner. The waiter started to tell one of the sparmates to get up and make room for The Champ.

"No, don't do that—he hasn't finished eating yet," said Jim. "I can eat out here in the kitchen with you. I spent too many years worrying IF and WHEN and WHAT I was going to eat to start worrying now about WHERE I'm going to eat."

With this little character-study yarn in mind it is easy to understand why Braddock was so shocked when he went to Lou Nova's camp a year ago to help him train for his fight with Max Baer. Lou was training at a Yogi camp in Nyack, New York, operated by Dr. Pierre (Oom the Omnipotent) Bernard and making a studious attempt at being studious and far above the run-of-the-mine pug. For one thing, he didn't associate after-hours with his sparring partners, not even dining with them. He preferred the cultured company of Dr. Bernard and his charming missus. But upon Braddock's arrival, Nova felt constrained to invite Braddock to dine with the exclusive group. Now, Jim, having a possible comeback in mind and wanting to do a little heavy ringwork himself, had brought Charley Massera, one of his regular sparring partners, along with him and, quite naturally, he had Massera sit opposite him at the private table. That evening when supper was served, Braddock and Nova were dealt half a cow apiece, wallowing in its own juice. Massera was given a greasy mess of something that might be called goulash, only the Hungarians could sue for libel.

"Hey," yelled Jim to the waiter, "what's the matter? Bring my pal here a steak, too."

"I'm sorry," said the waiter, "but there aren't any more steaks. And, anyway, that's what the sparring partners always get."

"Izzatso?" said Braddock. "Well, listen, hereafter you bring one more steak to this table. And for tonight you take this one back to the kitchen, cut it in half, and bring each of us a half. Remember, he eats what I eat!"

That should have been enough lesson to Nova on how to treat his sparmates, but it wasn't. Poor feeding conditions continued at the camp until the boys finally rebelled and demanded steaks and chops instead of the goo-lash.

The mutiny at the mess occurred on a warm evening when the vivacious Mrs. Bernard persuaded Trainer Ray Arcel to let the lads have a picnic supper out on the lawn. Everyone sat at the same long table and, thus, for the first time, Nova's sparmates, Jorge Brescia and Jimmy Smith, could see that they were being a bit short-changed on the short-ribs. Sizzling steaks were placed before Nova and Braddock and Massera, while lumpy hamburgers were deposited before Brescia and Smith. Brescia drooled at the mouth as he eyed Nova's steak and then his hamburger. Resignedly and resentfully and reluctantly, he started to gore his hamburger with his fork when, suddenly, the gaucho came to life within the huge Argentinian and he decided to take the bull by the horns, or, at least, to take a passing waiter by the arm.

"Breeng me a steak," said Brescia, "a steak—joosta likea what Senor Nova he has."

The waiter shrugged and held out his palms deprecatingly. "No more steaks," he said.

Brescia snorted. "Well," said he, "breeng me another hamburger. Thees leetle one is for meedget. I am giant. I am beeg man. I have beeg stomach. I starve."

"Sorry," said the waiter, "but there's no more hamburgers, either."

Not having enough was too much for Brescia. "No steaks, no hamburgers, no notheeng—Maria!" Then, roughly, he grabbed the waiter's arm again. "Then, in God's name, get out of here, you, before I take a bite out of your arm. I am seeck and tired of every day here being Friday!"

Nova didn't think Brescia's beef—or lack of it, rather—was touching or funny.

"Imagine them complaining," he said later that evening as he and Braddock and Trainer Ray Arcel were taking a short walk. "What've they got to complain about? They don't deserve any better food."

"But, Lou," said Braddock, "it's a tough life they lead."

"Tough life!" jeered Nova. "Why, they don't know what a tough life is. I had to work my way up. They never had as tough a life as I've had. They never had to fight to eat. People don't understand what it is to have to fight to eat."

Braddock had the trace of a sad smile on his lips when he replied to the boy. "No, Lou," said The Cinderella Man who came off the relief roles to win the world heavyweight championship, "I guess you're right—people don't understand what it is to have to fight to eat."

The Champ turned on his heel then and walked away. He hasn't had much to say to Nova since then.

Jimmy Smith, co-mutineer with Brescia that day, seems to have ill-luck when it comes to drawing sparring partner assignments. Before going to the meatless Nova camp, Jimmy worked out for a month with Billy Conn, the flashy Irish kid from Pittsburgh who now holds the lightheavyweight championship. Conn, you undoubtedly know, is one of the classiest boxers to come swinging along the fistic pike in many a day, but he is sadly lacking any sort of a punch. Prepping him for his second battle with Freddie Apostoli, his handlers hoped to build up Conn as a damaging puncher by equipping

Next month's Esquire, the August number, will be a big special Outdoor Issue, with articles and fiction on outdoor subjects. On Sale July 15th.

him with fighting gloves instead of the customary pillowy training mittens. As a result, his sparmates would be cut and bruised about the face considerably during the boxing drills. Smith, for one, suffered more than half a dozen nicks about the eyes.

Tommy Farr's handlers went even further than this to try to build up the Welshman's punching prowess when he was getting set for his heavyweight title bout with Louis. Hearing that several members of the New York State Boxing Commission and a group of newspaper columnists, who were quite skeptical of Farr's right to be in the same ring with the champion, were coming to the camp to view Tommy, the boys decided to make a big impression on the visitors by having him flatten a couple of sparmates and thus send the distinguished gathering home with the idea that Tommy was a terrific belter. So, instead of using the usual medical gauze and adhesive tape on Tommy's hands, they wrapped his fists with tire tape and sent him out to bludgeon the unsuspecting punching bags to the floor. Either the sparmates' chins were rock-ribbed or Tommy's fists were feather-fingered, but, whatever the cause, the Welshman failed to score any knockdowns to the disgust and chagrin of his handlers.

Don't, however, make the mistake that so many ring experts do and place too much stock in the success of a sparmate against his boss.

After all, the champion or the contender has no great urge to do his best in the gym and the records show that many of the great fighters—such as Dempsey and Mickey Walker—were sloppy gym workers. Joe Louis, of late, has been showing poorly in training. He used to knock out and cripple three or four punching bags of an afternoon, but recently he has been going a week or two without a training camp knockout.

Joe was asked for an explanation at Northville where the aforementioned Nicholson was his only victim.

"Well," explained Joe, "it's cheaper this way. When you knock a fellow out he ain't no good no more that day and sometimes for the next coupla days, and yet you still got to feed 'em and bunk 'em and that's a waste of money and mattress and man power."

However, despite this new economic note sounded by Louis, the sparring partner's lot is still a helluva one. If one of the larruped lads would only stop to consider, he would find that it is much less strenuous being a blood donor in a hospital instead of in a gym, and he would find that he would get a better price for his blood. ⧻

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 86

young composer two and a half feet high, crushing the Pompadour with his, "Who is this woman that refuses to kiss me? The Queen kissed me!"; facsimile of the original manuscript of the first four bars of *La ci darem*, and such Mozartiana will be on every wall. Copious paraphrases of the English translations of his biography will carry the annotators through with credit. Because of his habit of perfecting his compositions in his mind before he wrote them down, we will be told that he wrote as effortlessly and spontaneously as a bird sings. His operas will be showered with empty compliments that could be transferred, word for word, without the least incongruity, to the works of Offenbach or Gounod. Few will take the time or make the effort to realize his greater works, to reveal to the uninitiated that here, for once, at least, is final perfection; and nobody, whatever his genius, will ever get further in this direction.

Those who will attempt Mozart had better begin now. He is simple, and simplicity is not to be achieved in a day. Mozart fans will be interested to know that Serge Koussevitzky will produce Mozart operas at the 1941 Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood.

* * *

I cannot claim to be one of Igor Stravinsky's devout disciples. His music to me is slightly arid, cerebral.

But for all that, I look with indignation on the tendency among the small-eared to regard him as fair game for criticism which means, if it means anything, that a composer has no right to live in our midst and be himself.

I haven't the clipping at hand, but in substance the following were the remarks of Ernest Newman, our language's most renowned music critic, after *Persephone*. In his preface Mr. Stravinsky stated he was at last on the right track, having done away with all the futilities and sonorities of orchestral *brio:*

"I certainly know my place when I am shown it," commented Mr. Newman. "There is nothing left for me to do but cross the t's and dot the i's of Mr. Stravinsky, and perhaps say what he, in his modesty, would not permit himself. Mr. Stravinsky has not only done very well without the futilities and sonorities of orchestral *brio*, he has done also without length, breadth or distinction of an idea. He has gone so far in his musical penury that neither Bach, Beethoven nor Brahms can compete with him, and, in fact, I am afraid that he himself will have none left over for his composition. However, I should not be too sure of this; for, judging from past experience, next spring we shall again find ourselves Mr. Stravinsky's guests in the Queen's Hall while he proves that after one musical void there can still be another."

Of course, Mr. Stravinsky has been able to turn such attacks into advertisements and thus gain some notoriety from them. He is still tagged "Revolutionary" by people who have yet to understand *Sacré du Printemps*.

That his music rouses continuous antipathy demonstrates its vitality. It may not be your approach to life, but it is worth your attention. And so are Mr. Stravinsky's remarks at Harvard. (The full translations will shortly be published by the University Press.)

"My works have raised reactions that exceeded their purpose. In fact, they offended music as such and proved how a wrong judgment may be dangerous. Thus, people have considered me as a 'Revolutionary,' in spite of myself. But there is no such thing as a 'revolutionary art.' Revolution means a temporary chaos. And Art is the opposite of chaos. . . .

"Revolution is one thing. Newness is another. Newness is not always recognized as such by contemporaries. . . .

"It is futile to turn to history in order to understand the phenomenon of music. We do not need to know its origins; this would be to try to seize the unseizable. In such matters a living illusion is better than a dead reality. . . .

"People believe too willingly that the creative imagination is set in motion in its origin by an emotional impulse known under the name of inspiration. Now inspiration is not the primal condition of creative art, but chronologically a secondary manifestation. Emotion is but a reaction of the creator in his *attempt* to seize the unknown which until now is only the object of his creation . . .

"Art always presumes the process of choosing. The technique of choosing consists first in knowing what to discard: I know better what I want than what I do not want."

* * *

"Modern man is losing the knowledge of values and the sense of relations . . . The term 'modern,' used only to flatter the snob, has no longer any meaning.

"The great masters project the radiance of their art far beyond the present. In this way they constitute foci by means of which the historic field of art is illuminated from time to time and the continuity of culture is insured.

"Why do I object so much to the Wagnerian Gesammt Kunstwerk? Its lack of tradition, its self-conceit. The terrible blow that it brought to music and the lowering of taste which it created by making a compound of symbols out of drama and an object of philosophical speculation out of music itself. . . .

"Whereas Verdi, the champion of order, is abandoned to the organ grinders, we see Wagner, a revolutionary, with all the disorder of his improvisations, exalted in triumph.

"What is expected from criticism is that it should judge the work that has been done, and not that it should find fault with the legitimacy of the origins or intentions of that work. The public in its spontaneity is more honest than the professional critics."

* * *

An old yarn is making the rounds again. Mischa Elman and Jascha Heifetz were lunching together. The waiter handed Mr. Heifetz a letter addressed simply: "To the World's Greatest Violinist."

"This must be for you, Mischa," Heifetz said, passing the letter.

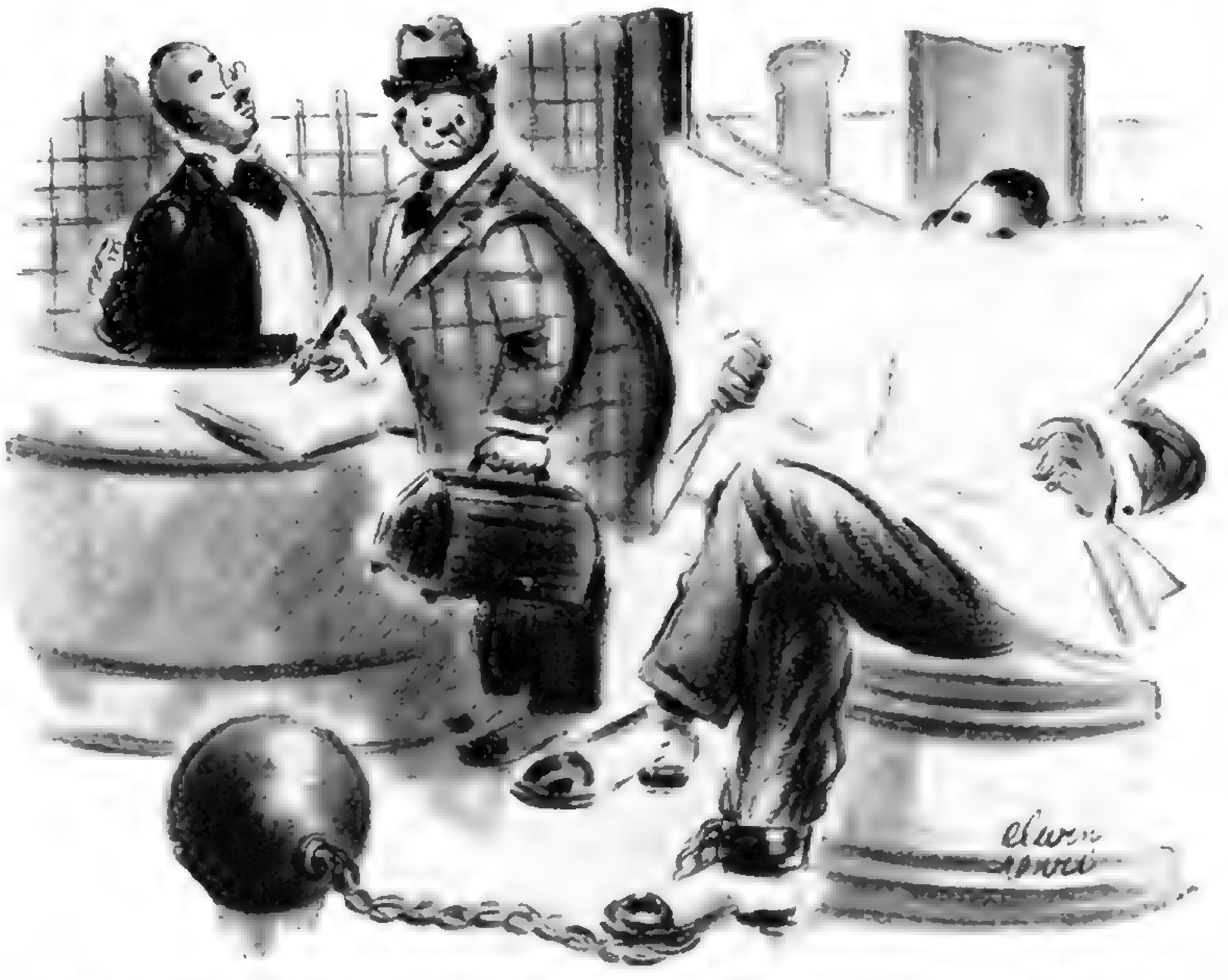
Elman, looking at the address, shook his head, "No, it's yours, Jascha."

Whereupon they decided to have the waiter read it. He opened it, and began: "Dear Fritz: . . ."

* * *

A new yarn concerns Fabien Sevitzky's wire from New York to his wife in Indianapolis; "Don't forget to bring pints of rum."

Knowing his accent, she promptly packed Respighi's *Pines of Rome*. ⧻



"That's Mr. Babcock, a guest of ours. He owes four weeks rent"

A Fortune in the Attic

Continued from page 49

passed; Queen Victoria died; and then a new generation took possession of the old home. One day, when the children were playing hide-and-seek, they ran up to the attic and hid behind an old trunk. Out of childish curiosity, they pried up the dusty lid, and—laid bare a veritable gold mine! There were thousands and thousands of the most beautiful old classic stamps ever printed, all in perfect mint condition, and as bright and fresh as a basket of newly picked strawberries. The children took what they wanted for their own collections, and the balance was sold at auction. The stamps realized more than $50,000; but, had they been sold today, they would have brought ten times fifty thousand.

No one knows why the one-cent British Guiana should be worth $50,000, but a good guess would be that part of its value—like the value of a movie star—is due to the wonderful publicity build-up it has had. Arthur Hind, who bought it at the Ferrari sale, used to say that no one paid any attention to him until he bought the Guiana, but that afterwards, he was a marked man wherever he went.

The stamp was printed by the postmaster of Georgetown, British Guiana, in 1856, to fill an emergency. He had run short, and a fresh supply from England was not expected for at least a month. The stamp was printed in the office of the *Official Gazette*, from ordinary printer's type, with an ornament of a ship, removed from the head of a column devoted to shipping news, as the "*pièce de résistance*."

Quite a lot of these stamps must have been used, and why they should all have disappeared is a mystery; but disappear they did.

In 1872, in Demerara, a little boy named Vernon Vaughan went to his grandmother, and asked her if she had any stamps. Rummaging through the secretaire, the old lady found a bundle of letters, one bearing the stamp that had been issued during the emergency of 1856. It was magenta-colored, and not very attractive looking, but the boy put it in his album.

A few days later he decided he would like to have some of the bright new stamps that the dealers in England were sending out on approval sheets. Not having any money he removed the one-cent magenta from his album and took it to a Mr. McKinnon to see if he would buy it. McKinnon wasn't terribly impressed with the stamp but, noticing the boy's eagerness, gave him six shillings for it. He then sent the stamp to a dealer in England, who turned it over to Thomas Ridpath, of Liverpool, and Ridpath sold it to Count Philippe von Ferrari, for an unknown sum.

On his death Ferrari left his collection to the Berlin museum, but the French Government confiscated it, and sold the stamps at auction, realizing, with the tax, about $7,000,000. To get the one-cent Guiana Arthur Hind had to bid against King George, which he did with a right good will. He said he was determined to get the stamp if he had to bid up to two million francs.

By a peculiar coincidence another great rarity was discovered in Demerara. On Easter Sunday, in 1900, the Rector of Christ Church, Canon F. P. Luigi Josa, made an earnest plea for financial assistance. He informed his congregation, most of whom were very poor, that the church was overdrawn at the bank one hundred pounds, that the mortgage of one hundred and seventy-five pounds was due, and that there were numerous other debts that had to be met. Under the circumstances, he pleaded for a generous Easter offering.

Well, the offering amounted to seventy-five pounds, which wasn't bad, and wasn't good. In the collection plate, however, was placed an envelope, containing two stamps and a note. The note explained that the donor, a colored lady named Miss Preston, did not have any money, but that she was giving two stamps that she had found. These stamps Canon Josa sold for six pounds.

The next day he went, with his church warden, to call on the old lady, to thank her for her offering, and tried to persuade her to accept a portion of the money he had received from the stamps' sale. But the old lady wouldn't hear of it. "Not a penny, sir!" she exclaimed. "Not a penny! Those stamps were reserved for my dear old church."

Next in Manuel Komroff's series of stories *In the Years of Our Lord*, begun in this issue with *Flight Into Egypt*, will be *The Death of Herod*

"Do you happen to have any more old stamps?" the churchwarden asked.

Miss Preston said she didn't think so. But another old colored lady who lived with her, a Miss Rose, said she would take a look in her sewing basket. From the bottom of the basket she pulled out a bundle of receipted bills, and out of this bundle tumbled a letter, addressed to Miss Rose, Blankenburg Plantation, Demerara. On the envelope were two stamps, an un-severed pair of the circular two-cent British Guiana of 1851.

The Rector, who knew his stamps, gasped.

"Those stamps," he told her, "are extremely valuable, and you may not want to part with them."

"Oh, yes, I do," cried the old lady, literally dancing with joy. "I will give them to my church, Praise God! At last I can give something really worth while to my beloved church."

So the poor old colored lady, who could have lived in luxury for the rest of her days, paid off the mortgage on the church, and, when the envelope came up for sale at the Ferrari auction, it brought $26,250.

I know what you're saying. All that happened a long time ago, in far-off Demerara. So what!

So we'll change the locale to Washington, D. C., in the comparatively modern year of 1918. The Government had printed some airmail stamps, which at that time were pretty much of a novelty. There was a line-up at the stamp window, and everyone was impatient, as they always are at stamp windows. The man in the front had purchased a sheet of the 24-cent airmails, and had left the window when, to everyone's disgust, he crowded back into the line, waving his sheet of stamps angrily.

"Here," he said to the clerk. "These stamps are no damn good. They are all upside down. Give me another sheet."

The man next in line was a philatelist. He held his breath, and with beating heart, waited his turn.

"Do you mind giving me the sheet that fellow just returned?" he said to the clerk. "I'd like those upside down stamps."

He paid out $24.00 for the hundred stamps, and dashed down to a dealer. The first offer was $15,000, which he accepted. "For," he commented sagely, "as the Arabs used to say down in Miami, during the land boom, you can't go wrong taking a profit."

The dealer also decided on a quick profit. He sold the sheet that same day to Col. E. H. R. Green, son of the late "Hetty Green," for $20,000. The colonel took out all the corner blocks, and several good singles for his own collection. The rest he returned to the dealer to sell for him. You can buy one today, if you're lucky, for $4,500. The full sheet would be worth $450,000!

It is probably bad psychology that the Republicans should always try to build up their presidential candidates as piscatorial experts instead of ardent philatelists. There are said to be ten million stamp collectors in the United States, and ten million philatelists can't be wrong—at least, not all the time. This was proved at the last election, and also the one before that, unless memory fails me. If the Republicans are wise, they will forget the fishing rods in 1940 and take a crack at pictures showing their candidates playing with a stamp album.

When F. D. R. makes a technical error, like stuffing the supreme Court, his press department releases a picture of the President playing with his stamps. Instantly an indignant populace forgets the issue at hand, and exclaims, "Oh! he collects stamps! Isn't that nice and homey?"

The next Gallup poll reveals that the President's popularity has gone up twenty per cent, to the utter consternation and dismay of the Republican Party.

England is even more emphatic on this point. The King must be a philatelist, or out he goes on his ear. King George V was an enthusiastic collector, and the people swore by him. Edward, however, couldn't see much sense in stamps, and his subjects couldn't see much sense in him. The first thing King George did when he ascended the throne, was to dig out the old stamp album, and go to work. The people heaved a universal sigh of relief, and went back to business. The country was in safe hands once more.

Then the Royal Philatelic Society announced with great pride that, for the first time in history, a reigning monarch would be patron of a stamp show—the Centennial exhibition, which had been scheduled for London, May 6 to 11. This exhibition was to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the first postage stamp, the Penny-Black, and King George was to have opened the show, but the Germans stopped this obvious propaganda racket by threatening to bomb the Royal Philatelic Society out of their royal skins if they attempted it. Thus the public was deprived of seeing the King's 2d "Post Office" Mauritius, the finest copy ever found.

Now this particular tuppenny Mauritius is always spoken of by philatelists with bated breath. Its history exemplifies once again the undisputable fact that—a fortune lies unknown today in many a musty attic.

In 1847, the same year in which the United States issued its first two stamps, a new Governor was appointed to the Island of Mauritius. The Governor's wife, who had just come out from England, wanted to do something nice for the Inaugural Ball, and persuaded the Governor to have some stamps engraved so that she could use them on invitations she intended to send out.

The Governor thought it would be a splendid idea. He found in St. Louis an engraver, Jean Barnard, and commissioned him to prepare a plate for two stamps, using a profile of the Queen's head for the center.

"Around the sides of the first

stamp," the Governor told Barnard, "you will engrave the words, 'Post Paid, Mauritius, one penny.' On the second stamp you will engrave the words, 'Post Paid, Mauritius, Two Pence.' Is that clear?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," replied Barnard.

"And I must have them in time for the Inaugural Ball," the Governor added. "By that time the new post office will also be ready."

Barnard went home, very pleased at having secured the commission, and started the engraving. When he had completed the heads, and was ready to start the inscriptions, he hesitated. The Governor had written the instructions on a piece of paper, but the paper had become smudged and hard to read.

What were those words the Governor had written? "Post"—and then another strange word Barnard could not decipher.

Barnard finally decided that the only thing to do was to go and see the Governor, and the Governor would probably be exceedingly cross. He started down the street, repeating "Post—Post—"

He had gone a short distance when he came to a little frame building. A painter was completing a sign above the door, and Barnard stopped to look. The sign finished, the painter climbed down from his ladder. Barnard read:

POST OFFICE, PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS.

"Ah! That was it! POST OFFICE!"

Barnard dashed back home.

The stamps were finished, printed, and delivered just in time for the mailing of the invitations. But when the Governor read the inscription—"Post Office"—he was furious. That dumb engraver had got the blasted thing all wrong. It was too late, however, to do anything about it. The stamps were used for the invitations, and a new plate engraved for the general public.

This was the first philatelic error—an error now worth $20,000 for the penny, and $17,000 for the two pence—and gives this story.

Well, someone sent one of the twopenny stamps to a boy in England, and he put it in his album without thinking very much about it. He went away to school, and the album was left in the attic.

Then one day, in 1903, when the boy was grown up and married, a visitor came to the house for dinner. He mentioned his interest in stamps, and this conversation reminded his host of the old album. After dinner, a search was made of the attic and the album discovered. Turning over the leaves the visitor was amazed when he came across the most beautiful specimen of the 2d "Post Office" he'd ever seen. It was in perfect condition, with exceptionally wide margins. He advised his friend to sell the stamp at auction, and it was purchased by King George V for $7,250. Today that stamp would be a super-colossal bargain at $20,000.

Yes. Philately has come a long way since Rowland Hill prevailed on an unwilling government to try out his Penny Black. His idea, as time has proved, was so intrinsically right that, though a hundred years have passed, no one has ever been able to improve on it. The latest stamps issued by Great Britain do not differ materially from the original Penny Black.

This year, with philatelists the world over celebrating the centenary of that first postage stamp, they have looked for means to honor the memory of Sir Rowland Hill. Could they do better than to honor the father of the penny post with a stamp bearing his portrait? All kinds of men and animals have had their pictures on postage stamps—even Charles Connell. But Sir Rowland Hill has never appeared on a stamp. True, he was knighted by Queen Victoria, and lies buried with England's immortals in Westminster Abbey. But nothing would have pleased this simple man more than to be remembered by the one thing he fought so valiantly to attain—a postage stamp. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 91

if—indeed, particularly if—it be of the most delicate lace fabric, is hardly conducive to a moonlit audience reaction.

b. Don't, when sitting down, so cross your legs that the one is pressed so hard against the other that its calf takes on the spread aspect of a mutton chop afflicted with elephantiasis.

c. Don't use belladonna in the eyes. They will so over-glisten in the earlier scenes that when the big romantic emotional moments come, their artificially induced ecstasy will not only seem relatively dead but will give the impression of an express train that left the day before.

d. Don't let your director make you arbitrarily move about the stage too much by way of giving the play a semblance of increased movement and action. The most effective romantic actresses have always, without exception, been those who have been on the more sedentary side. Nothing is less suggestive of a romantic woman than one whose vitality is overemphasized. Poets don't chase the Babe Didriksons of the world.

e. Don't list yourself among those numerous actresses who meditatively feel their faces with fingers or palms. The effect is less charming abstraction than of exploring for pimples or other facial blemishes.

f. Don't display your rear to the audience any more than is absolutely necessary. A rear, however impressive otherwise and be it soever handsomely embellished by a couturier, is seldom associated in the fancy with cloud-born romance.

g. Don't, when you come to the love scenes, suddenly convert your voice from its previous normal and easy tone into a violoncello. Every man in the audience will think you are playing your lover-hero for a sucker.

h. Don't, save for purposes of comedy, shyly drop your eyes at any time. The last romantic heroines who could do that and get away with it romantically were Jane Austen's Bennet girls.

i. Don't, if called upon to appear in a riding habit, God forbid, come into the drawing room, as you customarily do, carrying your riding crop. You look like a damn fool. Leave it out in the hall. The hero doesn't come into the drawing room carrying his walking stick, umbrella, or golf clubs. And don't think that simply because you are in riding togs you have to be what is called breezy. You will seem an even bigger damn fool. After a good, hard ride you are a bit tired, or should be. If you are not, you may be a meritorious athlete but you are something of a romantic bore. And remember, as actresses seldom do, that after the good, hard ride your togs don't look as if they had just been delivered by Abercrombie and Fitch. Nothing is less romantically stimulating than a girl who always looks scrupulously neat at the wrong time, whatever it is.

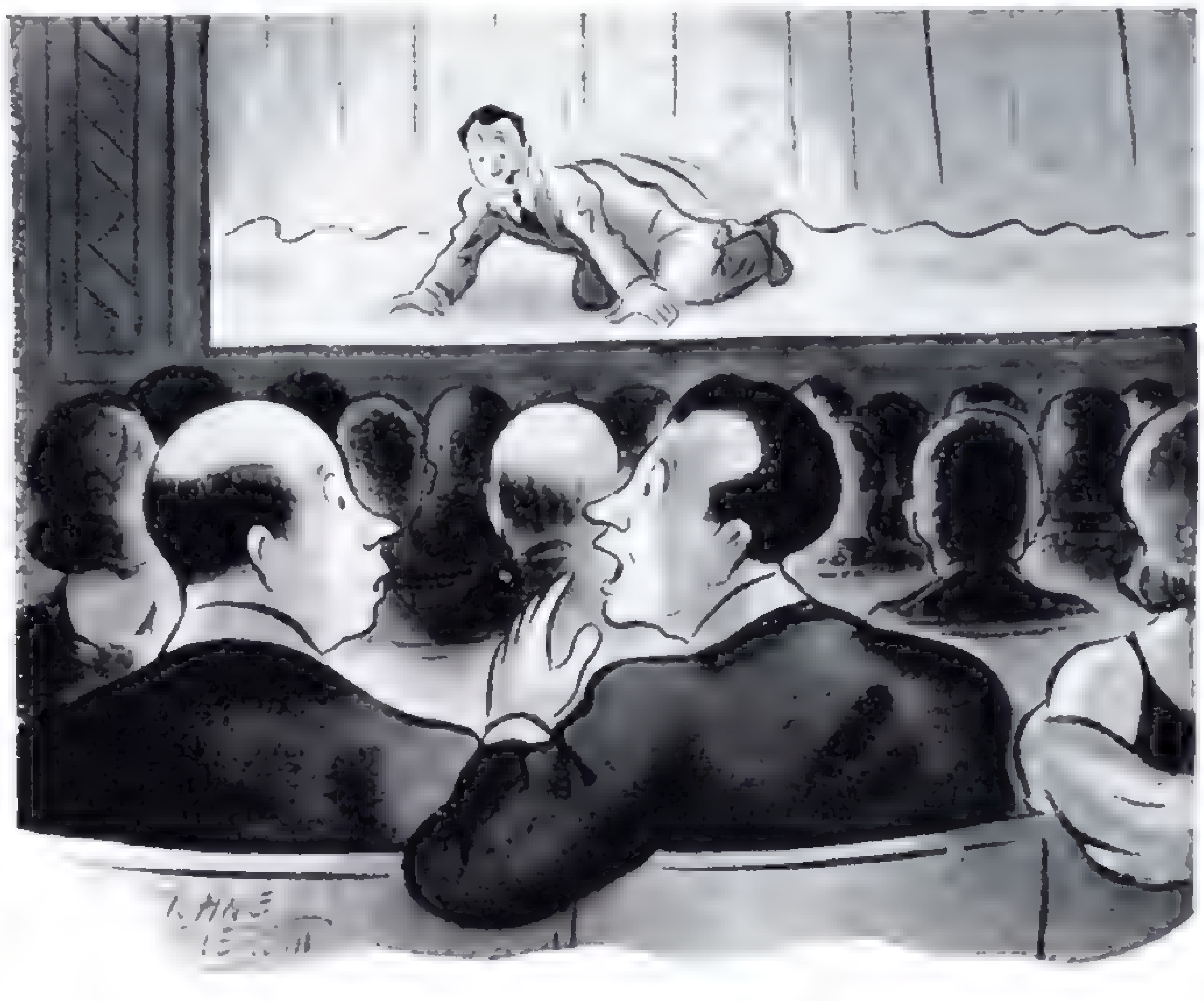
j. If you are thirty-five or over, however relatively young you may still miraculously look, don't let them cast you in young women's roles. You can't successfully fool anybody. You may be critically admired for your acting gifts but you will remain romantically unconvincing and unpersuading. There is something about youth that age, save here and there in the austerity of the classic drama, can never catch and project.

k. Don't, in a costume role, through your modern unfamiliarity with costume, make an audience disturbingly conscious of it, particularly in the matter of adjusting the voluminous skirt, walking up and down stairs, and sitting. There probably aren't more than two actresses in the American theatre who can wear romantic old costumes and not seem absurdly awkward in them. This was attested to not so many years ago at a gala benefit show held at the Metropolitan Opera House. There was offered a spectacular costume number in which figured a dozen or more celebrated American dramatic actresses along with the motion picture actress, Marion Davies. Of them all, the only one who was properly pictorial and who didn't seem a gawk was this Miss Davies. Why and how? Three days before the show she got a carpenter to build her a duplicate of the flight of steps to be used in the number and, in costume, practiced for hours walking up and down them. The result was that while all the other actresses looked like suburban housewives, slightly in their cups, trying to crash the gate at a Beaux Arts ball, Miss Davies alone managed the proper costume mood. What our costume dramatic stage needs, apparently, is a lot of carpenters hired on the side some days before the curtain goes up.

l. Don't, after a passionate romantic love story, take your final curtain bows as if the evening's work had completely played you out. Your audience will take out of the theatre a very peculiar impression of the heroine you have created and, in view of your great exhaustion, a considerable humorous concern for the future amorous romantic contentment of the hero.

m. Don't permit your management to list in the program the conventional credits for articles of your wearing apparel and accessories. The picture of a romantic heroine and a whole lot of stocking and garter manufacturers, brassiere shops, shoe salesmen, corset and girdle entrepreneurs, beauty cream factories, and dress-shield merchants doesn't any too well jibe. No man is interested in being told where the Princess Fla-

Continued on page 110



"He never stops taking bows till the curtain is all the way down!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 91-109

via gets her hose or her panties.

n. Don't give interviews to the press. I have in the last ten years read only one on the part of an actress of romantic roles that had any sense in it—it was Katharine Cornell's—and even an interview with good, hard, cold, realistic sense in it, as Miss Cornell in the same interview herself intelligently allowed, is the last thing in the world to add to the popular luster of a romantic actress.

V

We are always hearing from certain reviewers that the trouble with the theatre is that the producers think chiefly in terms of the box office. This, I have the critically traitorous honor to state, is largely the bunk. The trouble with the theatre, from the viewpoint of its reputable standing, is that in proportion to their smaller number almost as many reviewers think mainly in terms of the box office as producers.

To say that such producers as the Playwrights Company, Harold Clurman of the Group Theatre, Eddie Dowling, Herman Shumlin, Laurence Rivers, Maurice Evans, Norman Bel Geddes, the newcomer Edward Choate, Delos Chappell, Cheryl Crawford, Robinson Smith, Arthur Hopkins, the Lunts, Victor Payne-Jennings, Martin Beck, and even on occasion what little remains of the Theatre Guild think mainly of the box office is to say that in their reviews of various productions there aren't at least half a dozen New York reviewers, easily recognizable, who do not. Nor, to make the point quickly and without further ado, do the reviewers themselves deny it. The engaging Burns Mantle very honestly and openly admits it, which may account for his popularity among a large number of theatre customers. Walter Winchell and Robert Coleman also freely admit it. And so do Jack Pulaski, Kelcey Allen and Bide Dudley. One or two others are not so frank about it, but you can spot them without half-trying.

Is there, furthermore, any deep aesthetic-critical difference between a George Abbott, who thinks chiefly of the box office, and even the more arty critics who praise to the skies those plays of his which on occasion turn out to be box-office? Has any critic who endorses such pure box-office mush as, say, the otherwise more usually punctilious Guthrie McClintic's *The Star-Wagon* the right to derogate some such out-and-out box-office producer as John Golden for producing something like *And Now Goodbye*, which, though it doesn't succeed like *The Star-Wagon*, isn't critically so awfully much worse? And is it fair to criticize even the Shuberts as producers with their eyes glued solely upon the box office simply because they now and then try to make some easy money with which to help partly back such possibly less certain but superior plays—which they actually have partly backed—as *The White Steed*, *Shadow And Substance*, *The Green Bay Tree*, *The Time Of Your Life*, *Love's Old Sweet Song*, the local Abbey Theatre repertoire, *Love On The Dole*, and various others by such writers as George Kelly, Gordon Daviot, Sidney Howard and, when he is good, J. B. Priestley?

Let people who live in glass houses be without sin if they wish to cast the first stones.

VI

Some time ago Ernest Hemingway wrote and published a play called *The Fifth Column*. It was not a good play, but it had at least some honesty and vitality (albeit dramatically crude) and that ring of unabashed truth which sometimes inheres in the work of playwriting novices. It was taken over by one Benjamin Glazer, a Hollywood scenario writer, and made into what is called a more practical theatre play. It accordingly met upon stage production with a measure of popular success. But in the process it became a cheapened thing, with much that was sound in Hemingway sacrificed upon the altar of commercialism. It suggested what might have happened to Steinbeck's *Of Mice And Men* had Steinbeck, like Hemingway, been disposed to leave its final dramatic shape to some Hollywood scenario professor like Norman Krasna, John Farrow, or Gene Markey. Our younger novelists like the estimable Hemingway should have greater self-respect and pride with regard to the collaborators and adaptors whose names vaingloriously go alongside their own on theatre marquees.

VII

I should like to inaugurate a critical campaign looking toward the perfection of terminology long and miscellaneously applied to the different species of musical entertainment. To call something like *Music In The Air* and *Du Barry Was A Lady* musical comedies in the same breath is obviously the height of inexactness, yet that is what we generally do call them. The former is genuine musical comedy; the latter is rather simply burlesque with music. Might not therefore musiburlesque be a more appropriate and precise designation?

Both *Too Many Girls* and *The Dollar Princess* are billed as musical comedies, although the difference in their complexions is plain even to a blind man. If *The Dollar Princess* is a real musical comedy, what label should be attached to *Too Many Girls?* Perhaps musical show might be the thing. But here we encounter another problem. If *Too Many Girls* is to be dubbed a musical show, what are we going to call something like *Of Thee I Sing*, which is wholly different and which nevertheless is called by the same name. For shows like the latter—*Let 'Em Eat Cake* and *I'd Rather Be Right* are other examples—might not something like musisatire serve? Or does it stink? Yes.

Then there is the question of revue. No two exhibits could be more different in nature than *Hellzapoppin* and *Two For The Show*, yet both go by the name of revue. What should be the differentiating and really appropriate label? We have had such makeshifts in other directions as "music play," "musical farce" and a dozen more, but at best they remain makeshifts. Can't some savant come forth with a new little dictionary to cover the field with greater precision? The present terminology is often as faulty as the frequent absurd misuse of "melodrama" and "comedy" in the dramatic field.

VIII

I conclude this month's performance with a little critic-baiting.

Item 1. In George Jean Nathan's newest book, *Encyclopaedia Of The Theatre*, I find the following: "One may properly denounce as offensive, distasteful and disgusting some such sensationalized Broadway androgyne fritter as Mae West's *The Virgin Man*." Doesn't the donkey know that the name of the show was not *The Virgin Man*, which was an altogether different if equally dirty show, but *Pleasure Man?*

Item 2. In Joseph Wood Krutch's otherwise capital new book, *The American Drama Since 1918*, I find this: "*Beggar On Horseback*, based on a German book." *Beggar On Horseback* was based not on a book but on Paul Apel's well-known German play, *Hans Sonnenstösser's Höllenfahrt.* I also find this: "Mr. (George) Kelly has not since (*Philip Goes Forth*) been represented on Broadway." Mr. Kelly has since been represented on Broadway by *Reflected Glory.*

Item 3. In the *New Republic*, I observe the estimable Stark Young lamenting in connection with William Saroyan's *The Time Of Your Life:* "Mr. Dowling is, nevertheless, asked to play a part that is not really written. For example, what about this man with enough money to make others ask his opinion, though as to where that money comes from nothing in the play makes clear?" Where, exactly, does the money of many a character in modern drama come from? The playwrights tell us or imply that the characters have it, but we are generally made simply to imagine where and how they came by it. The English playwriting dodge of giving a financially well-heeled character a title and thus superficially getting away with it often remains just a dodge. There are sufficient English titles who are almost as dead-broke as Russian Princes and Grand Dukes.

Item 4. Says John Anderson, in the *Journal-American*, in a review of *Life With Father:* "Altogether they have made the Empire a haven for any playgoer with either a family or a sense of humor—if one is possible without the other." *Life With Father* apparently thus could have been no haven for the familyless and hence humorless Voltaire.

Item 5. So Burns Mantle in the *Daily News:* "Sean O'Casey wrote *Juno And The Paycock* back in the middle twenties when the Abbey Theatre . . . and the temper of a distressed people were more receptive to character studies of the poor and lonely. He himself shortly afterward decided that times and trends were changing and went on to do *The Shadow Of A Gunman*, *The Silver Tassie*, and *Within The Gates.*" O'Casey shortly afterward decided nothing of the kind and went on to do *The Plough And The Stars.*

Item 6. Writes Brooks Atkinson in the *New York Times:* "Egoists generally have difficulty in writing love scenes . . . With the exception of *Candida*, Shaw has never been able to write of love plausibly, and has been shrewd enough not to try." What of Dubedat and Mrs. Dubedat in that rare, ecstatic scene in *The Doctor's Dilemma?* What of the scene of Brassbound's proposal of marriage to Cicely in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion?* What of Judith and Richard in the third act of *The Devil's Disciple?* What of Julia in *The Philanderer* and her "I am too miserable to argue, to think. I only know that I love you?" What of Bashville's speeches to Lydia?

Writes Mr. Atkinson further: "If we were to take *The Time Of Your Life* as an expression of thought, it would be necessary to know who this man (the focal character) is and how he came to be so indecently rich." Is it any more necessary, in the case of Gorki's *Night Refuge*, to know exactly who Luka is and how he came to be so indecently poor?

Item 7. Says Sidney B. Whipple in the *World-Telegram:* "To my mind the Playwrights Company's presentation of *Key Largo* is another demonstration that it is adhering to its original and glorious purpose—the advancement of art and truth. For truth is a synonym of art." As, for example, the great truth inherent in such art as Michelangelo's frescos, the Nibelungen Ring, and some of the poetic drama of Yeats?

Item 8. Writes George Jean Nathan in his *Encyclopaedia Of The Theatre:* "The more usual theatre of George Abbott provides generally amusing if critically negligible stuff, and it also provides Abbott, his authors, and his actors with a nice honorarium for their exertions." Nathan either wrote that some considerable time before his book hit the stands or is talking through his hat. Out of the last ten straight plays Abbott has produced, seven have been excessively dull, have been abrupt failures, and have lost money for almost everyone concerned.

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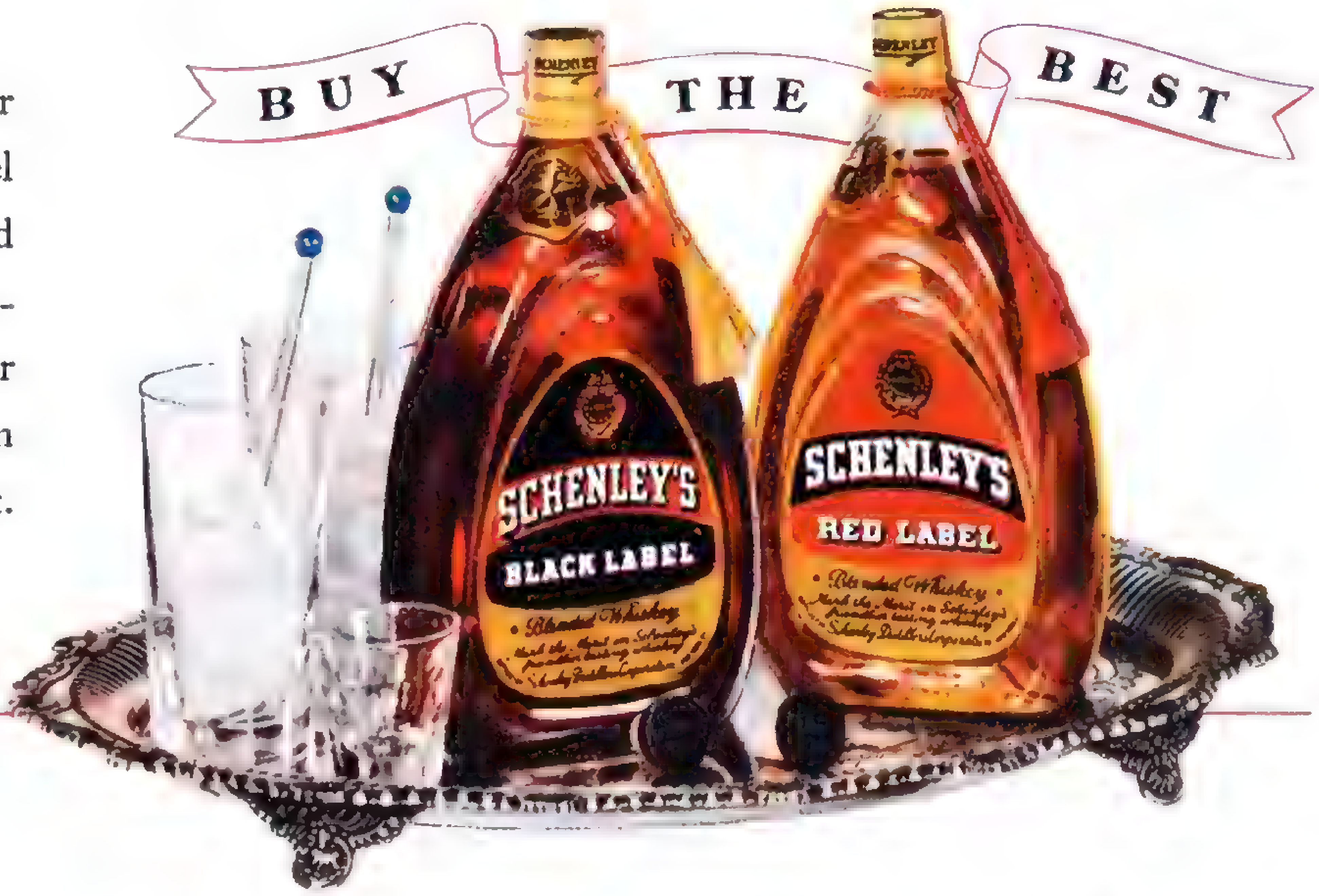
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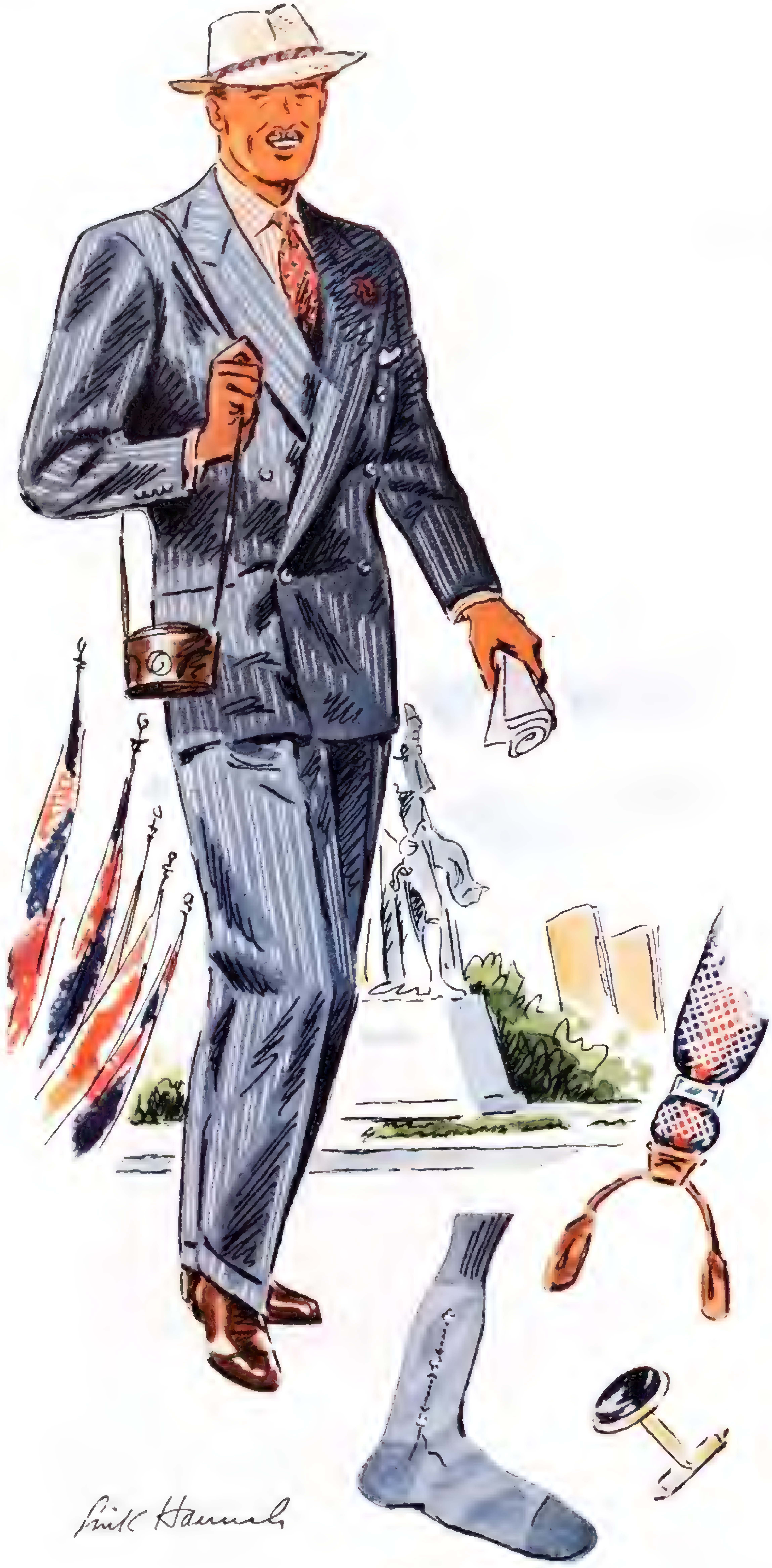

ten degrees cooler inside

The George Washington statue, taking things easy at Flushing Meadow after another hard winter at Valley Forge, is nice enough. But where does it get you? There is really nothing you can derive from it except an accurate idea of how George in all probability did not look. We believe that every exhibit at the World's Fair should be educational and have planned the one in the foreground accordingly. It illustrates our conception of how to be well dressed without quite sweltering.

As a matter of fact, this outfit is cooler from the inside looking out than it is from the outside looking in. The man isn't dressed to appear cool so much as to be cool. A white suit would have given him, in a rather good-humored way, a more pronounced appearance of coolth (yes, there is such a word, though we can't understand why anyone in his right mind would want to use it); but this blue-grey double breasted suit with alternating single and double stripes is just as comfortable and, at the same time, closer to fashion's forefront. Its long roll lapel, fastening on the lower button, allows more ventilation and less doubling up of fabric than the conventional model. Incidentally, a more obvious indication of mental derangement than the use of the word coolth would be the wearing of a waistcoat on a hot day. This outfit gets along just fine without one.

The hat, unfortunately for our "cooler inside" theory, looks pretty darn frigid. It's a hanoki of loose weave, with a pinched crown in the style of a soft felt. The band of red and blue raffia adds a discreet touch of something. The striped broadcloth shirt has the widespread collar, and accordingly the silk foulard tie is fastened into the larger Windsor type of knot. The brown shoes fit in with the theory, looking like any other pair of shoes but gaining in coolthness through an especially light sole construction. The separate drawings show the striped mesh suspenders to which a number of men are switching their seasonal allegiance as a measure of augmented comfort, blue lisle socks with embroidered clock in a darker shade of blue, and the blue stone cuff link which has been making an increasingly frequent appearance of late.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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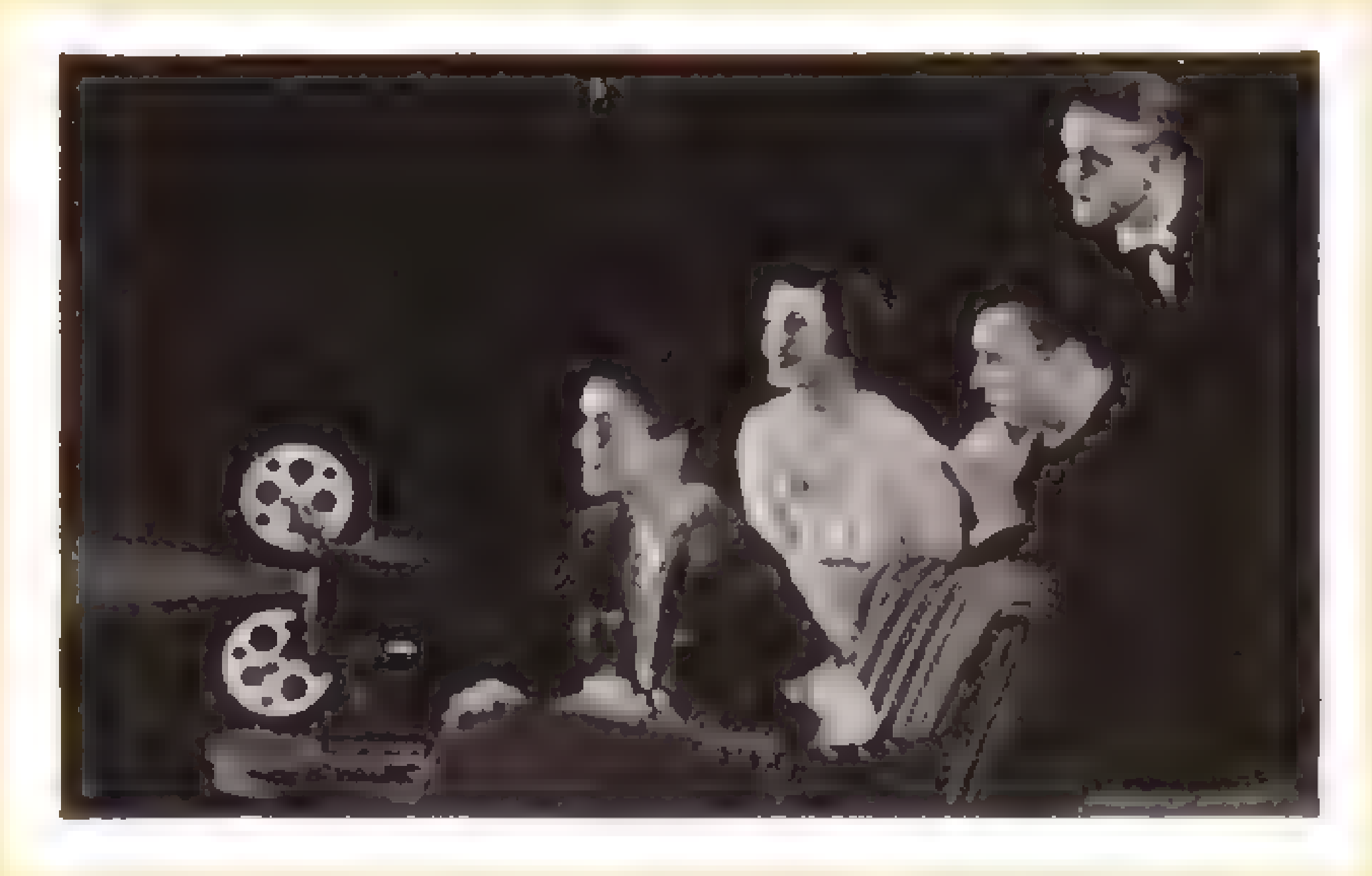

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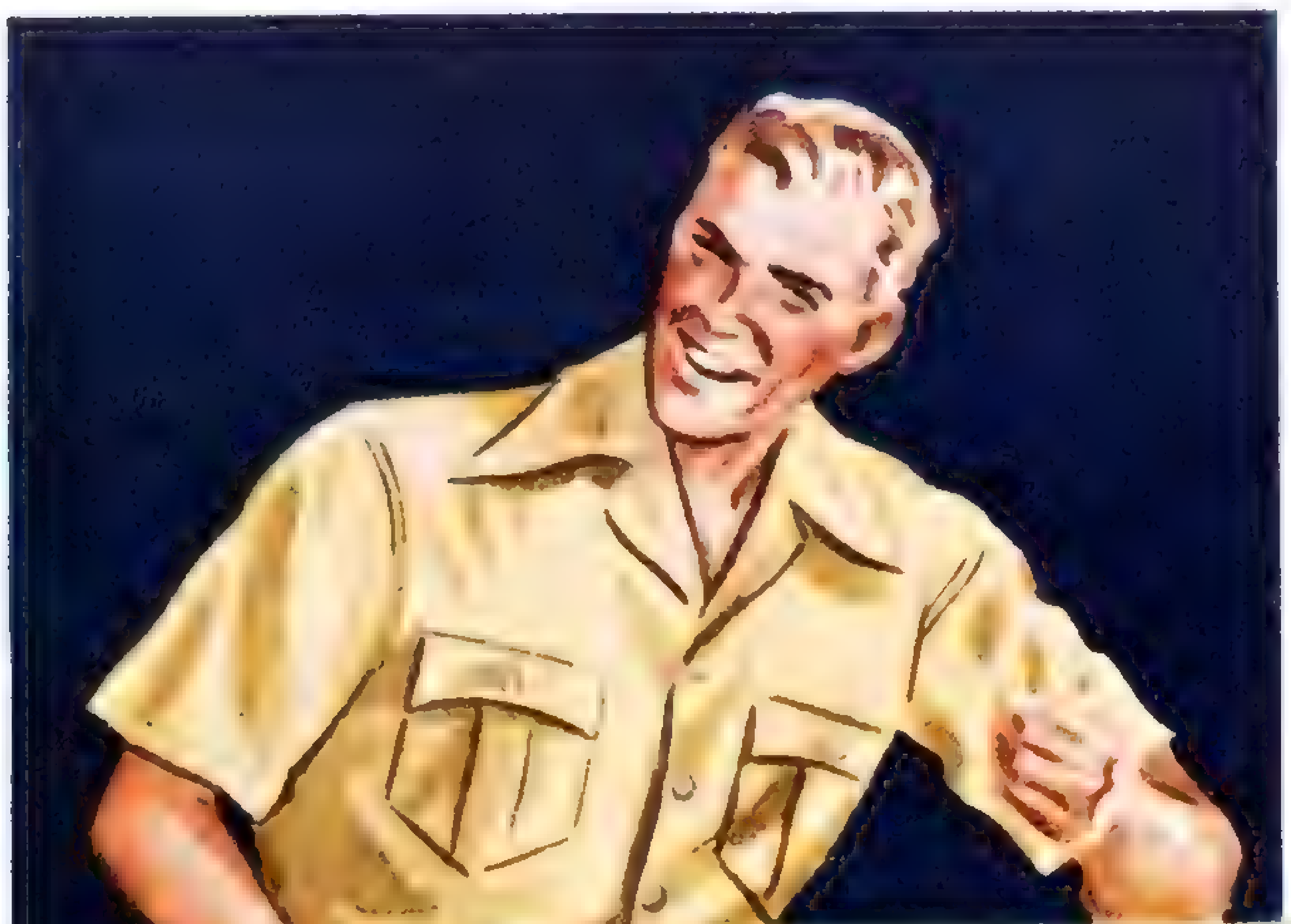
FROM FATHER!

WE DEDICATE this page to the many Fathers who hope (*so often against hope*) that they won't receive such gifts as a big, shiny, new snow shovel—a box of El Ropeo Perfectos—or other similarly strange tokens of filial esteem on Father's Day. Here on this page are pictured a few practical thoughts for those dutiful sons and daughters who want to give Dad a hand—not a headache. They're just a few of many *B.V.D. gift ideas that you'll find at leading men's shops everywhere. They're the kind of gifts that are bound to please, for they're made by specialists in pleasing men for over 50 years...B.V.D.



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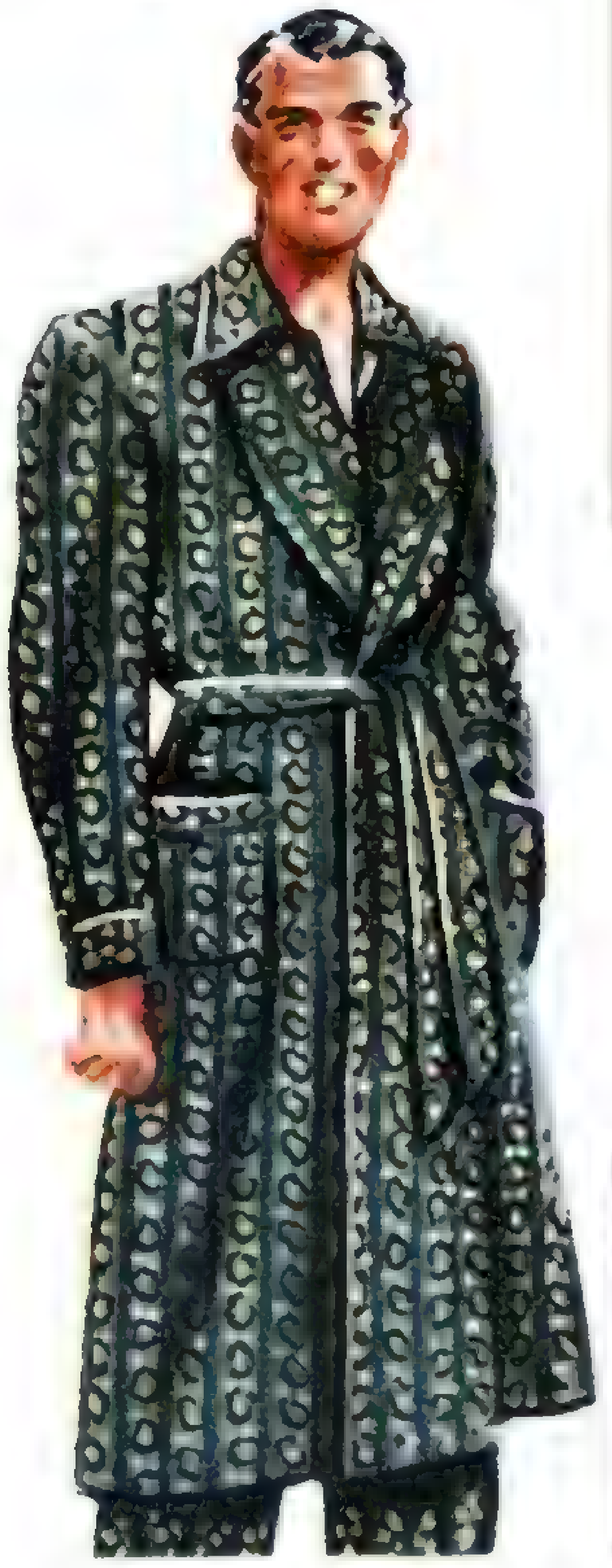

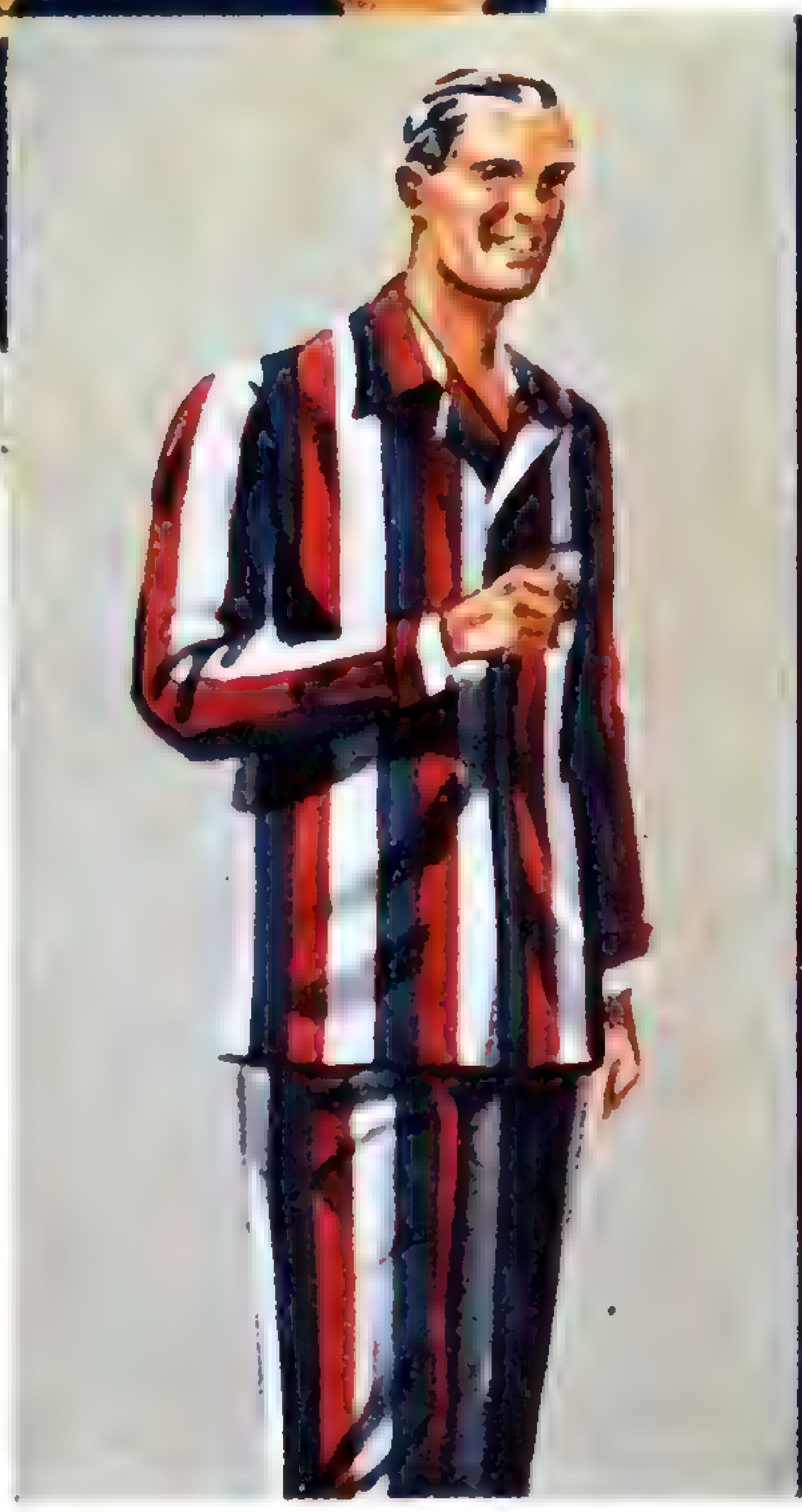

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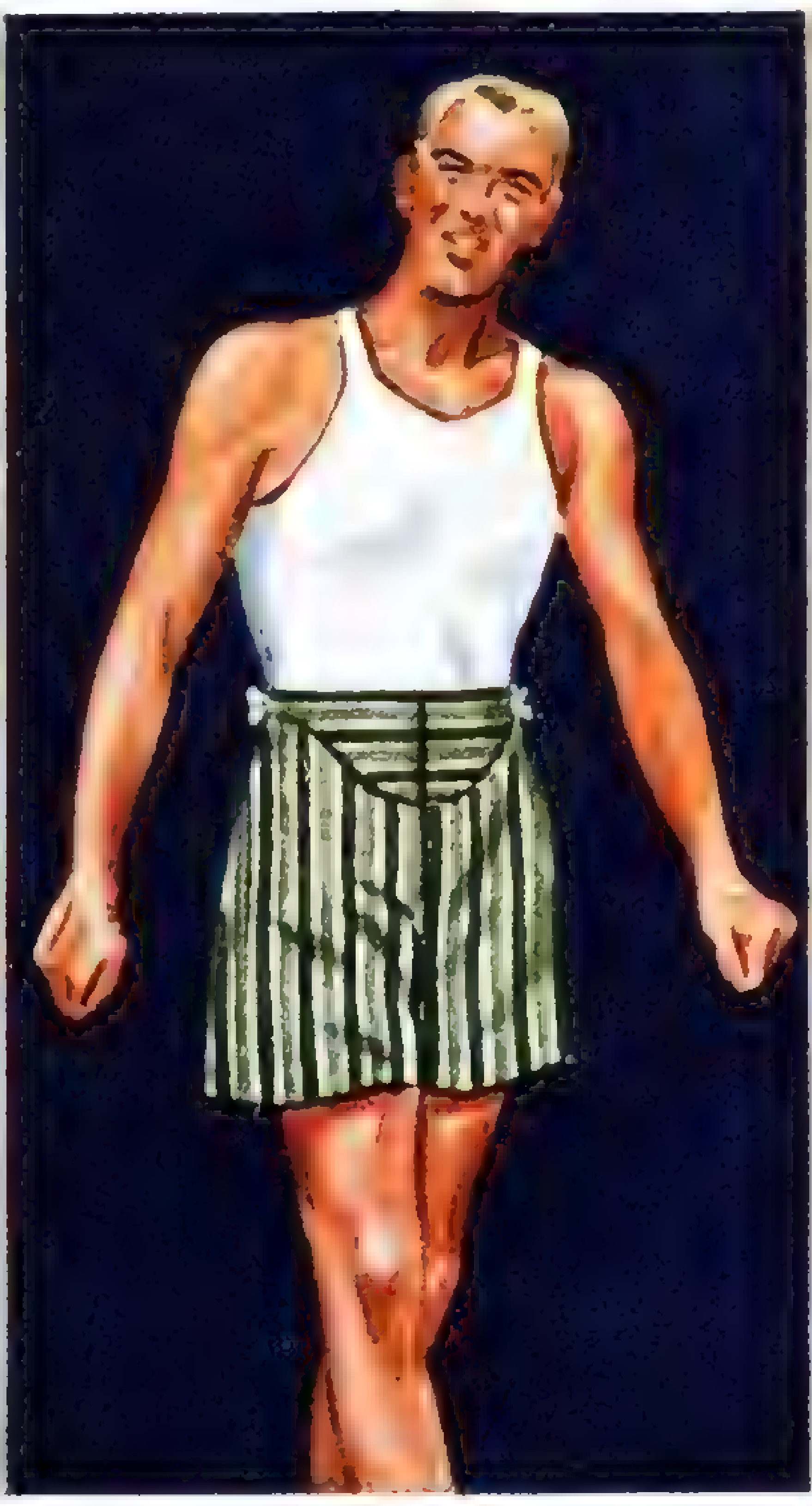

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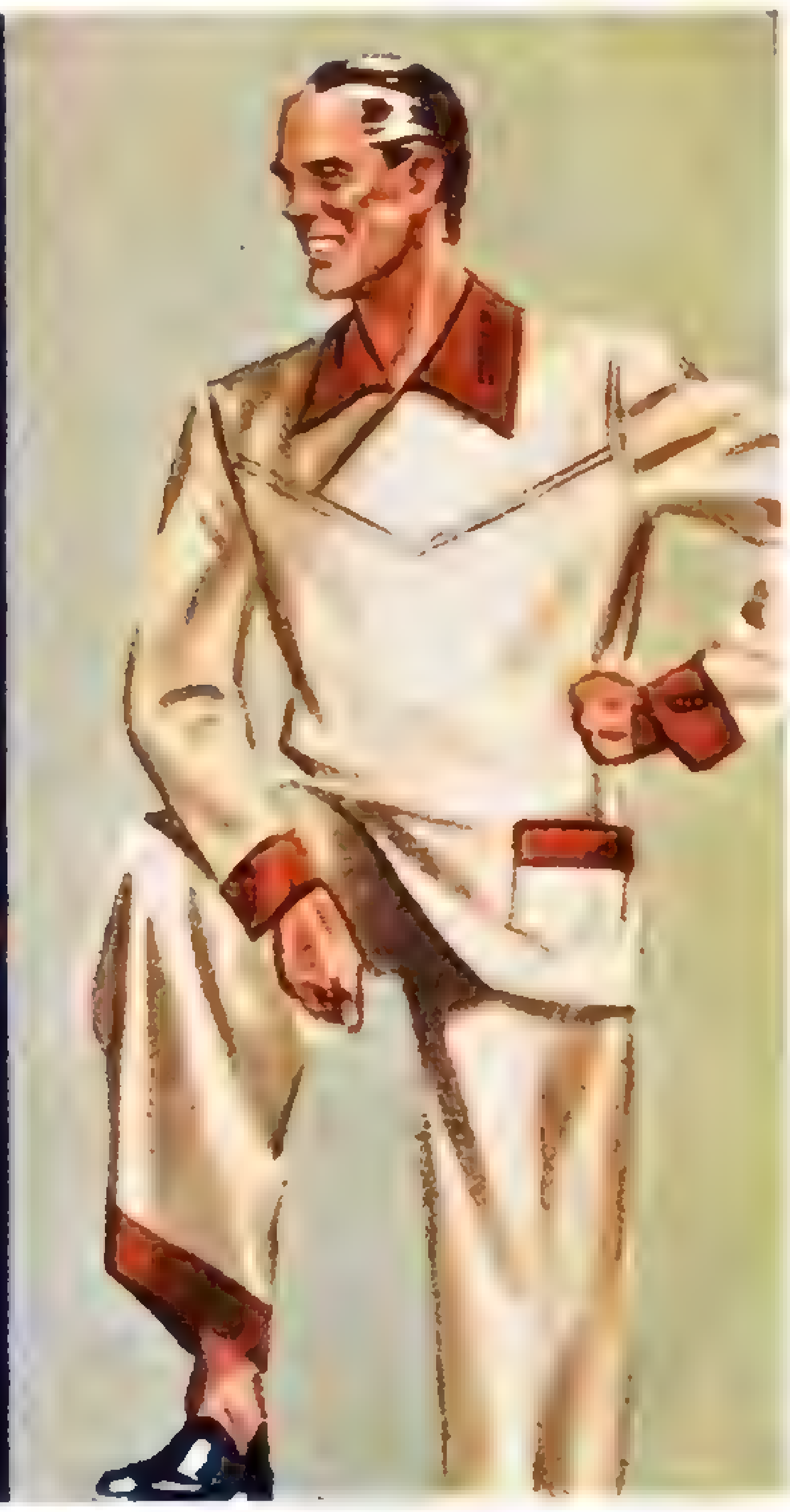

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Yes, Sir, That's My Baby

Continued from page 59

skipper was a fat cantankerous old half-caste called Titii Faátuátuá Kelly who had not liked us from the very beginning, and every time he got drunk he told us so in Tahitian and pidgin French. At least, I suppose that's what he was saying. It looked like that.

The crew didn't care much for us either. The packing cases had to be lashed on deck, being too big to go below, and the crew said they were in the way.

So George and I had to do everything ourselves.

I guess it didn't make any difference, really, about not being able to set the merry-go-round up at half the islands we touched. Even at the ones where we did set it up we didn't make a franc.

Our friends in Papeete hadn't lied when they said that the Tahitians were sophisticated compared with these Tuamotuans. The Tahitians would laugh and sing, but the Tuamotuans would just stand there looking glum. They were suspicious of us. They not only wouldn't take a ride but they wouldn't even come close. After George and I had worked like a couple of stevedores getting everything fixed and ready, these Tuamotuans would only stand at a distance and stare, and no amount of coaxing would bring them nearer.

When you go on one of these South Sea trading schooners as a passenger you don't pay by mileage, because when they start out nobody knows exactly how far they'll go or how long they'll take. It depends on a lot of things: the winds, what amount of copra is sacked and ready on the next island, how many leaks the tub springs, how many of her rotten ropes fall to pieces and have to be replaced, how much the captain happens to be hitting the booze, and all sorts of other things. The best they can do is estimate roughly how long it'll take. So what you do is, you pay so much a day, hoping for the best.

Well, George and I had paid in advance for a little over three weeks, that being all the money we had left. The skipper knew that was all we had left when he took us, and he knew we'd figured on picking up more as we went along, and he also knew that we hadn't. The result was that when our last day came, which happened to be the day we poked into the lagoon at Aaea, he kicked us off.

He talked a little English, not much, and we'd worked up a sort of sign language, and as far as George and I could make out he was saying that he simply wouldn't take us any further. Aaea was deserted, and that made him sore. He had hoped to find natives there making copra, but they had not come yet. So he was sore. He was also drunk. And as I said, he hadn't liked us from the beginning.

Aaea is one of those islands where the natives from other islands come every so often, maybe twice a year, and make copra. They live there for a week or two, and then shove on. Well, they were supposed to be in Aaea then. They hadn't come yet, as you could tell by the fallen coconuts, but the skipper said they would come along any day. We needn't worry, he said.

We did worry, of course, and we raised Cain. For all the good it did us. A few quick trips with the lifeboat—and there we were on the beach, surrounded by packing cases, swearing a blue streak.

But what if the natives *didn't* come? They'd come all right, the skipper said. Anyway, he said he'd be touching this island his next trip, in about three months, or maybe four.

Well, the scenery in the Tuamotus is supposed to be very lovely, and poets and painters go goofy about it, but I don't happen to be that kind of an artist. After we'd unpacked and assembled the carrousel I was pretty hard up for something to do. With George it was different, because he had his machinery to fix, a lot of salt water having got into it. But I didn't understand that, and all I could do was keep walking around the island with a weather eye open for natives.

We didn't know which direction they would come from. Their island was not even in sight from Aaea.

So George fussed around burning coconut husks and tinkering with the so-called musical apparatus.

"It's all that noise that scares them away," I said.

"It's your hat that scares them away!"

So I'd leave him alone, and I'd walk around and around, looking out for the canoes.

They came on the fourth day, twenty-two of them, with maybe six or seven natives in each one. It's so low on Aaea and the sun was so bright and the canoes so little that I didn't see them until they were practically in the west pass; and then I was so excited that I stood knee-deep in the water waving to them and didn't even go back to tell George, who was still fooling with the machinery. It was a pretty sight. These natives were all wrapped in red or blue pareus and their skin was smeared with coconut oil so that it glittered in the sun like some kind of metal. The paddles rose and fell, and the outriggers skittered and spanked along the surface of the water. It was marvelous to think that these guys would make two- and three-day trips in little boats like that, and what's more they'd take their whole families along with them too.

They were just inside the pass when they saw me, and they all sort of drifted to a stop as if flabbergasted. I waved to them and signaled them to come on, and after a while they started to paddle again, only not as fast as they had been paddling.

I guess the nearest canoe must have been not more than a hundred feet away, and I was already beginning to shout welcomes, when there came a crash of sound that shivered the palm trees and made the grass dance. First a long steamy exhale edged with a shriek; then a series of scrapy rattles something like an automobile engine when the connecting rods are burnt out; then a bumpy jerky screech as if the thing was trying to whistle and sob at the same time; and finally, as the turntable started to turn and the animals began to go wearily 'round and 'round, the music box burst into its one and only number.

"*Yes*, sir, *that's* my *bay*-bee!"

Well, there was not a native in those canoes that hesitated. They were one man. Eyes bugged out and mouths fell open and paddles plopped back into the water, and you never saw anything swing around as fast as that fleet did. It was like a drill at West Point, it was so perfect. And the next thing I knew—me standing there waving my arms and shouting for them to come back, *begging* them to come back—the next thing I knew the lagoon was all bubbles and swirls, and the way those boats were heading for the pass you might have thought the great god Tetuanuireiaiteraiatea himself was singeing their sterns with his fiery breath. Inside of ten minutes they were just so many specks, and ten minutes after that even the specks were gone.

"What's the matter?" George yelled above the din. "I got it started! What's happened?"

Well, when I'd told him what I thought of him we didn't speak to one another for two days. After that, just because we were both going absolutely crazy for something to do, we got out the cards and began playing this game of rummy.

Eleven days we sat and played, using a little table we'd brought along for me to sell tickets across; and it was like eleven years. The tickets themselves were our score sheets, and we each kept a separate score, neither one being willing to trust the other. We used to add them up again and again, and we'd scrap about it. Once I called him a cheat, right to his face, and I was just about ready to get up and kick him in the mouth. Another time he pushed back the case he was sitting on and came around to my side of the table and wanted to slug me.

"Go ahead," I said. "Hit a man that's sitting down. Go ahead."

"Well, stand up then," he said.

But I refused. Why should I stand up just to please a guy like that? So after a while he sat down again, probably feeling pretty foolish.

We divided the carrousel up into twelve parts, each part being the part that went into one packing case, and these were what we played for. They were different sizes and had different values, but this looked like the easiest way to do it.

At the end of the second day I owned three-quarters of the whole business, but then my luck changed. George won back his machinery, which he could have for all I cared, and he already had both the horses and the lion. Then he won the turntable and the overhead structure, which left me with a giraffe, a tiger and a zebra. After that the luck steadied a bit, and we both got cagey, so that it was hard for either one to get a little ahead of the other, much less one thousand points ahead.

Meanwhile that $150 bargain stood there waiting for customers, and the paint and gilt faded more and more. The wind blew sand over it, making everything gritty and forming little wavy lines on the turntable. Crabs scuttled across it, probably wondering what it was.

The whole thing was covered with splits and cracks and rotten spots, and grass began growing up through it.

On the fifth day George won the tiger.

I never played the cards so close to my vest before, having only the zebra and the giraffe left, but all the same, and it almost made me cry, on the tenth day he won the giraffe.

Even on the eleventh day his luck held, though I gave him a fight for it every inch of the way, and when we had to quit that night because it got dark George was 920 points ahead of me and only needed 80 more, assuming that I didn't get any first, to win the whole business.

I had a hard time getting to sleep that night, lying there listening to crabs scurry back and forth with a dry rustling sound, and hearing the surf boom-boom out on the reef. There I was on an island alone with a guy I hated, and I felt I'd give anything in the world, if I'd had anything except the clothes I wore and a wooden zebra, for somebody who would slap me on the back and offer me a cigar and a nice cold glass of beer, somebody who would sit down and talk with me about things I knew about and liked. I was still feeling that way when I woke up in the morning. I remember my first thought was, when I opened my eyes: "Boy! wouldn't it be wonderful if I could just look up and see the *Queen Mary* dropping anchor!"

So I looked up and did.

Well, maybe that's putting it a little strong. Maybe it would be better to explain that the boat *looked* like the *Queen Mary* to me, for a minute there. A lot depends on where you are when you see a thing.

As a matter of fact, this was the *Hokenjos*, all bright and shiny and civilized, with her brass portholes gleaming. And Howard W. Tillham III himself was in the back of a natty lifeboat swishing across

Continued on page 116

Yes, Sir, That's My Baby

Continued from pages 59-115

the lagoon towards where I stood.

"Hello," he shouted.

"Hyah," I shouted back, not to be outdone.

He did not even wait for them to pull the boat up on the beach but jumped right out, getting his shoes wet. He rushed up to me.

"I've been looking everywhere for you!"

So I blinked two or three times, but he stayed there.

"I've been chasing you from island to island!"

"Well," I said, "you found us."

He was gawping at the carrousel, and from the expression on his face he might have just stumbled on the Holy Grail or something.

George was awake now, and he was sitting up.

"Am I nuts?" he asked, dazed.

"Yes, but that's no news," I came back. "But Mr. Tillham here—"

"Perhaps I'd better explain," said Howard W. Tillham III.

It seems his girl, to whom he was engaged, was coming to Tahiti in time for the fete and to join the yachting party. Young Tillham was absolutely crazy about her. He told us so, and he meant it. Well, it seems this girl had once given him a tie clasp that was made of gold and had an Egyptian scarab on it, and it wasn't worth much in itself, but she was sentimental and she attached a lot of importance to it; so feeling about her the way he did, and being as rich as he was, that tie clasp meant more to young Tillham than it would if it had been the Koh-i-noor diamond. And he'd lost it.

"And now at last I've located you!"

I said, "Maybe you'd better go on explaining, huh?"

"Oh, excuse me!"

He was a nice kid and had nice manners, but he was so worked up about this tie clasp he'd lost that he had not been able to realize that we didn't have any idea of what he was talking about.

So he went on. It seems his girl was to arrive in Papeete on July 13th, which was the next day, the day before the fete started, and of course he'd have to be there to meet her. And he'd have to have the tie clasp, and be wearing it. There couldn't be any substitute. But where *was* this tie clasp? Well, he knew he had been wearing it the night he got tanked up and had so many rides on our merry-go-round, and it had been the next day, when he came to in Bora-Bora, that he missed it. His friends were sure he'd had it on when he climbed aboard our white elephant, and after they got thinking it over they were just as sure that he *didn't* have it on when he staggered away. So naturally everybody took it for granted that he'd lost the thing when he fell on his face.

Full-steam back from Bora-Bora then, but we were gone when they got to Tahiti. So they chased us to the Tuamotus, and then from one island to another, just missing us at each. When at last they did catch up to Captain Titii Faátuátuá Kelly it was back in Papeete again, and he told them he'd left us in Aaea. So that was why the *Hokenjos* was there.

It may seem hard for you to believe that a tie clasp could be lost on a carrousel, but you never saw *our* carrousel. It was a haystack for any needle. It was simply lousy with little cracks and crevices, and the wood was split, and termites had chewed hunks out of it here and there, and slats were loose, and patches were sagging like strips of court plaster that gets tired of hanging onto somebody's skin. Oh, there were plenty of possibilities.

"Look," cried Howard W. Tillham III. "I've got to be in Papeete by tomorrow morning. There simply isn't time to search this whole thing. I'll have the boys cart it aboard the yacht and we'll search it on the way back to Tahiti. I'll buy it from you, outright. How much do you want for it?"

He paused. You could tell he didn't have much idea of the current prices of broken-down merry-go-rounds in the South Pacific, which was only natural. I was all set to ask a thousand dollars, but I decided it was best to let him name a figure first.

"How about five thousand?" he asked.

"That's fine," I said, fast.

"Good!" He turned to the sailors, who had got the boat beached by this time. "I want you to take all that—"

"Wait a minute!"

George had stood up. He had his thumbs hooked in his belt and his feet spread wide apart. We all looked at him.

"That particular amusement device you're talking about," he said, slow, "happens to be eleven-twelfths mine. And for that matter I'm pretty close to owning the twelfth twelfth too. This man here," he jerked his head sideways towards me, "has no authority to sell it."

"The zebra's mine!" I yelled.

"But nothing else. And I'm within eighty points of having the zebra too. I don't see why I should let one-twelfth of five thousand bucks go glimmering just because of eighty points."

He was mean, see? He wouldn't give an inch. Howard W. Tillham III waved his arms, so panicky he was almost in tears.

"Well, make up your minds! If we're going to get it all on board and reach Tahiti by tomorrow morning—"

"There's only one way it can be settled," said George.

And I nodded. I could be just as hard-boiled as he was. I sat down on a packing case and chucked aside the shell that we'd been using as a weight to keep the cards from blowing away.

"It was my deal," I said quiet.

"It was your deal," George agreed, sitting down on the other packing case. "And be careful the way you do it, too. I don't want any of that funny work of yours."

Now the kid was a multi-millionaire and he was in love, but if King Canute couldn't do it neither could he. George and I were simply determined to have the thing out. His best bet, as he was wise enough to see, was to keep his trap shut and be a model kibitzer. The sailors kibitzed too. And I dealt.

Well, as I said, this variation of rummy George and I played was especially invented to take up as much time as possible.

I gained five points on the first hand, and ten points on the second. Tillham fidgeted from foot to foot and practically bit his nails to keep himself from screaming, but George and I played like a couple of guys in a slow movie, it being necessary to do a whole lot of thinking. We each knew the other one's game pretty well by that time, naturally, and we weren't taking any chances.

Only once the yachtsman let go.

"My God! If you'd only—"

"Sh-sh-sh!" said George.

After that he was quiet.

Then they began to go against me. Point by slow point, while I worked every trick I knew and the sailors stood staring and Tillham's mouth squirmed all over his face in agony, George Kett oozed up on my zebra. Point by point. I felt as if I were drowning and trying to hang onto something that was slipping away from me because it was covered with soap. It was awful. I swear, it was practically a relief when George finally laid down his last cards and sat there Cheshire-catting it all over the place, having won.

It was practically a relief, yes, but just the same I was sore. I stood up and walked a few steps and took off my derby and slammed it down on the sand. The words I said were not delicate.

Young Tillham cried, "At last!" and started yapping orders.

But I'd seen something, and I moved my hat with my foot, and just the same way George Kett had done a few hours before I yelled, "Wait a minute!"

"See here, we've barely got time to get all this—"

"All right," I interrupted, "but how do you know this tie clasp *is* in the merry-go-round?"

"I've told you already that I don't know. But I've searched the yacht from top to bottom and I've been everywhere I was in Papeete that night, and this is the only chance left. It could have got stuck in that machine somewhere."

"It *could* have," I agreed. "And likewise it could have got *un*stuck in the course of all the shifting around. It could have fallen out almost anywhere. And you're willing to pay five thousand just on the chance it's still on that carrousel?"

"Mr. Tillham," said George, and his voice was dangerous, "has promised to buy my merry-go-round, and you haven't got anything to say in the matter."

I ignored him, facing the kid.

"Would you be willing to pay another five thousand if you could be absolutely sure of getting that tie clasp back?"

"I certainly would!" After all, what was five grand to him? Just the same, he didn't want to be taken for a sucker. "But let me remind you that the deal is closed."

"You wasted your money. The clasp isn't there."

"How do you know it isn't?"

"Because I happen to know where it is. Would you pay five thousand more to have it handed right to you?"

"Of course I would! Where is it?"

So I reached down and moved my hat and picked up a gold tie clasp with an Egyptian scarab on it that had been half-buried in sand an didn't get exposed until I happened to slam my hat down on it. It must have fallen out of one of the packing cases. I gave it to Tillham.

You should have seen his face! He must have been the happiest man in the whole wide world.

Though if it comes to that, I felt pretty happy myself. I even went up to George, I felt so good, and stuck my hand out.

"Five grand apiece and passage back to Tahiti. What the Hell—it was a good game while it lasted, eh, keed?"

So he took my hand, and he was grinning.

"Sure," he said. "What the hell."

Tillham waved toward the merry-go-round. Let it stay there, he said. He didn't want it. It would take too much time to get aboard. All he wanted to do was get back to Tahiti in time to meet his girl.

"Excuse me a minute," said George, and ran back to the merry-go-round and started fooling with machinery.

Pretty soon we smelled something.

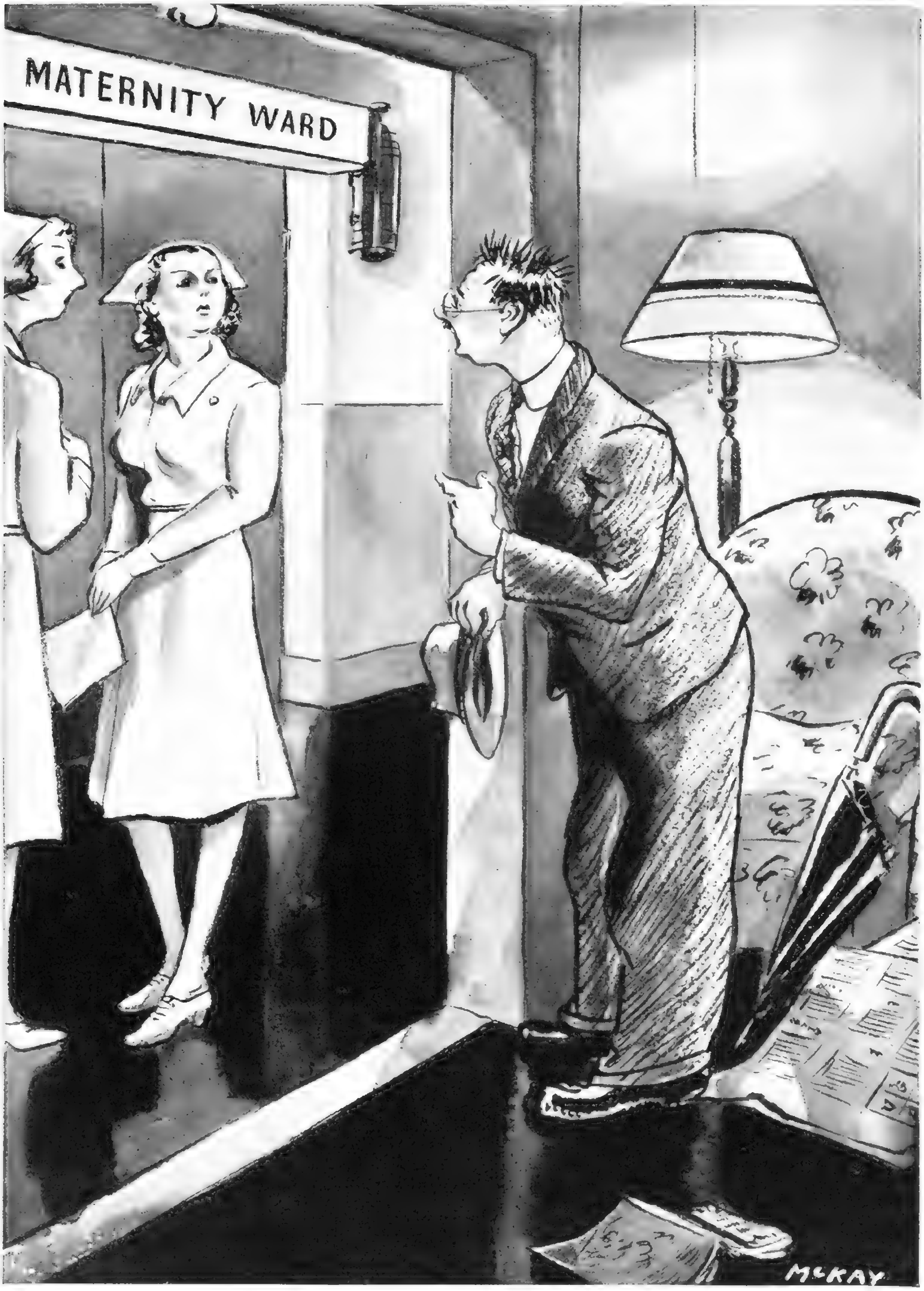
"What are you doing, burning that thing up?" called Tillham. "Not that I care, but we haven't got time to—"

There was a long whee-ee that finished off with a screech like a slate pencil on a slate, and then a rattle like burned-out bearings, and a clang and a clank—and the lion and giraffe and horses and zebra and tiger began very slowly to revolve. The music burst forth.

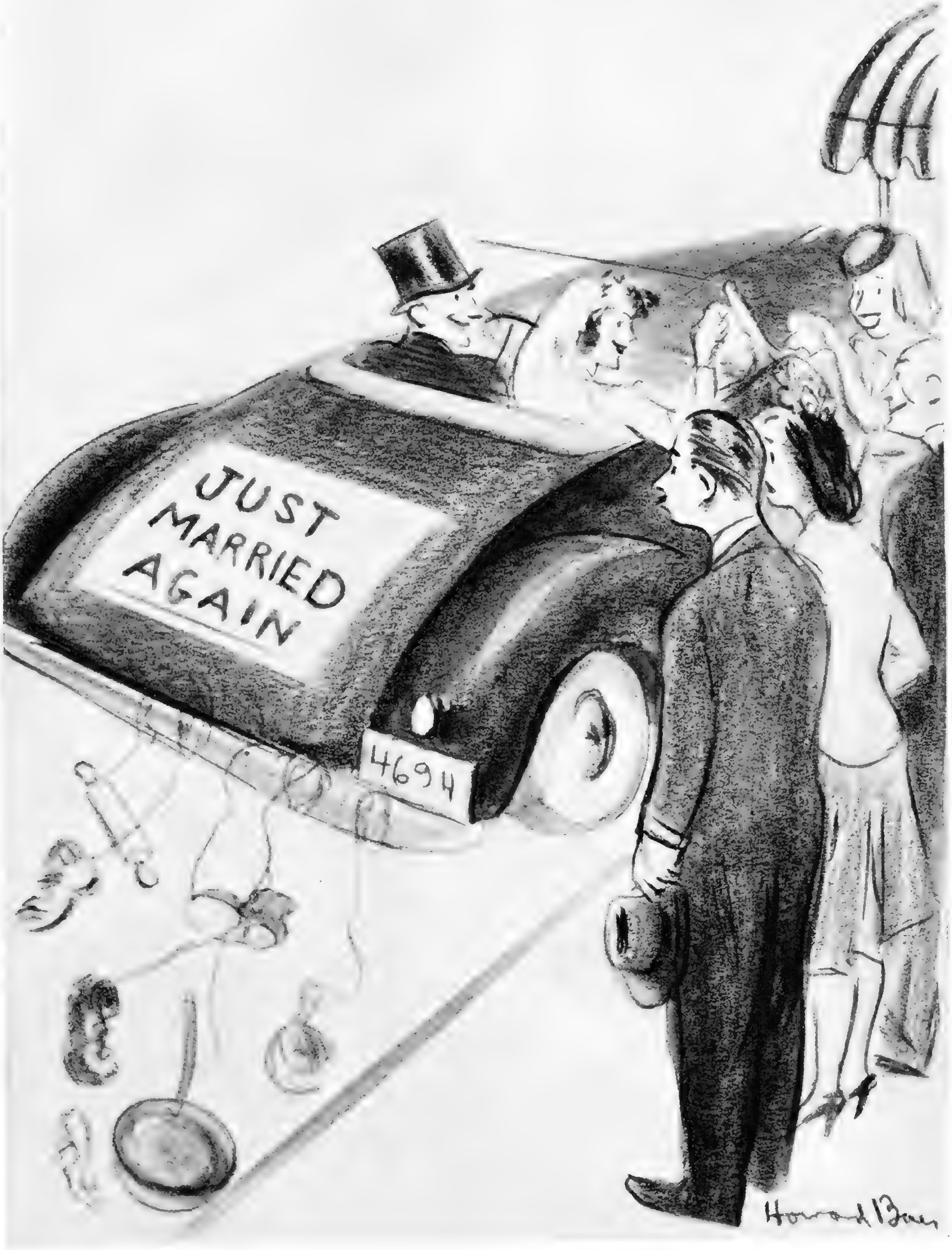
"*Yes*, sir, *that's* my baby *now-ow*!"

It was still pounding that out fifteen minutes later when the *Hokenjos* steamed through the pass with George and me in big chairs on the afterdeck, our feet on the rail, cigars in our mouths and steins in our hands, while a steward passed caviar sandwiches.

I started to say something, and I guess George did too, but then we both decided it would be too much trouble. It was better just to sit there listening to the music. It was the loveliest music I ever heard. #


MATERNITY WARD
McKAY

"Er—I just heard five slaps and five wails—could that have any significance?"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Howard Baer

Flight Into Egypt

Continued from page 41

you say you are a stranger. We animal vendors are poor and they are rich. When you are poor, the circumstances of life press you down and when you are rich the fullness of your riches only raises you higher. In short, money breeds money, and money speaks a simple tongue in all the languages. The changers are a closed band; they make their own regulations and set what prices they like. Each pays into a treasury a sum every month, and from this sum they pay the Roman officers, they pay Herod's collectors, they pay for special watchers who go about to spy and keep them informed, they pay even to the Temple priests what they call "friendship money." And as for presents! My, my, oh!" he exclaimed. "You have no idea. The twenty-eight marble columns cut in Greek style for the palace loggia they presented to Herod himself. And silken robes worth their weight in gold—on honest scales—each year are given to the Roman Procurator. And even for the high Greek citizens, from whom they derive no business or profit, they present wild beasts for their great arena. These also are "friendship-presents." And last year they grieved the city people by presenting a golden breastplate to a young rabbi, one of their own sons. By doing so, they would make it appear that this young swine, who spends his nights with dancing girls, was equal in Temple rank to one of the high priests. There were riots here in the outer court and the changers hired Roman bullies to protect their booths. All in all, my friend, if you have come from distant lands you have come from peace, and peace be with you."

"Our journeys are ever dangerous and we must be constantly on the lookout for robbers."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the vendor. "Robbers are nothing compared to what we have here in our walled and protected city. But now, sir, I have said enough. My lips are sealed. One never knows what ears are listening. And when you change your money, watch the scales carefully. And you will find me always at this upper end. I will hold a fine animal for you."

By this time the filth and slush had been washed from the stone terrace and all were allowed into the outer yard, called the Court of Gentiles. From here Ben Shaba climbed a dozen or more steps to the terrace called the Court of Israel which surrounded the entire building, and seating himself he waited for the dawn to unfold its light over the holy city of Jerusalem.

From the high elevation of the Temple Terrace he could soon see the long marble columns of the porches about Herod's palace and he could look down across the roofs of the low crowded buildings and see the open marketplace where soon colored awnings would be hung over the fresh vegetables and farm produce brought daily from the rich surrounding countryside.

Behind him he could look over the city wall and see the hundreds of silverly green olive trees in the great orchard on the mound. And he could look far out into the valley and see that long serpentine aqueduct built only recently by the Romans to bring fresh water into the city. And in the glorious city itself there were towers of rich men's mansions and the golden dome over David's Tomb, and many citadels which cut into the morning sky. And as soon as it grew lighter he could see the beggars of Jerusalem take their places on the Temple steps beneath him. Such a noisy lot of boorish, cursing, ignorant, filthy, unsightly and diseased, would be difficult to match in any city of the world.

Soon he changed his money with as much caution as he could. He knew he was being cheated but thought best not to complain. However he did ask about the golden eagles set over the Temple arch.

"The eagles!" exclaimed the money changer.

"Yes. I am only wondering why. . . . You see I am a stranger and they were not here when last . . ."

"They are Roman. The Roman emblem itself!"

"But the Temple is Holy and Hebrew."

"It matters not!"

"And graven images are against our belief."

The money changer signaled to several bullies in the court and they came forward and stood behind Ben Shaba. He noticed their uncomfortable presence and went quietly on his way across the yard and finding the vendor, bought from him a lamb and carried it up the long steps and into the Temple.

Here it was dark and gloomy. A smoke rose from the altar and filled the air with a heavy and oppressing, pungent odor. The opening in the roof was not large enough to allow all the fumes to pass out freely and the caps of the tall columns which supported the Temple ceiling were black with the soot of a million sacrifices. The lamb under his arm bleated with a tragic foreboding as he handed it over to the priest. The throat was slit with a sharp knife and the blood allowed to run into a trough beside the altar, after which the lamb was cast into the flames burning in the altar pit.

Ben Shaba pressed his turban firmly on his head and bowed in prayer. He thanked Jehovah for his long and safe journey and his deliverance from all the dangers through which he had brought his small caravan. And he prayed also that the Lord should watch over him and bless him with good health and prosperity.

He looked up and through the faint veil of smoke he could see behind the altar the beautifully carved sacred ark in which was kept the great parchment scrolls containing the Holy Laws of Moses. Through the open lattice work of the doors he could even see the sparkle of the beautiful silver and gold ornaments attached to the tops of the scroll. He wished that some day he would be able to make the Temple a present as beautiful as these.

More goats and lambs were sacrificed and the burning of the wool and hair and flesh filled the whole Temple with a heavy odor. More and more devout arrived to pray in this sacred building and soon Ben Shaba turned his face to the door and walked slowly down the steps. The city beneath him was now a hive busy with life.

"He is the one!" came a cry as he reached the outer court. It was the money-changer.

Two soldiers took hold of him.

"But tell me what I have done?"

"There are charges against you for breeding discontent."

"He is a stranger!" called the animal vendor who had spoken with him early that morning. "He is a good man, only a stranger."

"The judge will hear him."

"But I have done nothing. I have arrived only this morning. I have important business to transact. It has been a long journey and . . ."

"The judge will hear you. What is this? Ah! You have a dagger!"

The people in the streets were booing at the Roman soldiers and some young bloods even stooped to pick up a handful of earth and gravel and fling it at them. Others even tried to stop them without knowing of the offense of Ben Shaba and the soldiers were required to draw their swords in order to save their prisoner. In this way, with swords drawn, he was brought to a long line of cells beside the Greek arena. Here was no odor of goats or sheep, and no fumes of burning, but the air was filled with the smell of wild beasts and soon, very soon, he heard the roar of the lions and the tigers in the dungeons beyond.

Fear took hold of him and he sank to his knees and prayed to the Lord. He prayed loud and he prayed long.

The keeper of the cells, a Greek, explained to him in a kindly manner that his offense was beyond the judgment of the Temple Rabbis for it had to do with inciting to violence and this was an offense to be tried only before the Roman governor. He would have to wait until the Procurator would hold his court.

The cell in which Ben Shaba found himself had been built under the stone seats of the arena. One iron gate led to the enclosure while the other led to the narrow outer street. Also, a small low door connected each of the cells through which animals might be led or driven. Here and there he saw fragments of bones and other undevoured morsels.

"That is how it is," he said to himself. "A long journey through dangerous lands and the end. . . . The end is here. Now what to do!"

The dagger had been taken from him but his money and the jewel in his turban he was allowed to keep.

After about an hour he heard the sound of a cart in the little street and looking out saw that it was piled high with straw. A young Greek was leading the beast between the shafts of the cart.

"Hey!" he called. "Come over closer. I would ask you something."

"What is it?"

"As you see, I am here. And . . ."

The young Greek looked at the prisoner most carefully. He examined his face and clothes, his turban, the jewel and everything.

"I am a stranger in Jerusalem and have few friends here. But there is a merchant of rugs in the bazaar street who is an old friend. He is rich and well known. His name is Eleazar Boatus and I would like to send him a message. This service would be worth a gold shekel to me."

"You are a stranger, you say?"

"Yes."

"Never before in Jerusalem?"

"Not in the past four years."

"But you were here once?"

"Yes. As I said, I was here four years ago."

"And your caravan has not been here since?"

"How would you know about my caravan?"

"I may tell you that later. But you must tell me first what has happened. Murder?"

"No. Nothing like that at all. Do I look like . . ." And he went on and related the events of the morning to the Greek driver, who turned his back and leaned against the iron grille. Anyone passing through the street at this moment would not suspect that he was listening to a prisoner's talk.

"That is how it happened. And I swear to you, that is all I know."

"You must know that Jerusalem is riddled with spies."

"That I can now well believe. But I have a friend Eleazar Boatus and he will . . ."

"He is powerless . . ."

"He is a respected citizen and rich."

"Still, he is powerless. I know."

"What then shall I do?"

The young Greek turned about and facing the prisoner said: "You are Ben Shaba."

"How do you know my name?"

"And four years ago you came here from Alexandria, and through Egypt."

"Yes. That is true. But how would you know that?"

"It was a long journey."

"Yes."

"And certain things happened on the way."

"I would not remember."

"And once in the desert you picked up a boy, his feet were bleeding, his sandals were cut to shreds on the sharp stones."

"A boy? Yes, I do recall some-

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Flight Into Egypt

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thing. A young boy about fifteen."

"Sixteen. He was going to Jerusalem to join his uncle. And you lifted him up and put him on a camel and brought him along all the way."

"What was his name?"

"His name was Xeno."

"Xeno. Yes, I remember a lad Xeno. Of course. What has become of him?"

"Look at me!"

"You, Xeno?"

The young Greek nodded his head and smiled.

"My God, I should never have recognized you! How you have grown!"

"Listen. There is no time to be lost. Eleazar Boatus is a fine gentleman but he is powerless. There is one person here who can save you; he knows how to do it."

"How can I get hold of this person?"

"You are talking to him now. His name is Xeno. Do as I tell you. I will draw the cart up close to this door and leave it here. And as soon as I depart, take off your cloak and tear it into shreds. Scatter them on the floor. Then unwind your turban and wrap the cloth about your loins. I will return in a short while. I will bring meat and bones and also the keys. As soon as I open the door to throw in the meat, you creep into the cart and get under the straw. That is all."

After these words he backed the cart against the door and departed.

Pretending to bring meat for the animals in the dungeon, Xeno squeezed himself between the cart and the wall and opened the door. He scattered the meat over the floor and even wrapped some in the torn fragments of the cloak, while Ben Shaba crept into the straw of the cart.

Xeno then opened one of the low side gates and quickly running out of the cell, he locked the door. The lions had scented the meat and lost no time entering this cell. As the cart drove away they could hear the crunching of the bones.

In a short time Ben Shaba was safely outside the walls of the city and looking out cautiously from under the straw he directed the driver of the cart to the place where his caravan of eight camels was resting.

"Direct the boys to untie the beasts and start going. It would be safer to get along for a distance and I will follow in the cart," ordered Xeno.

Seeing the bare head of their master emerge from the cart of straw, the camel drivers lost no time and were soon running at a lively trot. They took the road to the south of Jerusalem and when they were a good distance from the city and not a soul could be seen in any direction, the cart came to a halt.

Ben Shaba embraced Xeno.

"You have done your part and now I am prepared to do my part," was his declaration to the youth.

"I do not understand."

"There is nothing to understand. Your services cry for reward."

"No. I have already been paid."

"When?"

"Four years ago."

"That is nothing. Here is my purse filled with gold shekels."

"No. My feet were bleeding. I have been paid."

"Then here. Take the jewel of my turban as a remembrance."

"No. It is too valuable. I would have perished in the wilderness and you lifted me up. I have been more than paid."

"Then something I must do. Something surely."

"No." Then after a moment he said, "Yes. There is something . . . Some day when you are traveling on your long journeys you may again see a boy or someone in the desert. Think of me and remember your good cloak which we cast to the lions and lift him up and let him ride with you."

"That I will do. I promise. And as long as I live I will never forget this day. May the Lord and peace be ever with you."

They parted. The cart turned back to the walls of the city. And the caravan went on in a southerly course now at a more leisurely pace.

Ben Shaba paused several times to shake himself and see if he was really alive. He paused at a well to wash his face and hands, for the pungent odor of the dungeon was still with him. And he unpacked one of the bundles to get out a fresh cloak and wind a fresh cloth over his head. Once more he set the jewel in his turban and once more he was leader of his caravan and master of his soul.

At sundown they stopped. Jerusalem was now far behind them. On the horizon before them they could see a small cluster of buildings.

"What town is that ahead?" asked one of the drivers.

"It is a little place," replied Ben Shaba. "They call it Bethlehem."

But that night in the marble and gold palace, when all of Jerusalem was asleep, Herod tossed restlessly on his couch. He dreamed he saw before him his beautiful wife Mariamne whom he had ordered strangled only the year before. She was standing before him in a long white Grecian robe, her raven hair hung over her shoulders.

"What do you want!" he cried in terror.

"Our son Antipater."

"He is safe. He has returned from Rome."

"And now? Where is he now?"

"Safe in Jerusalem."

"Where?"

"In prison. He spoke against me before the Emperor in Rome and he returned with a petition, a signed parchment with the Seal of the Emperor's ring. And I tore it into bits and threw the fragments into his face."

"You will kill him as you have killed me, as you have killed my mother, as you killed your enemies . . ."

"He wants the throne! He will never have it as long as I live."

"The throne, the throne! At first you were like a fox creeping along the steps and then when the Roman engines of war battered down the gates of Jerusalem you mounted boldly to the top and ruled like a tiger. For thirty years you drained the blood of your people. How many perished? A hundred thousand! And you would now kill your own son as you killed all the Maccabaeans and the other proud families of Jerusalem."

"Yes. I killed them. Ha, ha! And the priests who spoke against me and the powerful princes and merchants and even the lowest beggar in the street, all, all. . . . Ha, ha! I kill them and then . . . Death is respectful."

"Listen, Herod. We dead now speak. Do you know what are the secret prayers of your people? Their lips move but you do not know what they say and what is in their hearts. They pray that the fox who rules like a tiger might die like a dog!"

"Who!"

"All, all. They pray . . . Fox, tiger . . . dog!"

He saw her figure, her white arms and parchment face framed in her long black hair move away from him toward the marble terrace of the palace and he could hear her say in a whisper. "Thirty years of murder! And now our own son! Alas! Alas! . . . Fox, tiger . . . dog!"

"No, no!" he cried. "The throne! No one will rule over me. No one! No!"

He was awake when he shouted these last words. The dream was over. And in his anger and fury he cried aloud: "No!" and struck the gong beside his couch to bring the servants running. "No, no, no!" He hammered on the bronze gong, a dozen violent blows with all the strength of his weazened seventy-year-old frame.

"Send for the astrologers!" he ordered. "Wake them up!"

In a few minutes the two old palace star gazers, robed in purple, stood before him, sleepy-eyed and drowsy.

"I have had a dream," he said. "There are plots to take the throne away from me and I am reminded of the three Magi. I expected them to return. But they came not . . . Where was this star?"

"In the heavens, sire, over Bethlehem."

"It has now disappeared entirely, sire," added the second.

"A bad omen! A child has been born under this star and he must die."

"But there are many children in Bethlehem."

"Let them die!"

"All?"

"Every living infant up to the age of one year. No! Two years and younger, so no mistake is made. Order them put away at once. The throne! None shall rule over me!"

"But they are innocent."

"All but one; and this one desires the throne. And because of this desire all must die. I have spoken; let there be no more words." Then he whispered to himself: "Fox, tiger . . . dog! It's all a lie! It's all a plot!"

And because of his fury sleep had left him entirely. He walked out on the marble terrace and strode from column to column, waiting for dawn to announce itself. Soon the light of morning would strike the domes and palaces and garrisons and life would flow in the narrow streets. . . . Life watched by the dagger glances of his thousand spies.

And while morn was slow in its unfolding over Jerusalem and Herod was impatiently gazing out from the long marble colonnade of his magnificent palace another scene was taking place in the little town of Bethlehem, not many miles south.

"Arise! Hurry!" called Joseph. "We must leave at once and without delay. I have had a dream and an angel appeared before me and . . . Let us not tarry for a single instant. Take you the child and I will gather up our belongings and my tools. It is still dark, but the morning light is already over the hills and before the light is fully upon us we should be far into the country."

A fragrant morning aroma from the blooming orchards of olives and figs floated gently through the air. Aromatic plants and full tropical flowers were making known their bloom by filling the air with their scent.

The young mother took up the child and wrapped him carefully with a soft woolen cloth. She fastened the straps of her sandals to her feet and throwing a large shawl over her head and shoulders, she walked silently to the open door and looked up into the starry sky and waited for Joseph.

The stars, now growing fainter, seemed to disappear one by one and the heavenly constellations seemed changing their set forms. Now a hand seemed to appear over the sky as a shadow, dark and mysterious, floating from north to south. And as the fingers touched the stars they quickly disappeared. The hand was large, the palm broad, the fingers strong and knotted. This was no lily hand of a vain dandy; no soft palm of an idle ruler; no trembling winebibber's hand. It was the hand of one who had yesterday plowed and harrowed and today would sow and tonight would rest and tomorrow would reap. It was a hand that was ready to caress the lowly, the shepherds of flocks, the fishermen, the workers in stone, metal and wood. It was a hand that lifted up the oppressed and the lonely. As a cloud borne by winds, it floated across the sky

Continued at top of page 122

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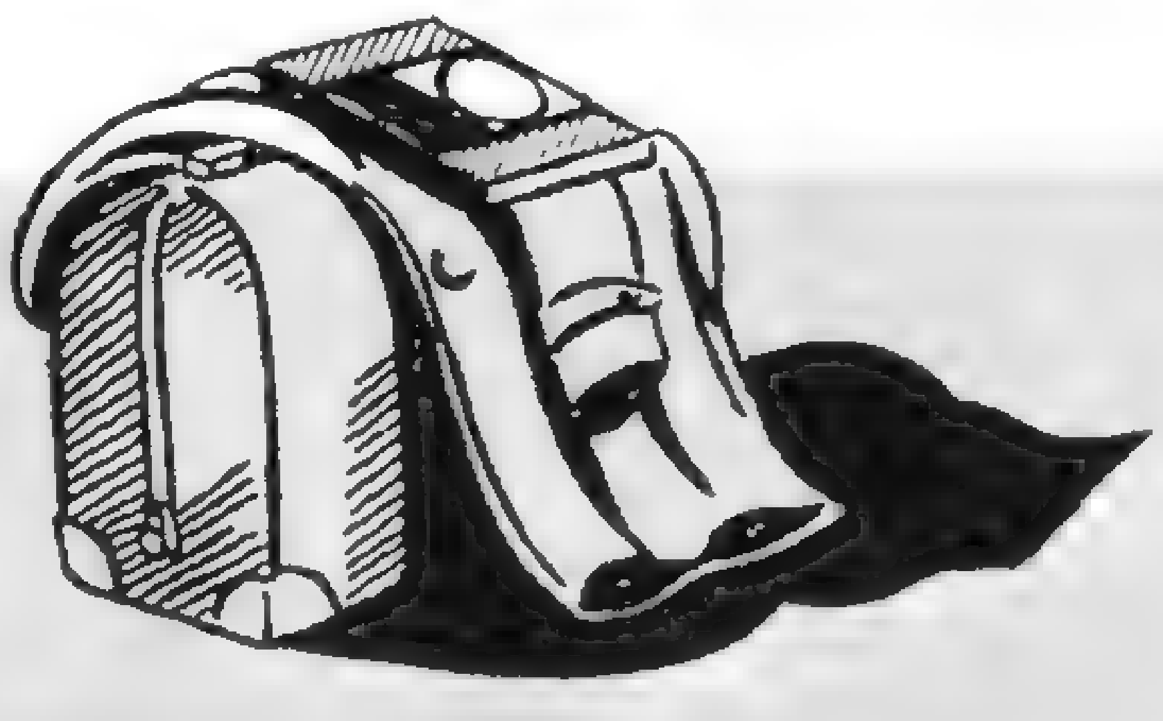

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS—25¢

Flight Into Egypt

Continued from pages 41-119-120

traveling from north to south.

"In a minute," called Joseph from within, tying together their few belongings. "We must hurry. Our road lies south. As soon as we come to the next village we will buy a beast of burden so that you and the child may ride. But now there is no time. Delay may prove disastrous! Let's hurry!"

The great hand in the sky floated toward the south. They turned their faces in this direction and hurried on as fast as they were able.

But they had not gone very far when they heard a shout behind them.

"Hello! Peace be with you!" cried Ben Shaba, riding ahead of the caravan to overtake the travelers.

They stepped to the side of the road to give the running camel room.

"With you be peace!" replied Joseph.

"You are traveling in our direction?"

"We seem on the same road."

"Your journey is far?"

"Far, very far. And we may not tarry. I had a dream and . . ."

"To flee from a dream is nothing," said Ben Shaba. "I flee from a nightmare. One day in Jerusalem and . . . I *am* happy to be alive. Come, let the mother and her child mount one of the camels and you another and we will all ride together."

"Ah, this is indeed more . . . We were hoping to buy a beast in the next town."

"But we have several without burden."

"Our journey is a long one."

"Not longer than mine."

"How could we pay for so long a journey?"

"I have already been paid yesterday."

"We have a little gold which we might offer you. It was a present to the child."

"I offered a Greek lad gold yesterday and he refused it. And so I too must refuse. He saved my life and would accept nothing. All I offer to save for you is weariness."

"Then we have some fragrant frankincense brought from the East, also a present for the child."

But to this Ben Shaba did not reply but shouted to the drivers to have two of the camels kneel for the travelers to mount.

When they were starting off Joseph added: "Or if not frankincense there is a small casket of healing myrrh, also a present for the child."

"These presents must come from the East."

"Yes, they were carried on a long journey by . . . You might not believe it . . . Three kings brought these presents. It sounds impossible."

"I would believe anything after what happened to me yesterday. From now until the day when the Messiah arrives, I can believe anything in the world. In one day I prayed at the altar of the most sacred of all temples, was cast into prison, escaped in a cart of straw, had my coat eaten by lions, and . . . The Greek lad who saved my life, at great risk of his own, would take not a copper. Who could believe such a tale? But my lads here will bear me witness."

"Oh, I would believe anything possible in Jerusalem. Since Herod . . . We must flee. . . . My friend, tell us what road we are now following?"

"The road leads to Gaza, situated on the sea and then we follow the coast down and around until we come to the Nile. This river we must cross in ferries before we come to the land of the ancient Pharaohs."

"Egypt!" exclaimed Joseph joyfully. "Do you hear, Mary? We are going to Egypt. In Egypt the child will be safe!"

"Eh," said Ben Shaba. "In Egypt we will all be safe."

"But it is such a long journey and we must contribute something."

"Speak no more about it, my friend. As I have told you, I have already been paid. Once, some years ago, I did a small act of kindness for a Greek boy and yesterday I was paid back a hundred fold. And who can tell? Perhaps tomorrow or next year or maybe ten years from today, or perhaps on the very last day of my mortal life, a hand will reach out at the very moment when . . . That is how life unfolds itself."

"A good deed is not forgotten," added Joseph.

"Some things there are in the world, once they are born they can never perish. They endure forever. A smile, a kind deed, a word of sympathy . . . Ah, the world is full of things everlasting! These things are like seeds; they wait for spring and they grow up and bear fruit. And often spring is long in arriving. But one must be patient."

They drove on and every step took them further and further away from that monster Herod. And every step across the hills and fertile valleys and through the long sandy stretches . . . Every step brought them closer and closer to the land where the angel had directed Joseph to take the young child and his mother—the land of Egypt. ⧺

Passing of a City Dump

Continued from page 79

feet high. Shrubs were set out. Finally, a boat house and a handsome comfort station were built, and play equipment was set up.

The whole job had taken about a year. During the course of the work, the Mayor had inspected the project many times, but he had seen nothing of the former Assistant Dump Boss.

Then, one pleasant summer afternoon, the Mayor noticed a dejected little boy, with reasonably dirty clothes and a very dirty face, sitting on the newly planted grass, and gazing sadly at some well-dressed children playing in a sandbox a short distance away.

"Well, if it isn't my old friend, Mike," said the Mayor heartily.

"Hello, Mr. Mayor," said Mike.

"How are you making it, feller?"

"I don't know," said Mike, doubtfully. "I don't get along so good around here anymore."

"Why not?"

"For one thing, there's that sort of thin woman that they call the Recreational Director. She's always bossing me around, and telling me what to do and how to play."

"What if she does?" said the Mayor. "That's no reason for getting sulky and moping around. Why don't you go over and play with those kids in the sandbox?"

"I did," said Mike. "But their nursemaid wouldn't let me. She said, 'Go away, you dirty little boy—you're not fit to play with decent children.' So I had to get out because she said if I didn't she would call the policeman and he would make me."

"So that's it," said the Mayor, grimly. "We build a playground for all the children, and a few rich little snobs with their hired nursemaids take possession and try to high-hat kids like you. All right—I'll soon fix them. I'm going to tell the Recreational Director and the park police that you are just as good as any of those uppercrust brats, and you have just as much right here as they have. Also, I'm going to give those children and that nursemaid a piece of my mind."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do any good," said Mike.

"Why wouldn't it do any good?"

"Those little twirps are so clean and so slicked-up, and they got such swell clothes, they wouldn't ever want to play with me. And I'm not the kind of a guy that wants to horn in where he isn't wanted."

"Listen," said the Mayor. "If it's clothes and being slicked-up that matters, I'm going to buy you an outfit twice as expensive as anything they've got. And I'm going to take you home with me and give you a good bath. When you come back here you'll be so elegant, you'll make a bum out of little Lord Fauntleroy."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Mayor," said Mike, "but I'm afraid it wouldn't work. I guess I'm just not the type to fit in here."

"You mean, you think you're not good enough to play with these pampered prigs?"

"Maybe that's it, Mr. Mayor. Maybe playing around on the old dump sort of spoiled me for stuff like this."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, Mr. Mayor," said Mike, "suppose you had once held an important position like me—Assistant Dump Boss. Suppose you had got used to bossing around truck drivers like I did. How would you like to start taking orders from silly nursemaids and female Recreational Directors?"

"I think I begin to see what you mean," said the Mayor.

"Sure you do," said Mike. "And now just tell me, honestly, Mr. Mayor, as man to man—would you enjoy putting in a whole afternoon digging around in one of these piles of lily white sand, where, no matter how long you dig, you never find anything but just some more lily white sand? Wouldn't you rather dig in a good city dump that's got a good healthy smell, and where you can find busted baby buggies, and all kinds of other interesting things?"

"I guess you're right, Mike," said the Mayor. "It isn't a question of your not being good enough for this place—the fact is, this place is not good enough for you. I bet you wish we had never changed the good old dump into a silly playground—is that right?"

"You said it, Mr. Mayor. And besides—when the dump was here my Dad had a job. Now he doesn't have any job."

"I'm sorry," said the Mayor. "Maybe we never should have put through this project in the first place. But it's too late now. I can't very well change this park back into a city dump."

Slowly and thoughtfully, the Mayor walked back to his car and drove away. When he reached his office he called up the Department of Sanitation and requested that Mike's father be given the job of Dump Boss on the new city dump which had been established on the opposite side of town from the old one.

A few days later he drove out to inspect the new dump. As he stepped from his car he noticed the remains of three or four bicycles which had apparently been dug out of some of the newly deposited refuse. It looked as if someone had started to take them apart with the idea of using the best parts of all of them to make one complete machine.

Then the Mayor noticed a big truck load of garbage backing toward the edge of a large gully where a considerable amount of refuse had already accumulated. From behind the truck he heard a high-pitched childish voice: "All the way back to the edge, you big bum! Do you want me to climb up there and knock your teeth down past your tonsils?"

The truck backed all the way to the edge and dumped its load. As it drove away it revealed the form of a small boy.

"How're you making it, feller?" asked the Mayor.

"Swell," said Mike. ⧺

29 Ways to make Dad glad
. . . *by* Arrow

HERE'S A FAIR SAMPLE of what to expect when you pick out an Arrow gift for Dad. You'll find a magnificent assortment of Arrow Shirts, Ties, Sports Shirts, Handkerchiefs, and Underwear to pick from. The shirts and shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%!). All are perfectly tailored by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW
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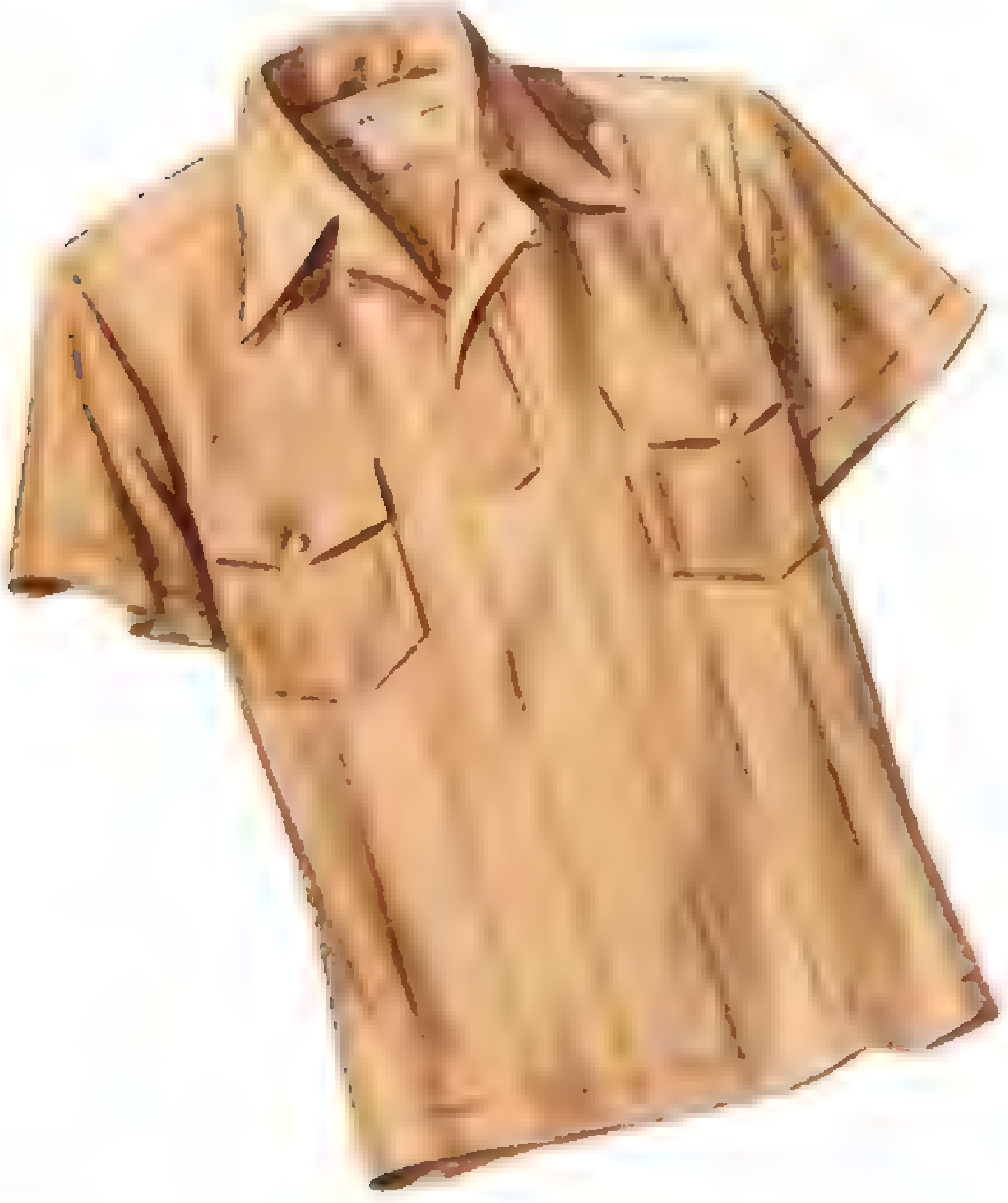
Father's Day is June 16



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These are a few of the many perfectly styled sports shirts Arrow has created for this Summer. Not only for Dad—but for yourself, too!

THIS OVER-THE-HEAD Arrow is both smart and cool. Father'll like it fine . **$2.50**

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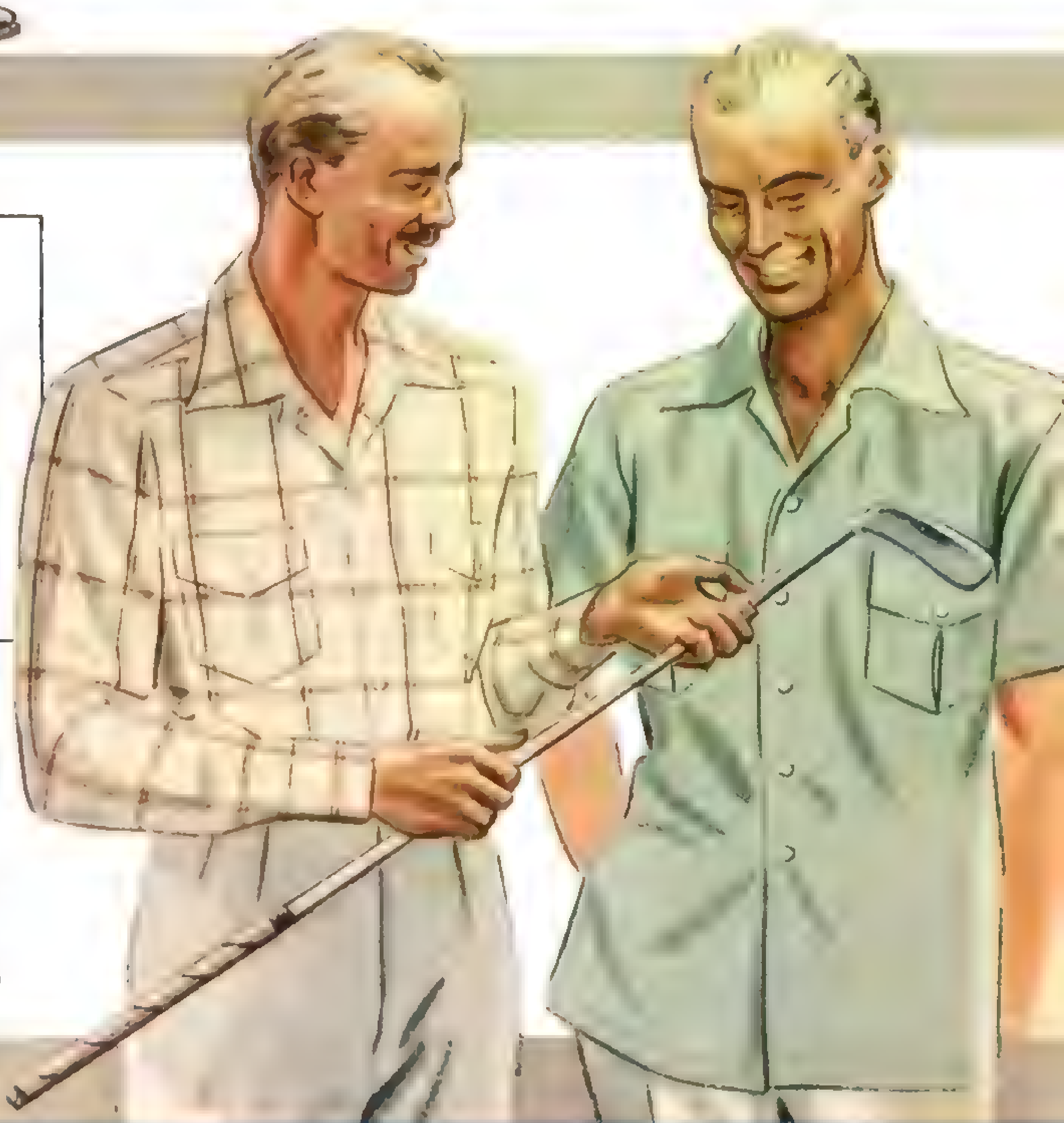

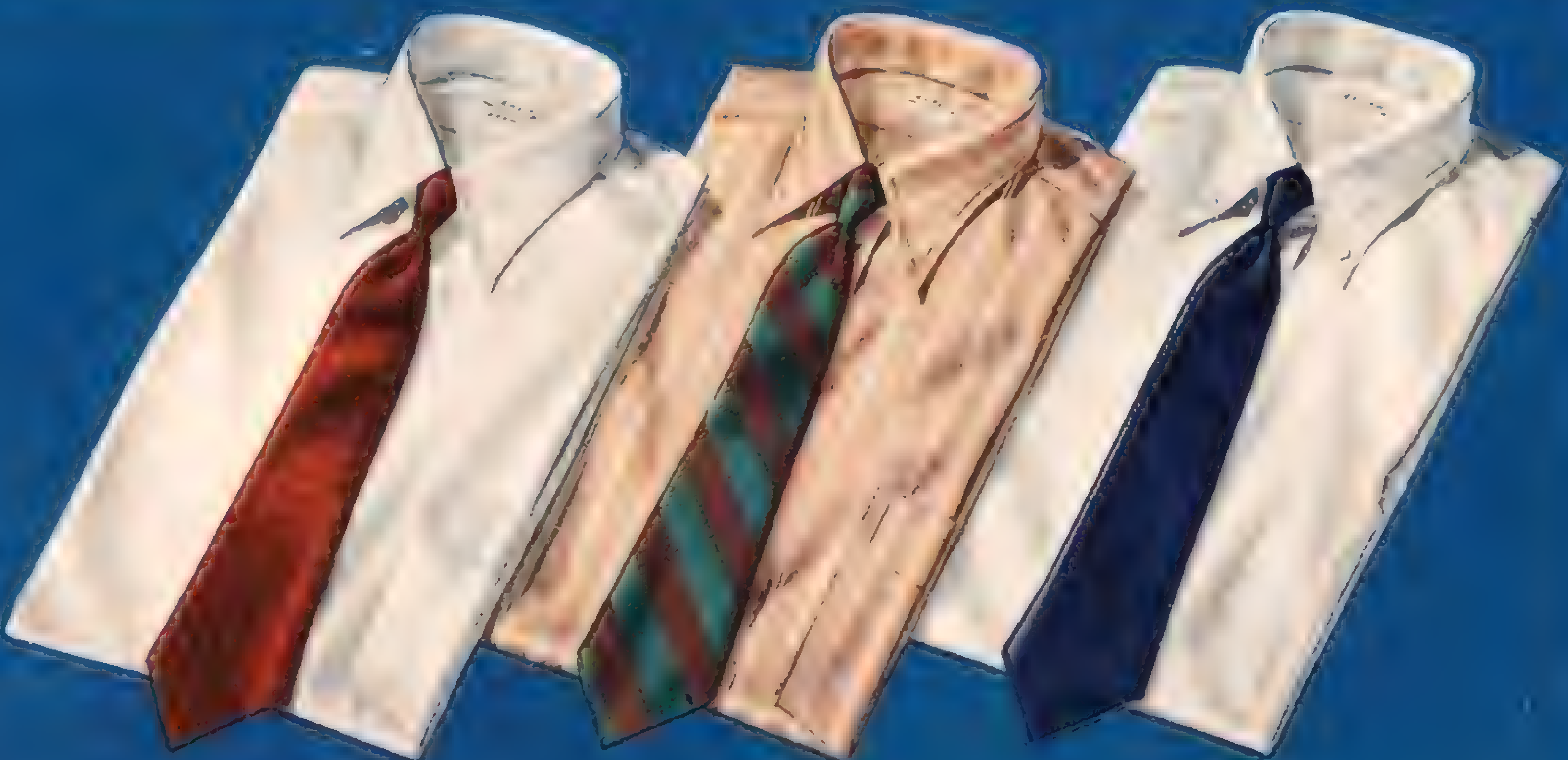

ARROW BARONET, the aristocrat of white shirts . . $5

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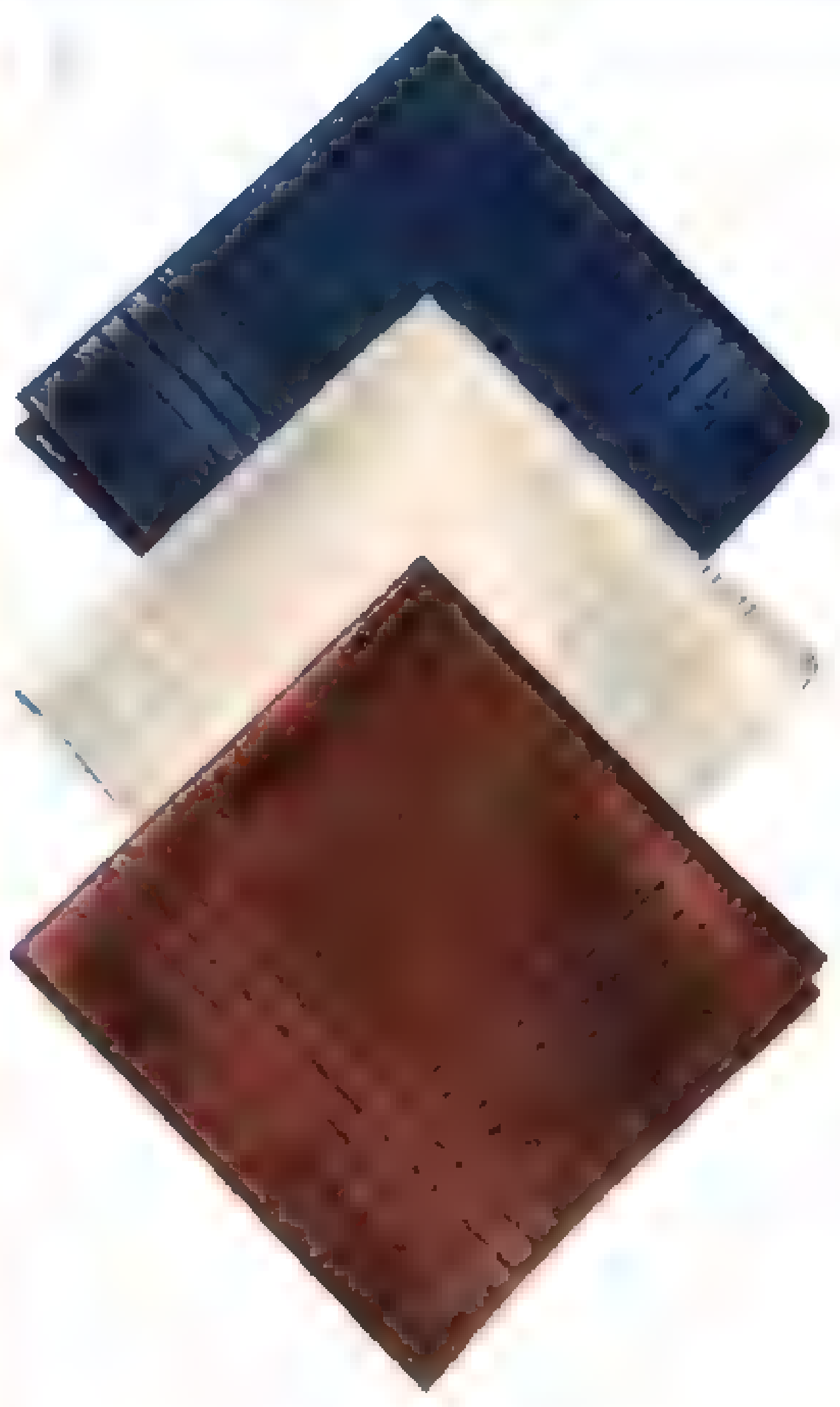

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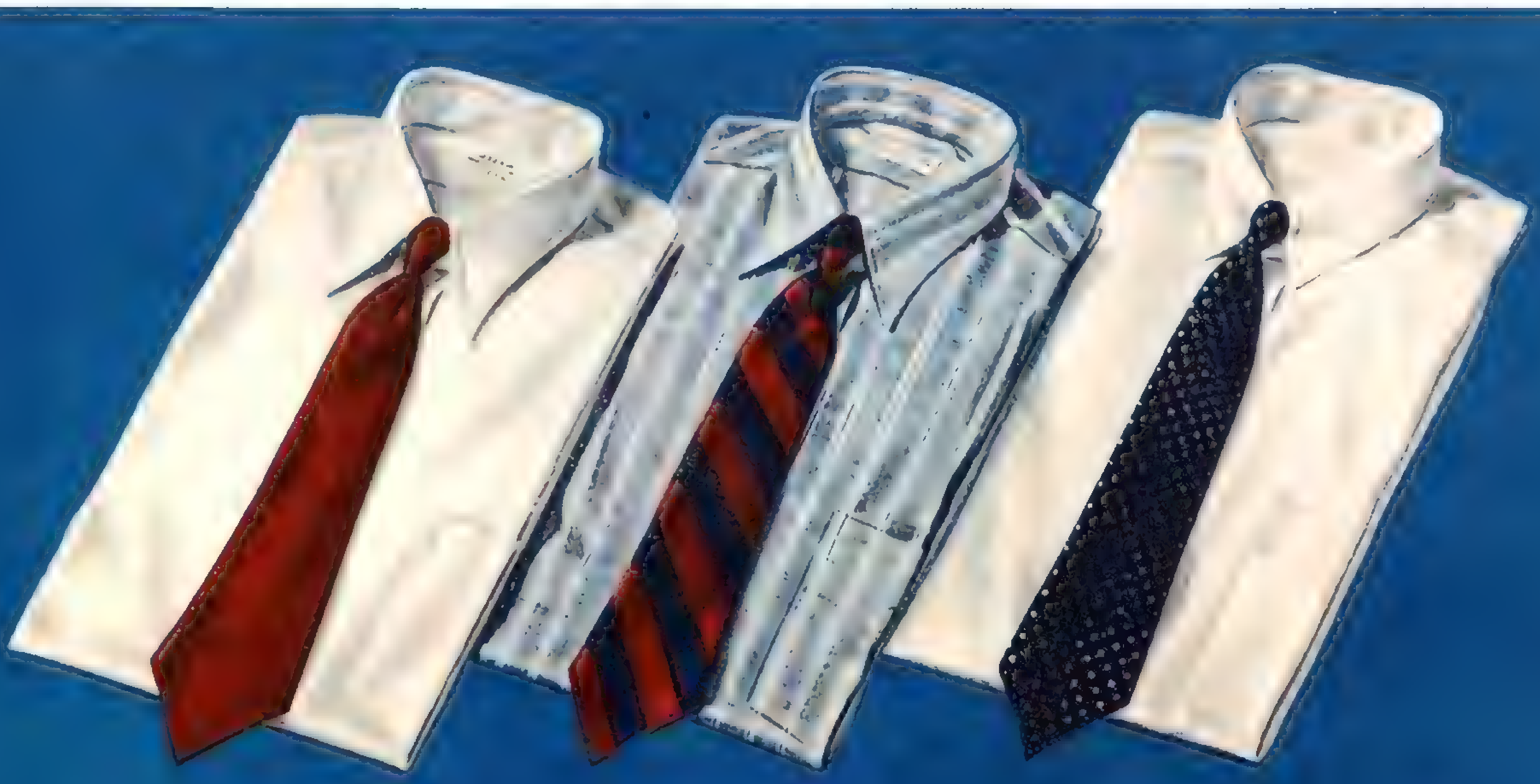

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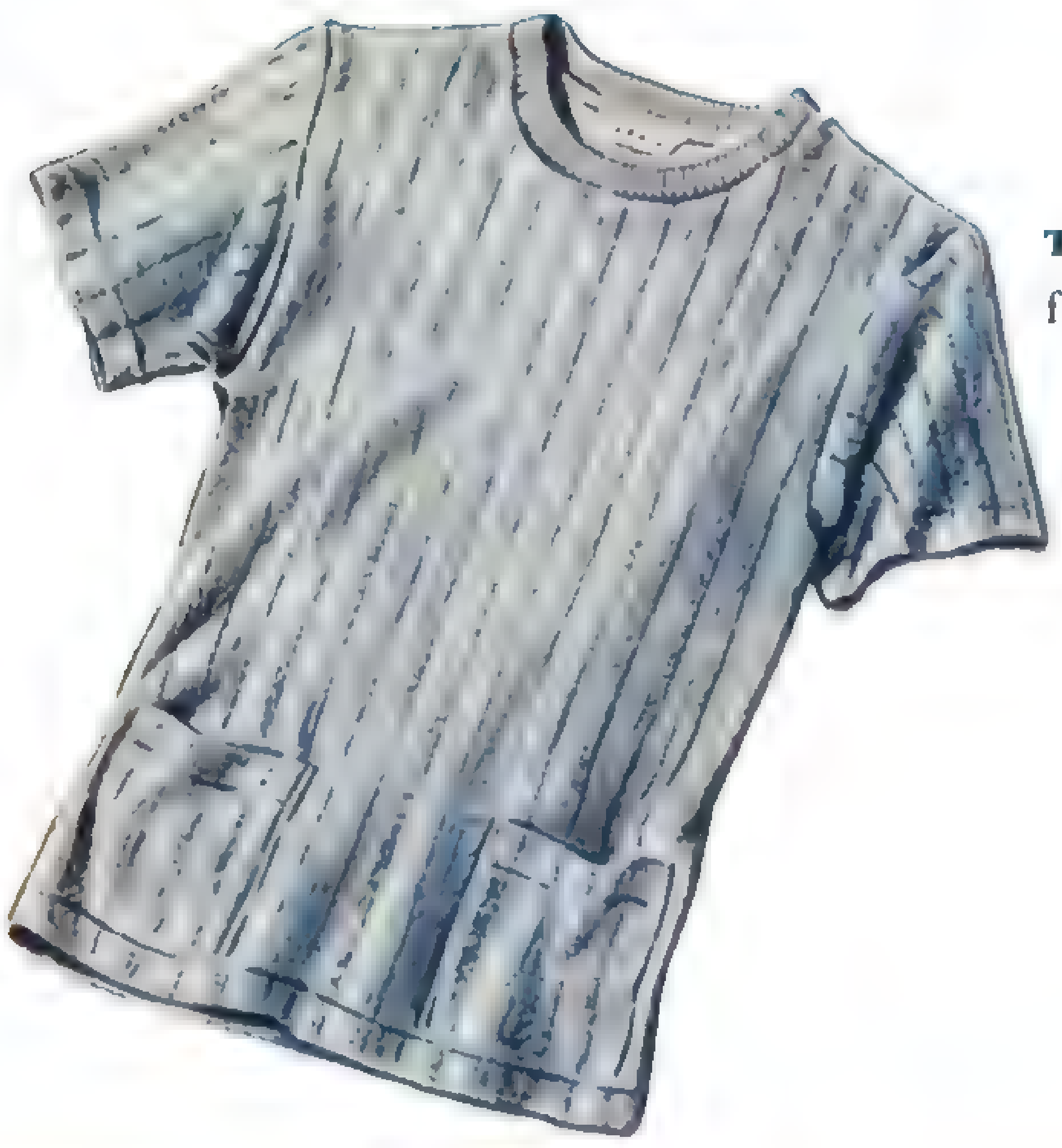

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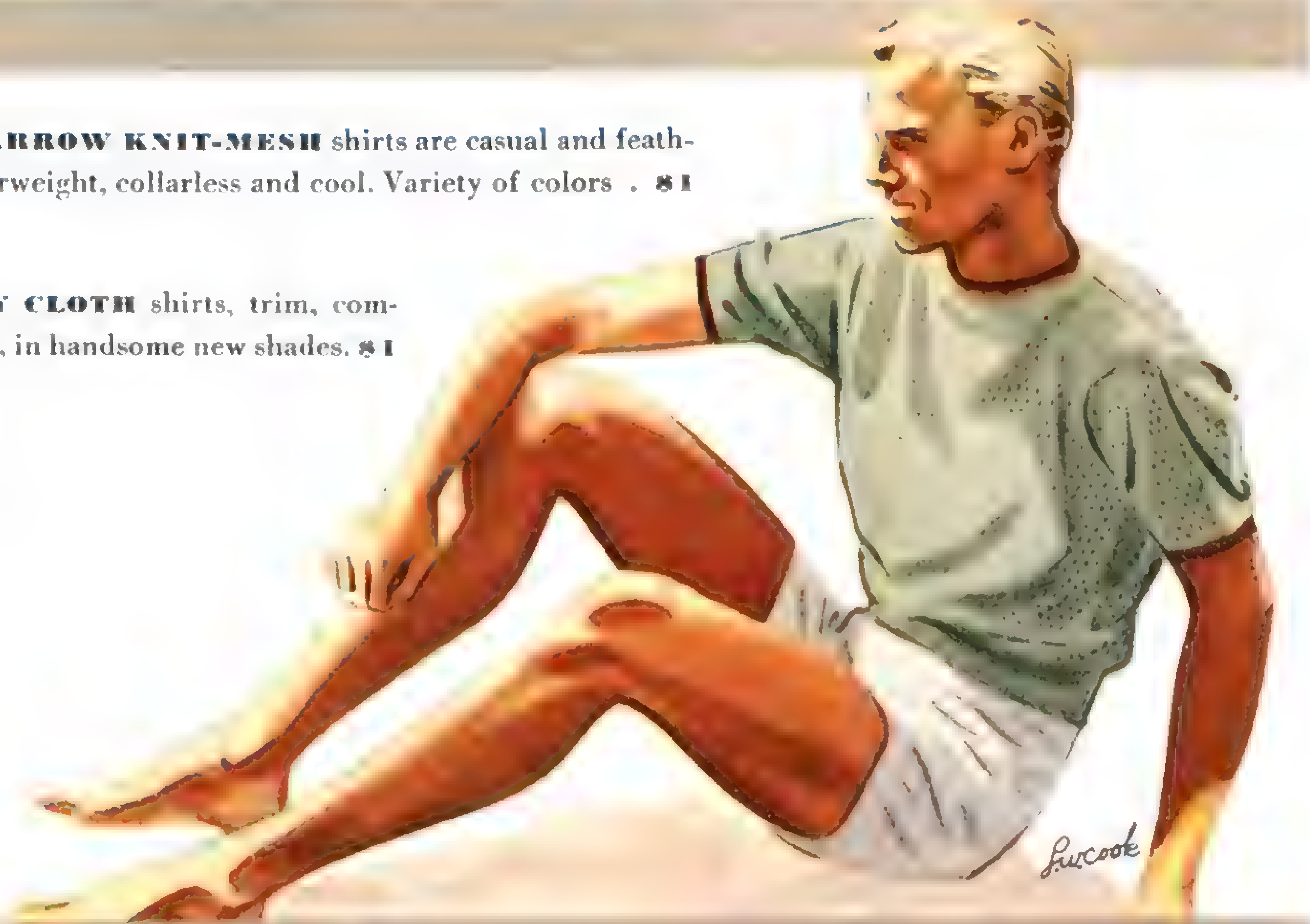

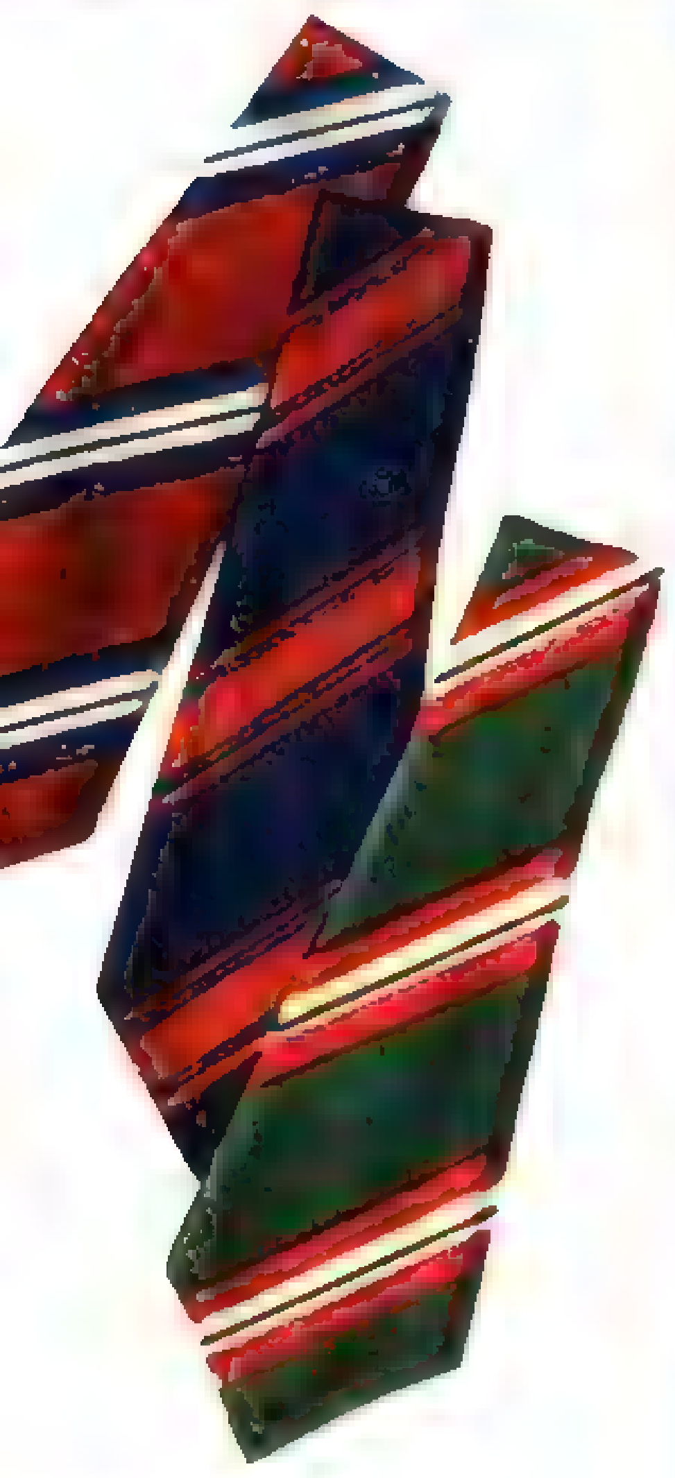

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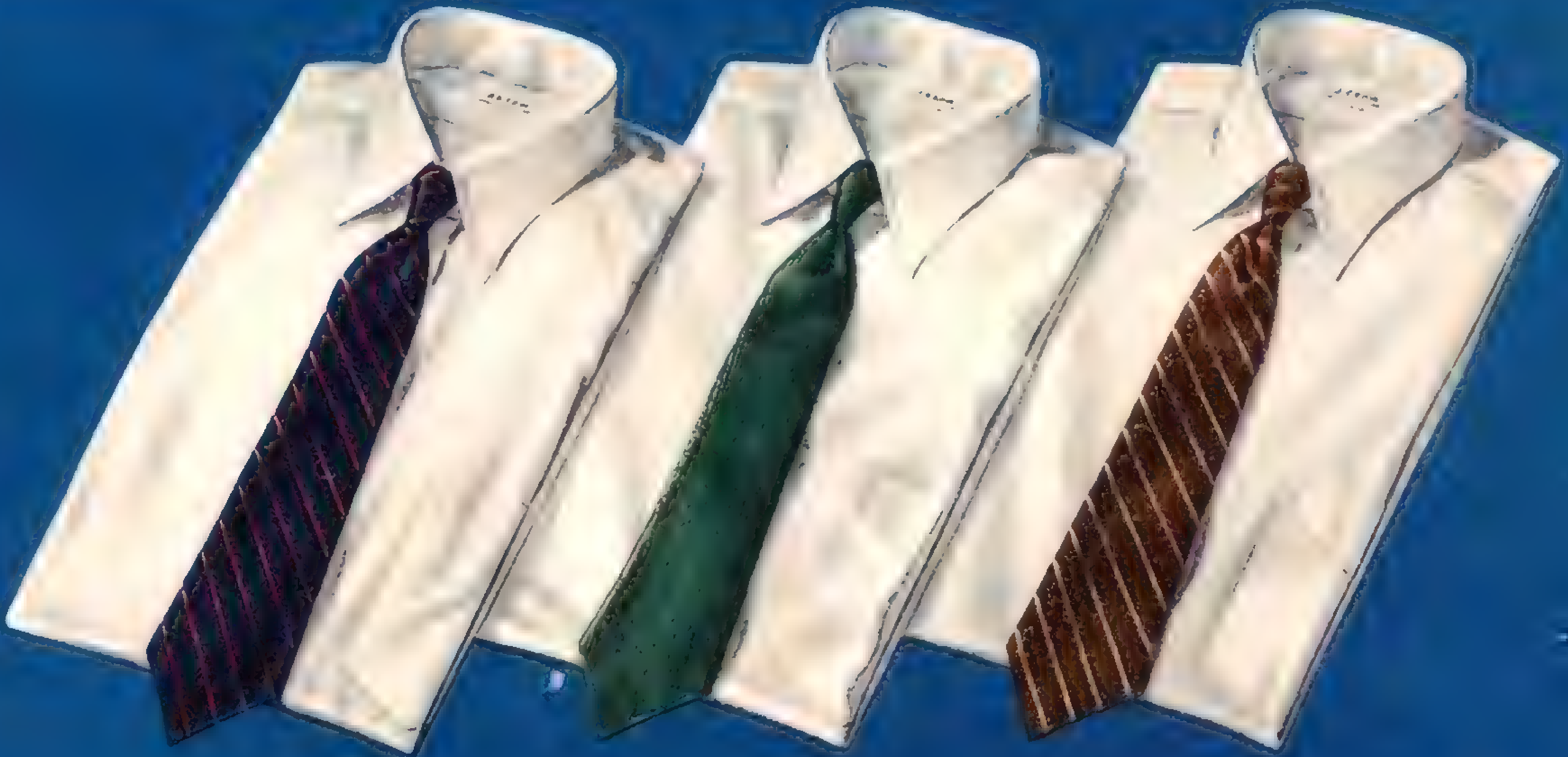

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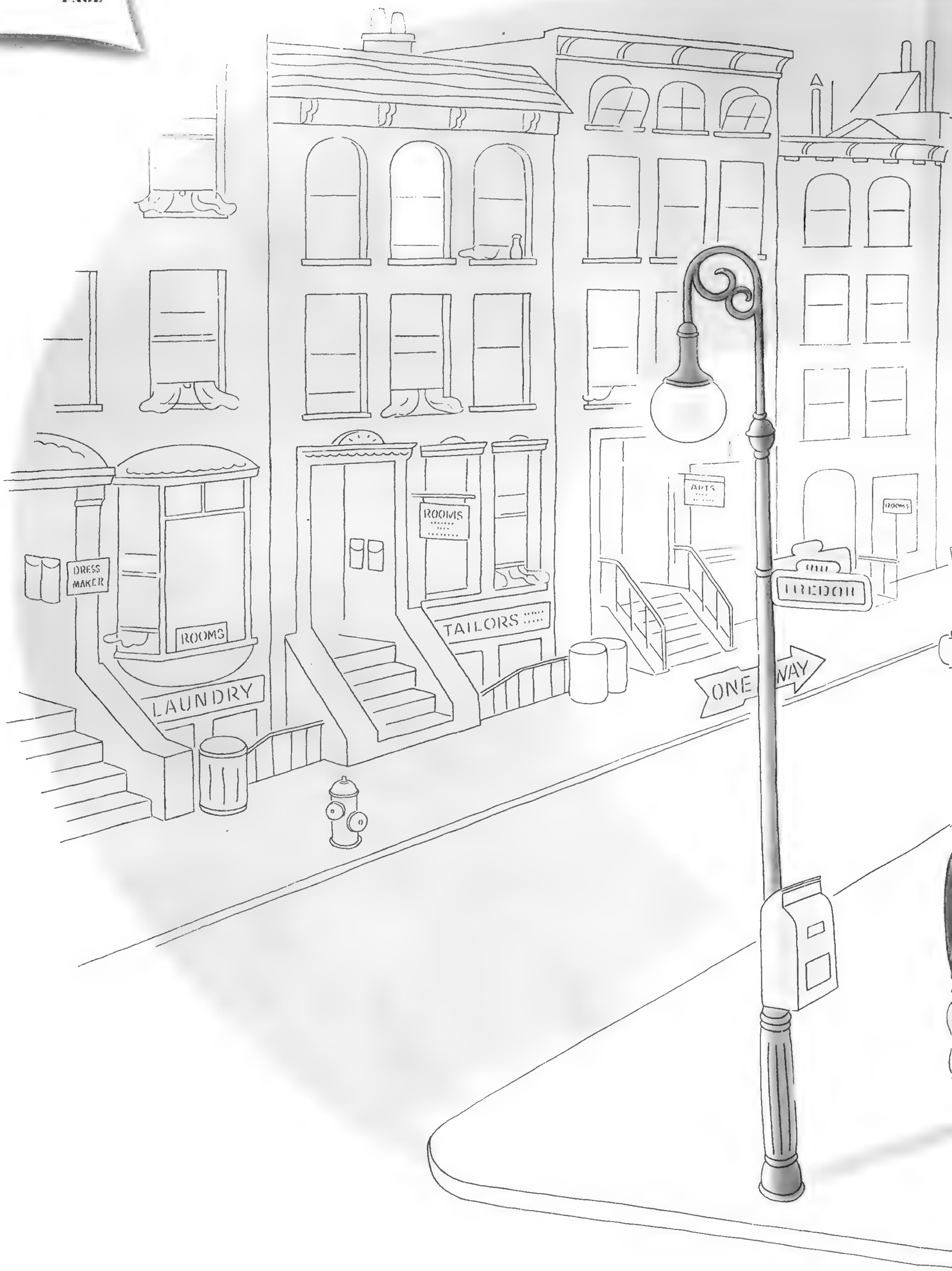
DRESS MAKER
ROOMS
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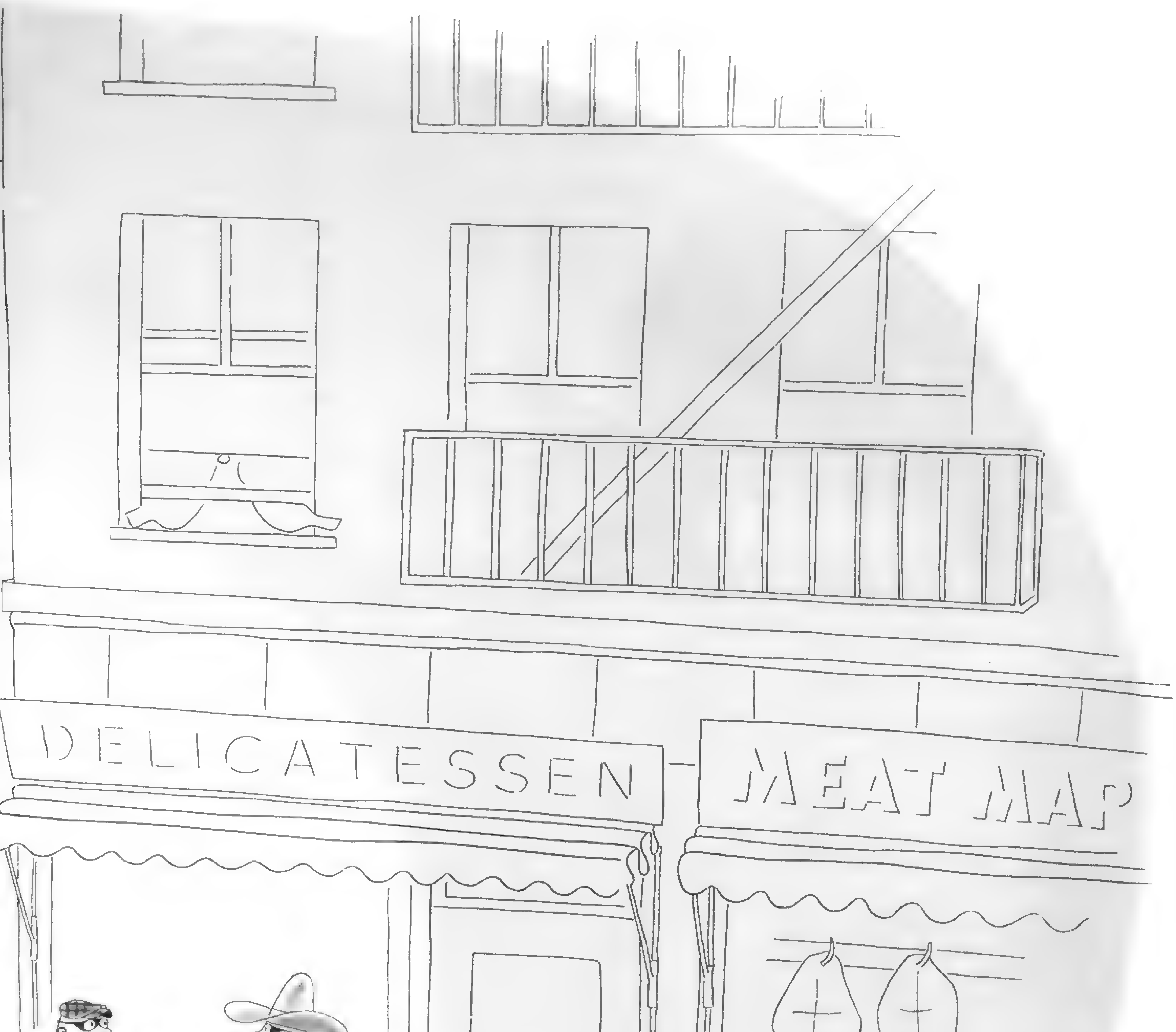
“How soon are you going to get rid of yo


DELICATESSEN
MEAT MAR
Tony Barlow

ur romantic ideas and get down to business?"

Father of Cesars

Continued from page 33

talk to us about your father."

He had just passed his bar examination. While he had studied law he had maintained himself, his wife and three children, from the proceeds of a bookstore, in a cellar on Grand Street, and from taking care of the bookkeeping for half a dozen small merchants in the neighborhood. He had studied at night, of course.

"And now," I asked. "When will you hang out your shingle?"

His brown eyes looked over my head in the distance:

"And why should I hang out my shingle? In the bookstore I come in contact with nice, fine people, who want to better their minds, who want to learn and find out something about the ways of life or the laws of the universe. In a law office, I will come in contact with people who had been swindled by someone or who want to swindle someone."

"Then why did you study law?"

"That's what I am asking myself now! I wanted to be a practical man . . . I wanted to make myself into a practical man . . . foolishness."

And so he never hung out his shingle. I acquired the habit of dropping in to his cellar bookstore on Grand Street . . . the Broadway of the East Side in those days . . . a Broadway of pushcarts from which many of the later-day Broadwayites have graduated. Cesar's book shop also boasted of a polyglot lending library. One evening a working girl came down the twelve steps, after ten long hours in a sweatshop and asked for a certain book she wanted to read. "Don't read that book," Cesar told her. "It is trash. You should not wear out your young eyes on such balderdash. A book you should read is Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*. A book like that is worth reading!" And he proceeded to tell her the gist of the story and to explain to her what good literature really is. When the girl convinced, asked for the book he had praised he told her. "I haven't got it, but come back in a few days. I'll get it for you."

Meanwhile other customers came down the cellar. Cesar didn't ask them what they wanted but continued his improvised lecture on literature to the haphazard audience. Before the hour was over he was talking to twenty people. Suddenly he remembered. "I am sorry. You are probably hungry and tired . . . or shall I send out for sandwiches, eh?"

When we were alone again, Cesar showed me a copy of *Anna Karenina*.

"Why didn't you give it to her?" I asked.

"Because if I had given it to her she would have thought I praised the book because I had it. You can't convince people of anything unless you can first convince them that what you say is not for your own profit. It's good Pastrama, isn't it? A little too much pepper but good, eh? Not a bad looking girl, eh? It was a pleasure to look at her while talking. Such curves!" And he smacked his lips as only he could smack them. He talked with the same kind of appetite as he ate. Sensuously. Gaily. Deeply.

Eventually he had to give up the bookshop and live on bookkeeping alone. The bookstore was a luxury he couldn't afford.

He worked twelve, fourteen, hours every day over East Side ledgers of grocers and haberdashers to see Irving and Arthur and a daughter through high school and college, and to keep himself in good spirits, loud laughter, and enormous quantities of food. He was forever eating. Going from one job to another he'd stop at a restaurant, midway, for a bite. His pockets were always crammed full with walnuts, peanuts, dates, dry figs, raisins and apples. His big brown eyes were always full of laughter when he was munching something. He despised people who spoke lightly of food or consumed it without appreciation. He could talk about wine for hours at a stretch. Not just of red wine and white wine but of the different wines in every country, and the vintages of every country.

In between time he was translating Fourier's *La Propriete*, (Property), which begins with the words: "Property is theft."

Cesar subscribed to that. He hated possessions. When the Yiddish Socialist daily bought a building on East Broadway, Cesar's ire knew no bounds.

"They got rich fulminating against the rich and now they buy property with the money they got from talking against private property," he thundered at those who celebrated the buying of the building. "You have made a business out of Socialism and now you rejoice because it has become profitable. So profit is still what you are after."

When Irving and Arthur had come into money they decided on a surprise for their father at his next birthday. They invited George Jessel, Al Jolson, Irving Berlin and a host of other Broadwayites to dine that night at their parents' home. Mrs. Cesar cooked the most grandiose dinner. Her sons informed her what the favorite dishes of the guests were and to this she added her children's, her own, and her husband's favorite dishes. Smoked sturgeon rolled in crumbs and dipped in sherry, caviare soaked in olive oil, ducks cooked in hard cider and stewed in orange juice with a sauce of mushrooms and black olives. Strudel filled with roasted black walnuts, chopped fine into a paste made of honey and cream. Goose pastrama. Pâté de foie gras. Compotes of a dozen fruits. Blinis and all the other things her Moritz loved to eat. Cesar didn't know of the preparations for his birthday. The war had broken out in Europe and he was busy arguing in shops and

Continued on page 128

Blazing Sun and Soaking Showers

ARE BAD NEWS FOR YOUR HAIR!

Scorching sun parches hair . . . makes it dry and lifeless.

Water increases harm, washes away remaining scalp oils.

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He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

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2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

Father of Cesars

Continued from pages 33-127

coffee houses in favor of the allies with people who hoped the allies would be beaten; because Russia was on their side. They were bitter against the Czar in whose prisons most of the Russian Jewish intelligentsia had lingered before they had come here.

Cesar saw beyond their noses and knew we would eventually be in the fray. The night of his birthday he came home a little later than usual, having, somewhat, celebrated his birthday by himself. After hours of wrangling in the coffee house after work, he was surprised to see the apartment crowded with so many people in a jolly mood. And such food on the table! And such favorite perfumes from the kitchen!

"What's the matter? Have they captured the Kaiser?" he asked in his booming Rabelaisian voice.

The crowd broke out in "Happy Birthday to you," and the young ladies lined up to throw their arms about his neck and kiss him.

"Don't crowd me so! Let me enjoy the kiss I just got before you give me one. Let me taste it so I can realize the difference between one kiss and the other."

They all sat down to eat. Mrs. Cesar was hurrying them. She complained the food was already half-ruined waiting for that husband of hers. There was plenty of good wine to wash the food down and the Broadwayites had brought down several cases of champagne from their own "reserve." And you couldn't hurry Moritz Cesar in the presence of such food. He extracted joy from every morsel, every bite, every drop of wine. He knew how to eat.

Towards the end of the dinner, around midnight, Arthur, the oldest son, rose to spring the real surprise on his father.

"Father," he said. "You and mother have lived in this house now for over twenty years. You like it. So, Irving and I have bought it for you. Here is the deed to it. You own it."

And so saying he handed his father the papers. Moritz Cesar struck the paper out of Arthur's hand, rose and yelled in thunderous wrath.

"Get out of here, you fool. Leave my table. What! A landlord you want to make out of me. I should yet collect rent from the grocer downstairs and the schoolteacher that lives over us! That's how much you understood me! Living beside me, hearing me talk against property and property holders! And you think it was sour grapes? A landlord you want to make out of me? Get out. Get out before I break a bottle on your head." And though he sat back and poured himself another glass he was not to be consoled. The boys made over the deed to the property in their mother's name. But every month Moritz Cesar gave to his wife forty dollars to "pay to the landlord," the month's rent, and never forgot to curse the "bloodsucker" out roundly; though he must have known who owned the house.

The boys went on from success to success on Broadway but the father continued to earn his living, as before. The table in the Cesar dining room was always groaning with food. When Irving or Arthur came home at two or four in the morning they brought their friends along; George Jessel, David Friedman, George Gershwin. PapaCesar would get out of bed, throw a blanket over his blue pajamas and join them in a little snack which sometimes lasted to breakfast time. But they couldn't talk Broadway to him. Music was Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, and not the jazz they were interested in. Literature was literature and not the "Schmyrics" they talked about.

"But aren't you proud to be the father of such boys?" Al Jolson asked him.

"I can't be proud of what they do. It's beneath me. You are in the amusement business. It's a good business. But don't ask me to call it by another name. Have another glass of wine."

And if some neighbor opened his window to scream they should stop laughing at three in the morning Cesar would ask him, or her, to come down and join the party.

"It's good to sleep when you have nothing more pleasant to do. Come down. Have a glass of wine. Maybe you want a couple of eggs? We'll all go into the kitchen and have a couple of eggs apiece. Ever eat eggs fried in melted Italian cheese? No? Or poached in wine? Which would you rather have? I'll make them both ways. You'll tell me which you like better."

He loved the kitchen. At other people's parties he would disappear in their kitchens "to have a little talk with the cook." He liked cooks. "They smell so healthy. And have such pleasant curves."

One day Irving came to his father for advice. A motion picture company, he said, was offering him a contract for a year at two thousand a week. Should he accept it or not? He thought he was worth more than that.

Cesar looked at his son and said: "I was working on the socialist paper for eighteen dollars a week the year before you were born. One day your mother told me that she must have more money. She couldn't keep the family in food on eighteen dollars a week and pay the rent and the shoemaker. She made such a row that that very day I asked the business manager for a raise. He hemmed and hawed and then told me that they had recently made great expenses on the paper. Had bought a new linotype machine, a new press, and so on. 'Ask me again in a few months,' he said.

"Did I get a reception from your mother when I came home and told her I didn't get the raise. Did I get a reception! Whew! A few days later she told me that she'd leave me flat if I didn't get a raise. Meat had gone up. Sugar had gone up. Bread had gone up. Everything had gone up except my salary. And I knew your mother. She'd leave me flat and not maybe. So the following day I talked to the manager of the paper and told him that my wife would leave me if I didn't get a raise. Did he want to break up a family or not? So he hemmed and hawed and in the end he raised me a dollar a week; from eighteen to nineteen. As soon as I opened the door that evening your mother asked: 'Did you get a raise or not?'

"'Of course,' I said. 'Did I ever go out, really go out after something without getting it? Did I?'

"So she put a fresh napkin on the table and we had a good dinner and joked and laughed and then I sent for a bottle of wine, to celebrate. Nine months later you were born. And now you ask me whether you should accept two thousand dollars a week, because you think you are worth more, eh? To me, Irving, you are worth one dollar!"

I hadn't seen Cesar in years. I had been away from New York and he had been sent to Europe on some business. When I came back I ran into him one night at Carnegie Hall where Isadora Duncan was dancing. Three thousand people applauded but didn't drown Cesar's smacking of lips. I looked about me and there was Cesar. We went out of the hall together. What a change! He had lost more than a hundred pounds in weight. Lost his stomach, his triple chin. He greeted me with great effusion. Thinking that he had finally gone on that diet which the family and his friends had always urged upon him, I said, "Well, finally, Cesar. That took courage. You must have dropped a hundred pounds."

"A hundred and thirty-two," he corrected me.

"That's still better. But why on earth do you wear the same clothes you wore when you were like a mastodon?" I asked, pointing to the trousers draped about his middle in a Chaplinesque manner, and to the coat now six sizes too large for him.

"Let's go in and have a cup of coffee," he said. "So you ask why I don't buy myself clothes to fit my new figure, eh? All my life I have hated cloak and suiters . . . and now, six months before dying of diabetes I should add yet to their bankbooks? So they should have more money to speculate in stocks and to buy Steinways for their mistresses! Take some cake with your coffee . . . marvelous strudel they have here. Homemade. Really homemade. I can't eat it. Too bad, isn't it. But I'll watch you eat it. You'll enjoy the strudel here . . . just the right proportion of walnuts and honey. And the dough is like a zephyr. Waiter, coffee for two and strudel for two. You'll eat my portion. I'll watch you eat it."

Shortly afterwards he had to take to his bed; with *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and the Bible beside him.

While he was dying Irving's new musical comedy was being tried out on the road. One day Arthur telegraphed him: "Come home. Father is dying." Irving got the telegram in Detroit, between the first and second act, jumped on the next train and was in Brooklyn in the morning.

"Hello, Pop," he called, rushing into the sickroom out of breath. "How are you? You look fine."

"When did you leave Detroit?" the sick man asked.

"On the ten o'clock train. How are you father? You look fine."

"You didn't wait for the last curtain, eh?"

"Well, no. I had business in New York. How are you feeling, Pop?"

"And what is the hit song of the piece?" Cesar asked. "Sing it to me. I want to hear it."

"You'll hear it in a week; when the show will open."

"Sing it to me now."

"But look here, father. You'll come to the opening and hear it, won't you? What's the idea?"

"Whom are you trying to fool? I won't be here in a week. Sing it to me, now."

(I have this from my sister Jeanette who was Moritz Cesar's nurse.)

Poor Irving stepped back of the bed, behind his father's head, started to sing the song, broke down after the first verse and wept.

"I can't sing now, Pop. I can't."

"You are yellow, Irving. I always knew there was a yellow streak in you. He is crying! Who is dying anyhow? You or I?"

Mrs. Cesar had never been as convinced an atheist as her husband. At the last hour she sent for a Rabbi to give her dying husband spiritual consolation.

The Rabbi, one of Cesar's pet targets when he was shooting at religion, sat down beside the bed and began his consolatory introduction to the great beyond.

"What!" Cesar mocked. "In an hour from now I'll know all about that and you'll still be as ignorant as you are . . . and you talk to me about the beyond! How dare you!"

Shortly before expiring, before the last coma, he asked my sister to turn him over, face to the wall. There were too many people in the room. And suddenly Moritz Cesar's voice called in a loud shrill tone.

"World, world . . . Kiss my—"

And those were his last words.

Recently in the lobby of a theatre in Hollywood, Arthur Cesar who was being complimented as the author of the movie story, fell upon my neck and cried: "They quote my witticisms, the fools. But I haven't yet said a thing that my father hadn't said more wittily. I am a hyena. I am living off the dead," and turning to the producer Arthur said: "This fellow here knew my father. God! If he had seen this picture with my name on it, what a disappointment I would now be to him!" #

2 Precious "Crown Jewels"

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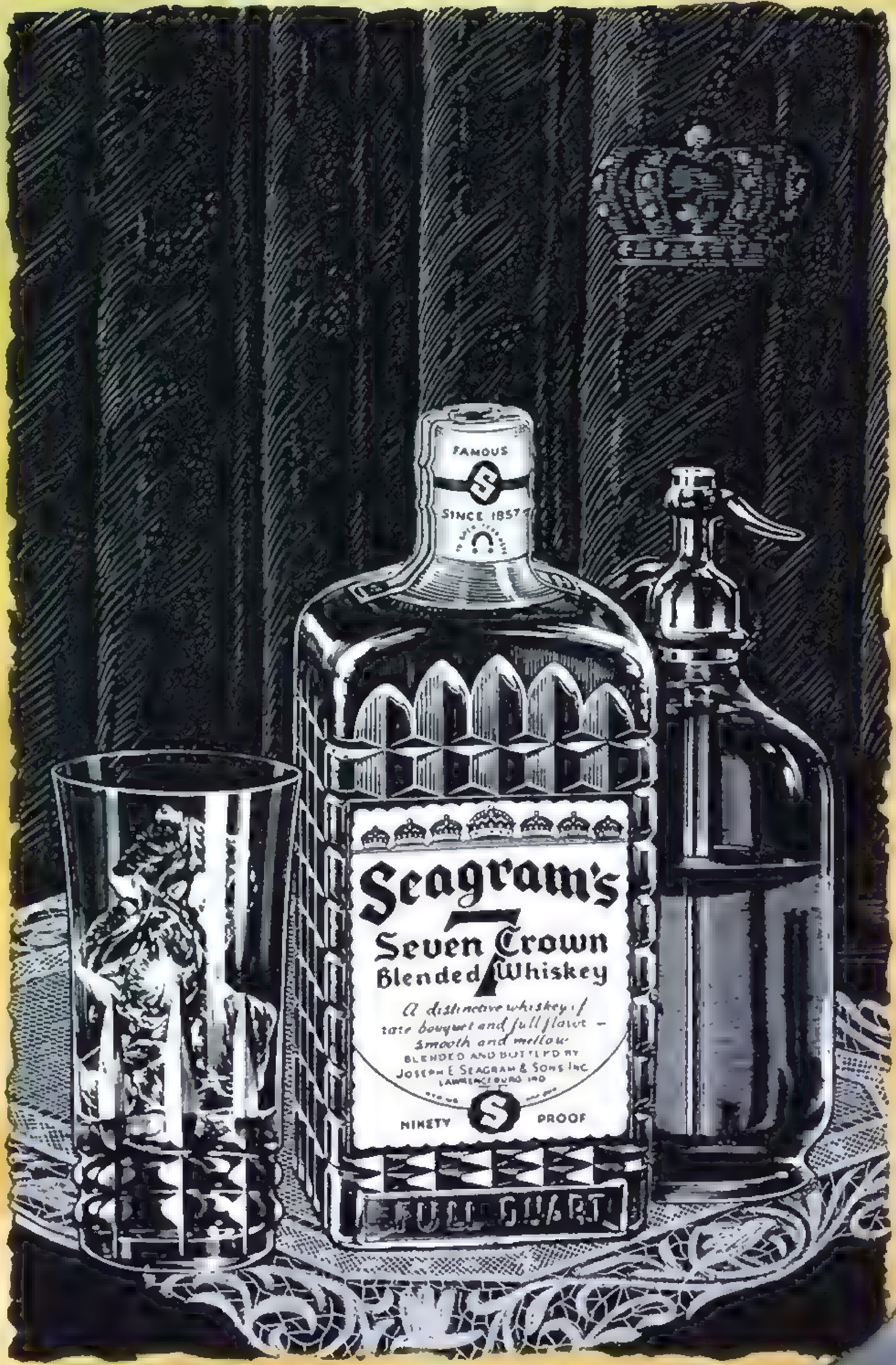
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A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor – smooth and mellow
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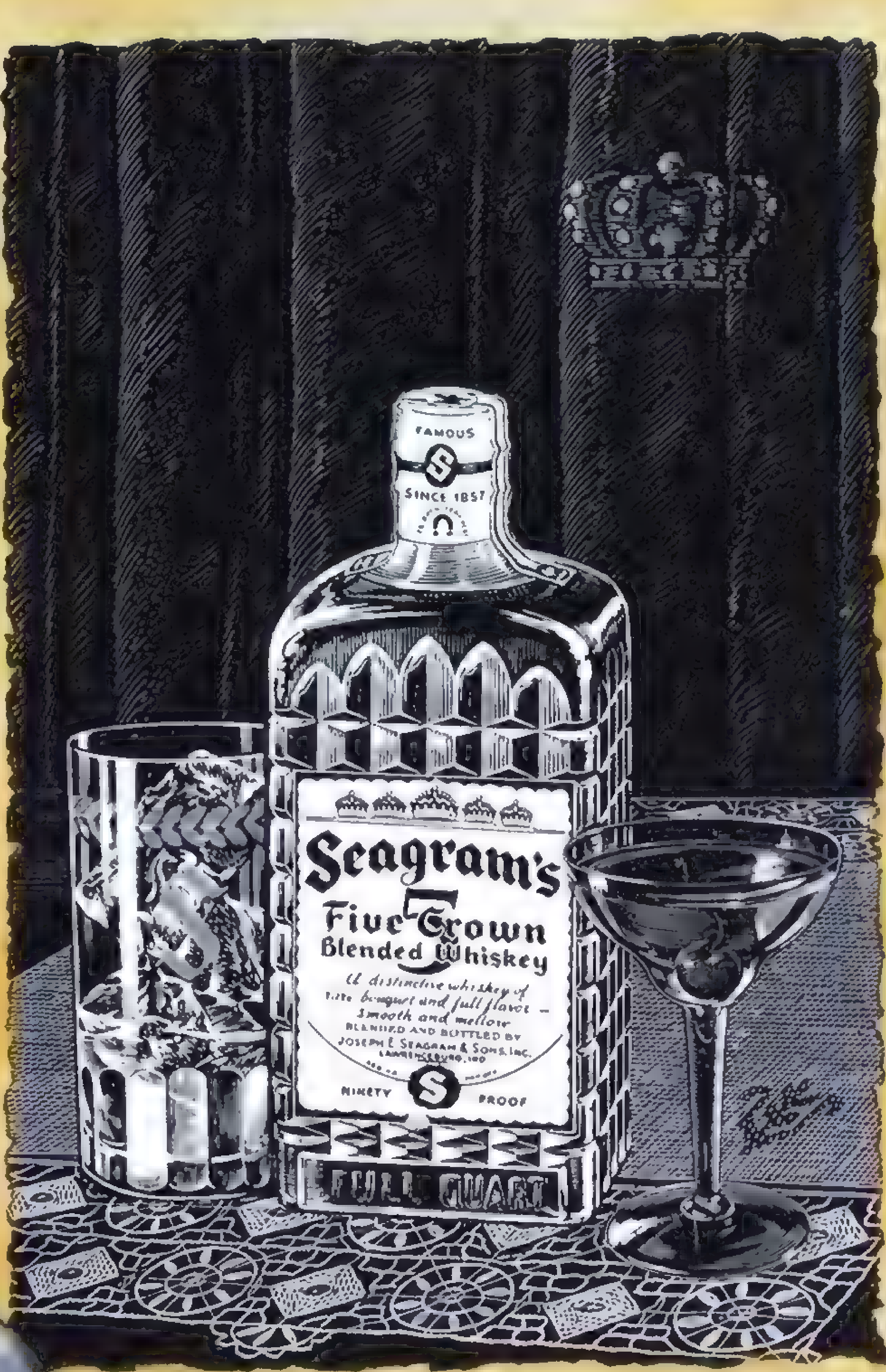
FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
5
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor – smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
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Seagram's 7 Crown

In this luxurious whiskey you get the full rich enjoyment of Seagram's traditionally smoother taste and finer flavor. Exclusive in character, exquisitely delicate in bouquet, Seagram's 7 Crown delights the most critical taste. It is "America's Finest" luxury whiskey.

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On General Principles

Continued from page 47

taurants, although scabs are bootlegging chicken dinners up to the rooms of wealthy hotel guests. The taxpayers will be soaked in the next annual budget for the costs of maintaining peace and preventing riots.

"Arbitrators seem to be getting nowhere, so the Mayor steps in. Either this strike stops, says the Mayor, or else. The strike doesn't stop, so the Mayor gets pretty sore, only he doesn't know which side to be sore at because both sides are awful powerful politically, and the Mayor is a politician. On the other hand, the public is pretty sore, too, and calls the Mayor a weakling, a dope, a do-nothing, and a phony who is siding with (a) the Union (b) the Restaurant Owners Association. The Mayor can hardly explain that the side he is siding with is (c) himself."

The red-headed fellow's lamb stew had got cold, but he went on. "Suddenly the strike's settled. Right up to the minute the busboys go back to work both sides are refusing to negotiate, but are accusing each other of having broken faith so often that negotiation is useless. Then suddenly the strike seems to be settled. Nobody knows how the opposing factions got together, but anyway the men are now back at work and everybody heaves a sigh of relief. The Mayor comes out of retirement momentarily in order to give a statement to the press congratulating himself on his part in the warfare. Then, two months later, one of the big chain restaurants, as an experiment, installs a mechanical device for collecting and returning dishes to the kitchen, thereby eliminating the services of a busboy entirely. According to the private records of the Restaurant Owners Association, the inventor of this device was hired, by a curious coincidence, the day after the big strike was settled.

"So now tell me," said the red-headed fellow to his companion. "In a situation like this, does the little bourgeois capitalist go out and drown himself, or does the busboy say the hell with it and take out a card in the Car-Washers Union?"

The black-haired fellow slowly masticated the last forkful of his blueberry pie before answering. "That's just what I mean," he observed at last. "Unless the worker achieves some sort of solidarity, what chance has he got against anti-labor organizations like the Restaurant Owners Association?"

It was time to go. When they went outdoors the man with the placard was still pacing up and down before Chapman's Superb Chophouse.

My Wife Has Killed Three Men

Continued from page 30

liked Mr. Hecklin quite a bit; there is no one for whom it is so easy to feel friendship as the man who wishes to buy something you wish to sell. My wife asked him to stay to lunch, and he accepted. Over the luncheon table he showed an intelligent curiosity about life in the country. He himself, he said, was a city dweller by instinct. He needed people around him. He asked us about the feelings of isolation; about the servant problem; about dogs and cats, and animals in general; about whether we did not find the winters intolerably cold; and of all these things we talked casually, while Helen Murdock, who lives a mile or so away, and drives up daily to help my wife in the house, brought us food.

Once Mr. Hecklin revealed a curious gap in his culture, but at the time I did not grasp its implications. My wife is very proud of her little collection of modern paintings, which include a Dufy, a Utrillo, and a John Marin—all accumulated over the years of our marriage by sacrifices in personal adornment such as few women, I believe, would have made. Having gathered from the conversation that she is an artist, Mr. Hecklin looked at the paintings and said to her, "Your work?"

Startled, she said, "Why, no. I wish they were," and stared at him.

He sensed the enormity of his error, and laughed. "Ah, well," he said. "I know nothing of modern painting, dear lady. I have a single-track mind—I can appreciate only furniture—and then nothing that is not a century old."

With much cordiality on both sides, he renewed his promise to let us hear from him, and drove away. As I acknowledged his wave I said, "That's a lucky break."

My wife nodded, a little thoughtfully. Since then she has claimed that she already had a dim intuition of the truth; and although I am normally skeptical of post-dated feminine intuitions, I am inclined to believe her.

"Still," she said, "you'd think he would recognize one style of painting from another. That was *so* absurd. Imagine thinking a Dufy and a Marin could be by the same person."

"Oh well," I said vaguely. "Some people are absolutely blind when it comes to painting." And we let it go at that.

Aside from the pleasurable anticipation of a letter that would begin, "The museum feels, in view of the fine quality of the two pieces in question, that it can offer $5000"—aside from this happy daydream, we thought little of Mr. Hecklin during the week that followed. But I recall speaking of him on the very evening of his reappearance. We were entertaining some friends, the Penhallows, and I asked George Penhallow, who as a leading etcher often deals with museums, whether he knew Hecklin. He said no, he didn't think so.

The Penhallows left before midnight; Helen Murdock, who had served us dinner, had driven away hours earlier. My wife and I talked aimlessly for a while; then she began to empty ash trays, while I stood at the window admiring the night. A large moon had risen over the mountainside, and our orchard, as always in moonlight, had begun to look like a fantastic stage—set in silver and black—something for a harlequinade. All at once, quite without warning, Mr. Hecklin walked in through the open doorway. I suppose he had been waiting around the corner of the house. I said, "Good God;" and my wife gasped.

He carried a short black automatic pistol in his hand; and he was smiling, but with his lips only. My first thought was an irritable realization that his eyes and mouth were hard; why had I ever thought them otherwise?

Looking at my wife he said, "Do not be alarmed, dear lady. I shall not harm you or your husband—not if you do exactly as I tell you. Sit down—in those chairs." He pointed to two straight-backed chairs.

We sat down, staring at each other. There seemed absolutely nothing to say. But feeling that my wife expected some display of manhood from me, I moistened my lips, and muttered, "What's the idea?"

He turned on me with a scowl, "I told you to be quiet. If you speak you will get hurt."

I was regaining a little self-possession. I said, "What on earth makes you think we're worth robbing?" I still had not caught his intention.

He said, "I shall not warn you again. Be quiet."

My wife whispered, "Do as he says, dear." But that was not enough for me. I was beginning to feel rather pleased with my nonchalance. I said to Hecklin, "Aren't you being foolish? Tom Murdock, our hired man, lives at the bottom of this road, and he's coming up here tonight." I was lying, of course.

Hecklin showed his teeth in a malignant grimace, and walked over to me, one hand holding the gun, the other in his pocket. I started to rise, but he said, "Sit down," in a voice that made me change my mind. Then he slapped me heavily in the face, twice.

The blows hurt my pride more than my flesh. The sense of my own cowardice was horrible. I just sat there. He said, "That is to teach you both to be quiet. Say nothing, sit still, and you will not be hurt. Otherwise—"

My wife started to speak, but he turned on her with so menacing a movement that I muttered, "Don't," and grabbed her hand. She stopped short and Hecklin moved over to the open window, where he threw an occasional impatient glance at the road. Presently I could hear the quiet, deep throbbing of a motor coming up the mountain. Almost at the same moment Serious began whining at the kitchen door. That was unlike him; he always barked when a car drove up at night. My wife turned pale and said, unevenly, "What did you do to the dog?" Hecklin did not answer. Footsteps ran toward the house across the lawn and a man came in through the door. He was short and burly, and he wore a colored handkerchief over the lower half of his face—something I had never seen outside of a Hollywood "Western." He carried a small hand-truck such as moving men use; this he deposited in our hallway. Only then did I really guess what was to happen.

"The telephone," said Mr. Hecklin and pointed to it. The short man stepped into the hallway and slashed at the wires with a knife.

From where I sat I could see the silhouette of a small, covered truck motionless in the road. It had been turned around to face the way it had come. The humiliation of sitting there in silence became intolerable. In what I tried to make a calm, reasonable voice, I said, "Look here, Hecklin, you don't think you can get away with this, do you?"

He threw me a glance and said, "Joe."

The short man looked at him.

"He talks too much," said Mr. Hecklin.

I could see Joe's eyes narrow over his handkerchief. As he came toward me I stood up, with a vague notion of defending myself. I thought he was going to hit me; instead he kicked me heavily on the shin, and shoved me back into my chair.

The pain was immediate and awful. I groaned and cursed together; and my wife cried, "Let him alone!"

"I told you," said Mr. Hecklin, simply. "Be quiet."

My wife's hand in mine was as cold as death. Through a blur of pain and frustrated anger I watched another man come into the house. Although he too was masked, I got the impression that he was young. He was taller than Joe. He said to Hecklin, in a playful voice, "Okeydoke." Later his meaning became clear, when I found that the tires of our car had been deeply gashed as it stood in the garage.

Hecklin looked at Joe, and said, "Get those guns." Joe stepped over to the rack where our three rifles and shotguns stood, and took them down. "Put them in the truck," Hecklin said, and turning to me: "Any more?"

I shook my head. It occurred to me that in the chest that stood near the hall there was a .22 repeater, together with a number of other mementos of my wife's young brother, who had died not long before. But although I had no thought or hope of getting the gun, to tell Hecklin about it would only have added to my feeling of miserable impotence; and I knew that to see the chest tampered with would hurt my wife. "A pis-

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My Wife Has Killed Three Men

Continued from pages 30-131

tol?" Hecklin went on, threateningly. "You had better tell me. If we find it you will be sorry."

"There is no pistol, really," my wife said earnestly. He looked at her, his lips pursed. Then he said, "tie them up." The tall young fellow took some heavy cord out of his pocket and deftly tied my wrists and biceps to the back of the chair, my ankles to the legs. He drew the cord tight, so that it cut into my flesh. I said, "You don't have to tie my wife. She won't bother you."

After an impassive second or two, Hecklin nodded. "All right. Let her alone if she keeps quiet." To Joe, who had come back, he said, "Watch her." Then he went upstairs with the young chap. I could hear them moving around from room to room. Joe stood at the window, pistol in hand, and picked his teeth under his handkerchief. He saw me watching him and became self-conscious. Removing his finger from his mouth, he said, "You want another like you got?" He took a step toward me, but Hecklin's voice called from above, "If he gets funny slap on a plaster." Joe grinned and took a heavy roll of adhesive tape from his pocket. My wife said, "Oh, don't." With a kind of theatrical deliberation he cut off a substantial piece of the tape, and stepping up to me pressed it across my mouth and around the back of my neck. It was not a sensation I should care to have again.

A moment later Hecklin reappeared. Joe, who evidently had been well trained, went upstairs without being told. Furniture moved overhead. Then Joe and the taller man shuffled ponderously down the stairs, grunting under the weight of a massive Georgian highboy—one of our choicer pieces. They had not bothered to remove the contents.

Carrying it to the door, they put it on a hand-truck. We could hear the rollers grind on the stone flagging leading to the road across the lawn. A minute later they were back again; and as they went upstairs Hecklin said harshly, "No carelessness. Understand?" They did not reply.

It is futile to itemize the comings and goings of the next hour. Enough to say that while we sat there in silence, the house was systematically gutted under our eyes. But let it stand as a tribute to Hecklin's professional judgment that not one good piece was missed, nor one cheap piece, remnants of our former furnishings, taken.

I have a strong materialistic streak, and almost at once I thought about the insurance. I tried desperately to remember whether the premiums on our burglary policy had been paid and how much, if anything, we might hope to collect. Then I thought about the police. If after Hecklin left, I drove to the nearest telephone—I did not know then about the car tires—the State Troopers would send out an alarm . . . Presently I recalled having read, months before, of a theft of a valuable collection of antiques near Boston. I began to fear that the tracing of stolen furniture in the dealer market must be a difficult job, and that unless Hecklin were caught red-handed there would be little to hope for from the police.

This was the burden of my thoughts at such times when I was not merely watching, with the passive, uncomfortable curiosity of a spectator at a street accident, the relentless movement of our belongings out of our world. I have asked my wife what passed through her mind in that hour. She says she does not remember very clearly. But she wondered whether Serious really had been poisoned; he had been, we found later. She thought, too, as I had, of the rifle, and had a brief fantasy in which she somehow seized it and held them all at bay while she released me and went for help.

These thoughts she has recalled; but I think she may have had another which she has preferred to forget. I know that toward the end it came to me, with a sinking of the heart, that more than our furniture was being taken away from us. Something was going out of the relation between us. She would have seen me at a moment of crisis, when I had failed her. No matter that my excuse was solid, no matter that she herself would have tried to prevent me from running risks of serious injury—the unalterable fact was that I, the male, invested by all biological law and social tradition with the responsibility for the protection of our home had lifted no finger. Surely in every woman, no matter how civilized, how tender and compassionate, the fundamental primitive instinct of the cave continues—an instinct not to be violated with impunity by her mate. The silence between us seemed to become significant; her clear profile was painfully inscrutable, or so it seemed to me. I began to suffer under the tormenting anticipation of time to come when an unspoken and unanswered question would arise like a gray cloud between us, swirling all through our days and nights. But she, of course, denies having had any such notions; and that is well.

Hecklin's thugs finished their operations upstairs and came down to the living room. They were lifting up our Phyfe sofa when Hecklin suddenly spoke. I could feel the other two men pause and turn, the sofa in the air, as he addressed my wife.

"I hope you realize I am being very easy on you. Very easy."

It is hard to convey the tone. There was nothing sensual about it, or about the expression on his face—nothing of what showed in the eyes of the man called Joe every time he passed my wife, and looked her up and down appraisingly. Rather, Hecklin seemed to be animated by a certain pride in his self-restraint, by—it seems absurd to write it, but I felt it—a desire to be appreciated.

I can see his point of view, I think. He was a man to whom the possession of advantage normally meant the full and uninhibited use of it. And here he was, restraining himself. Did we understand? Were we duly impressed? Perhaps he saw the temperance of his attitude as a return for our hospitality. There are many neurotics whose craving to be liked leads them into queer uncertainties and contradictions of behavior.

My wife, like myself, was far more concerned with what the incessantly leering Joe might contemplate in her direction, than with Hecklin. But his, "I am being very easy on you," infuriated her. Under her breath she said, "Swine!" I do not think that Hecklin heard the word, but he caught the sense. He flushed darkly, and said, "Joe."

The short man put down his end of the sofa which was now almost out of the door and came over to us. Hecklin said, "Not her. Him." Before I realized what was to happen Joe lashed out for a second time with his heavy boot. It caught me almost on the same spot as the previous kick. For a while I thought my leg was broken. My wife screamed, "My God! *He* didn't say anything!"

Through the throbbing in my brain I heard Hecklin answer her. "It is better than for your leg, is it not?"

The short man was still standing in front of me. "More, boss?" he said in a persuasive voice.

"That's all," said Hecklin.

Reluctantly Joe moved back to the door, looking at my wife with a grin. "I'd like to teach *her*," he said with an intake of the breath.

"Shut up," said Hecklin. The sofa went out of the door.

Hecklin turned back to us. He was becoming less taciturn—I suppose because his work was nearing its end, and the chances of interruption were negligible. The time was getting on toward two o'clock, and except for the crickets, the night was perfectly quiet. Evidently my wife's epithet was still working in his mind, for with a lowering look he reiterated his previous thought. "You do not realize how kind I am being to you. I could do a lot more than I do. Please notice that."

This time my wife kept silence; as for me even if I could have spoken my leg occupied my entire consciousness. Hecklin went on, "I could tie you up tight to those chairs and leave you there all night. And worse things. Much worse." Again there was a little pause. "But," he added, "I do not think it is necessary. I do not like this ruffian business, like Joe."

I think he would have liked my wife to say, "Thank you." When she said nothing he compressed his lips and scowled out of the window. Joe and the other man came back, and in a few minutes the last few valuable pieces in the house had gone out on the road. All that was left in the living room was a piano, an old couch, and some occasional chairs. Then Hecklin once more put Joe in charge of us and began to wander around the room. He examined some pieces of silverware in a cupboard and evidently rejected them as beneath consideration. Thereafter the dozen paintings occupied him. He was obviously puzzled. He turned to my wife and said, "These things are valuable?"

"Not very," she answered quietly. I could see that her nails were digging into her palm.

He looked undecided. "I think you are lying," he said. "Still . . ." Finally he shrugged; I imagine that he considered the risk of handling such unfamiliar booty overgreat. I could sense that my wife released her breath in a faint sigh as he told the men, "All right. That's all. Start loading."

The men went out to the truck while Hecklin stayed at the window and watched them. Had that been all, had they merely taken all our furniture and gone, I think —I know—that we would have done nothing to prevent them. We were waiting almost as one waits at the bedside of a dying and suffering friend—grieved, but praying that it would soon be over. But then that one small and incalculable thing happened, which so often in crises twists events out of their obvious shape.

My wife's cat came out of the kitchen where her basket is and walked delicately into the living room, stopping to stretch on the way. Her favorite chair, where she was accustomed to lie, was gone; so was the table against whose leg she liked to rub herself. Ruffled by these changes in her domestic arrangements, she sauntered toward us with marked reserve. My wife put out her hand, but the cat ignored it. Instead she studied Mr. Hecklin's trousered legs for a moment and moved toward him. He was looking out of the window when the cat rubbed herself against him. He started and swore violently. The cat backed off a foot or two and stared at him, annoyed. Before my wife could speak, he had kicked at her savagely.

She was a small animal and his shoe caught her squarely under her jawbone, from the side. It must have broken her neck instantly. My wife gave a little cry as the cat thudded against the wall. Then she snatched away the hand which she had placed on my shoulder and ran over to the animal. It was twitching and moaning, and presently a thin trickle of blood appeared at the corner of its mouth. My wife picked it up gently, and returning to her chair, held it in her lap. She was not crying, but her face was very flushed. After a while the cat became still.

Hecklin did not look at us. He was, I feel certain, rather ashamed. When there was a crash of wood on wood from the road he seized upon it as a welcome diversion. "Fools!" he said roughly. "I told them to be careful!" He turned to

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"I sell Men—
and I am sold on MUM!"

"Perspiration odor is just about job suicide," says Mr. Karl M. Wehinger, President of Wehinger Service, Inc., New York City.

"I'VE HAD a lot of experience with men and jobs," says Mr. Wehinger, through whose firm industry engages thousands of employees and executives. "And it's incredible how often an active, intelligent citizen will let a fault like *perspiration odor* come between him and his future.

"Too many men trust their morning shower alone to keep them acceptable—socially and in business—the entire day.

"The tragedy is that a man can offend and never know he's guilty. He's avoided—penalized—and never knows why. That's why *I play safe with Mum.* It's a good habit and good business for any man!"

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That's sound advice for success—and thousands of men are following it. For Mum is quick and easy. A dab under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you veto perspiration odor for hours! Remember a bath may only take care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

Mum can't harm your shirts... won't irritate your skin... prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop the perspiration.

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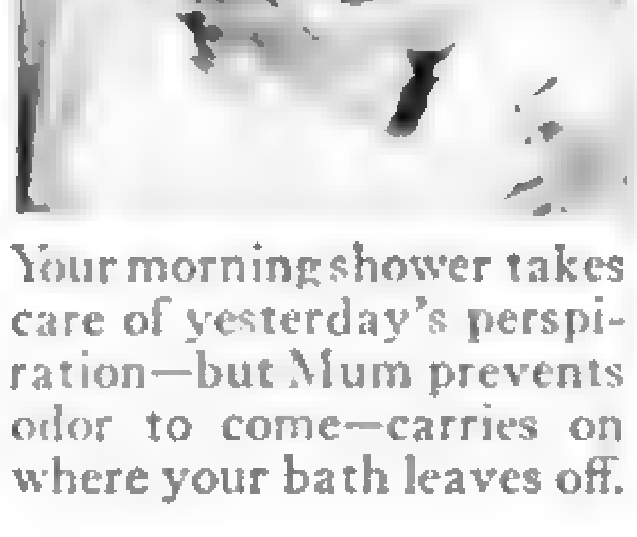

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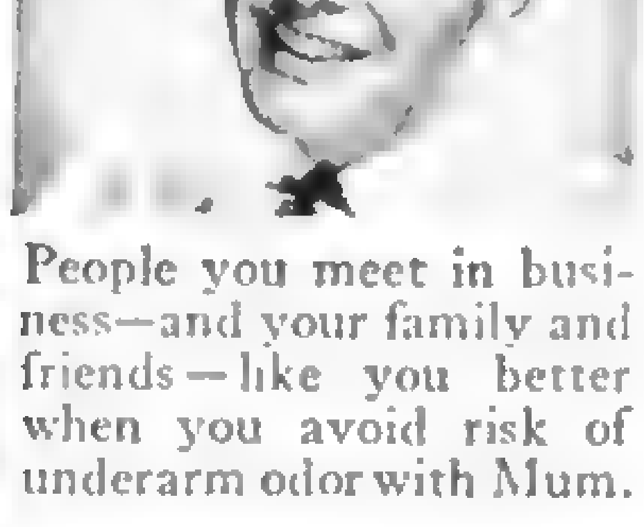

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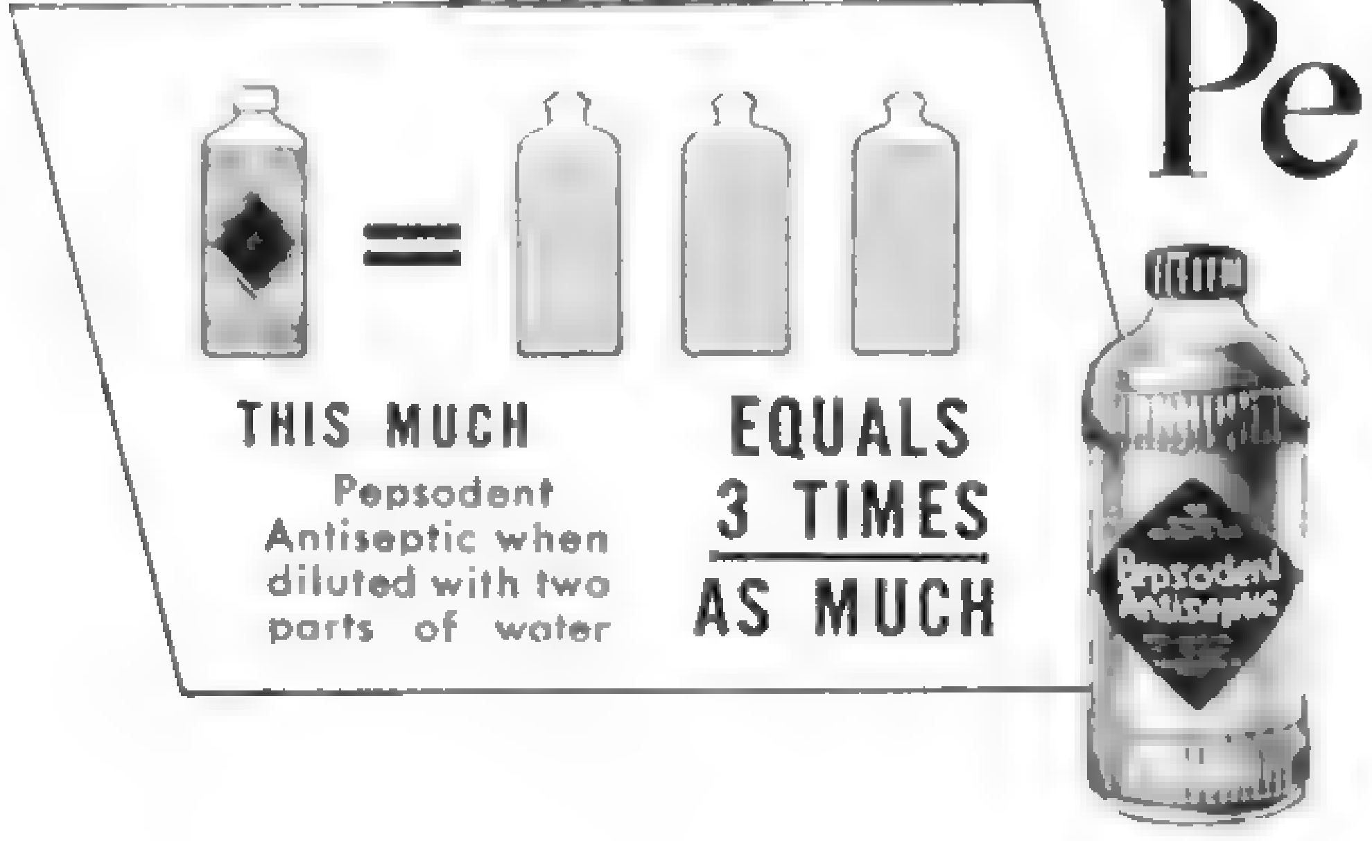
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JITTERY... that was me whenever I came face to face with a man.

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Pepsodent Antiseptic
Your "Breath Insurance"

My Wife Has Killed Three Men

Continued from pages 30-131-133

my wife. "You stay there," he ordered. He had no fear, it was obvious enough, of anything she might do. Then he walked swiftly out of the house and crossed the lawn.

He had hardly gone when my wife rose, and putting the cat on the carpet, ran into the hall. I did not at once guess her purpose, but seeing her face I tried vainly to grunt a warning through my gag. Ignoring my futile sounds, she knelt for a moment over her brother's old chest and came back carrying his .22 and a box of "long" cartridges from our ammunition shelf. With what seemed to me appalling care she pushed a cartridge into the breech and poured several more into the chamber of the rifle. Without any nervousness or hesitation that I could see she knelt at the open window and adjusted the sights. There was an electric light in the truck and Hecklin's figure was clearly visible on the road, among the furniture, about eighty feet away. We could hear him giving orders to the other two men, who were lifting the sofa into the truck. I prayed that my wife would have sense enough to turn out the lights, and to my relief she did, pressing the switch near her a moment before she fired.

It was an amazing shot. The bullet, as I determined later, entered the back of Hecklin's head. From where I sat I could see him drop in an oddly awkward series of motions, like a scarecrow detached from its stick. With the absolute economy of motion that I had so often admired at target practice my wife ejected the shell, cocked the rifle, and aimed again. The other two men had jumped down from the back of the truck, cursing, and one—it proved to be Joe—began firing his pistol at us from the cover of the truck. A bullet smacked into the wall behind me, and I tried to force my chair over on its side; but I was bound so tightly that I could do nothing more than move it somewhat out of range by a series of little jogs.

The tall man, with what I still think was surprising courage, ran to Hecklin's body and tried to drag it to the truck. It was he whom my wife shot next. She pumped three bullets at him in rapid succession; one of them nicked his spine. He screamed and groaned for a few seconds, and then was silent. He did not die, however, for some time.

The man Joe had meanwhile put half a dozen bullets through our window, but he was shooting high. When he saw that he was left alone, he jumped into the cab of the truck and started to drive away. My wife fired twice quickly and then again once. The truck, in low gear, slowly moved off the road and crashed to a halt against the stone fence. I could see Joe's big head in the cab, against a moonlit cloud behind him. My wife sighted deliberately, and fired again, and the body slowly toppled out of sight. Later it was found to have one bullet in the shoulder, one through the neck, and one in the brain. With any other target, this might have been called beautiful shooting.

We waited in the dark for a while without saying a word. Nothing stirred outside except the autumn leaves on the ground, rustled by a small east wind. Even the crickets had become silent. My wife began to sob quietly. After a while she came over to me and felt for my lips with her hands. I smothered my feelings while she pulled off the tape. She was shivering as she went into the kitchen, got a knife and cut me free. Still nothing happened outside. I stood up and took her in my arms and we remained so for perhaps a minute. Finally I said, "We can't stay here like this. I'd better go see."

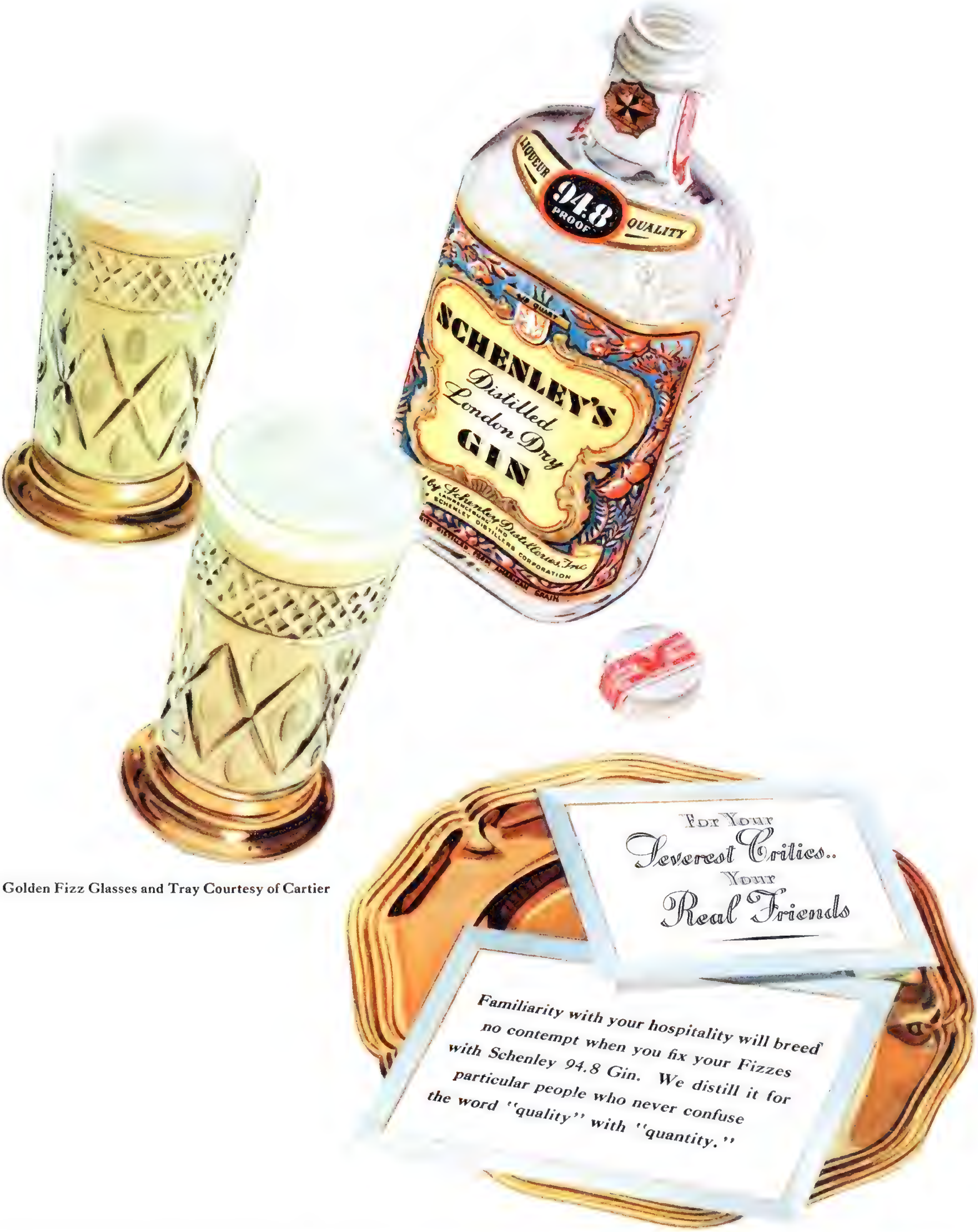
She did not answer, so I kissed her, and taking the gun went out the back door. I circled cautiously until I could see the bodies and make sure that none of them was playing 'possum. Hecklin was dead enough, and so was Joe, in the truck. But the paralyzed man in the road troubled me. He had recovered consciousness and was evidently in great pain. The poor devil had played almost a silent part in the robbery, and it seemed unfair that he should suffer the most. I tried to lift him, but the way he rolled his eyes and moaned stopped me. Finally I compromised with my conscience by putting my coat under his head. He was dead before the police came.

It was some time before I went back to the dark house to find my wife lying on the couch and crying with those deep sobs which, however agonizing to hear, nevertheless tell of the passing of a hysterical crisis. Presently she regained command of herself, and we went out together. When we found that the tires of our car were ruined I took the dead man—rather callously it seems to me now—out of Hecklin's truck, and my wife and I drove down to the Murdocks.

And that was really all. The State Police and local authorities were understanding, and the matter died out of the press as quickly as could be expected. For a while my wife and I avoided talking about the episode, but recently we have broken through our constraint and explored every detail. She is capable of discussing the shooting quite unemotionally now, as if two other people had been concerned.

In some ways, in fact, I think the consciousness of having killed has changed her point of view for the better. It has certainly mellowed her, made her more tolerant of other people's foibles and irrational behavior. Only last week she told me, without any urging from me, that if I really wanted to hunt, she would not mind.

But curiously—or is it curious? —I no longer want to hunt.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94.8 PROOF
QUALITY
SCHENLEY'S
Distilled
London Dry
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Golden Fizz Glasses and Tray Courtesy of Cartier

For Your Severest Critics.. Your Real Friends

Familiarity with your hospitality will breed no contempt when you fix your Fizzes with Schenley 94.8 Gin. We distill it for particular people who never confuse the word "quality" with "quantity."

Distilled from 100% American Grain. 94.8 Proof • Copyright 1940, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.

To Buy or Not To Buy

Continued from page 44

replied with sheer indifference.

The basketball player was Hank Greenberg. Krichell spent weeks trying to sign him up, but Hank was hesitant about joining a team with a first baseman like Lou Gehrig, who seemed likely to go on forever. Finally he accepted $7500 to affix his signature on a Detroit contract.

Gehrig's record itself is something of an accident. As a matter of fact, only a couple of aspirin tablets kept him from being shipped back to the minors. Lou signed with the Yankees in 1924, direct from the campus of Columbia University. He was sent to Hartford and rejoined the team the following season, but spent most of the time on the bench and arrangements were almost complete to farm him out to St. Paul.

Wally Pipp was the regular first baseman. On June 1st the Yankees were playing in Cleveland. Pipp had a terrific headache and asked the locker-room boy to get him a couple of aspirin tablets. Miller Huggins, manager of the team, had the adjoining locker and overheard him. He asked Pipp what was wrong, and was told.

"Why don't you lay off a day or two and rest?" Huggins replied. Gehrig, scheduled for a trip to the minors, was sent to first base. He didn't leave the lineup for fourteen years.

Although not generally known, John McGraw of the New York Giants could have had Gehrig for the asking. Lou, who acquired considerable of a reputation as a schoolboy wonder around New York, wanted to play for McGraw, but couldn't interest the Giants' leader to the extent of being offered a contract.

Gehrig is one of the few home-town boys who ever played on a major-league team representing his own city. Frank Frisch, for years McGraw's pride and joy, was another. He was snared direct from the halls of Fordham University. On the other hand, there was Hugh McQuillan, who played independent ball almost in the shadow of the Polo Grounds. Ultimately he found his way to the Boston Nationals, and when McGraw needed another pitcher to clinch a pennant in 1922, he passed out $100,000 for McQuillan's services.

New York isn't the only large city where big-league talent has gone unrecognized. Fred Lindstrom attended school and lived only a few miles from the Cubs' Park in Chicago. He tried to work out with the team and was chased away. Later he signed with the Giants to become one of baseball's great third basemen. Then there was "Pie" Traynor, until last Fall manager of Pittsburgh and for many years the best third-sacker in the National League. He worked out around the Boston National League park for a couple of weeks until Manager George Stallings arrived one day in bad humor. "Who let this nuisance in?" he shouted. One hundred fifty thousand dollars' worth of baseball talent walked out on him as a result, for that's what Boston offered Pittsburgh for Traynor not many years later.

"Ducky" Medwick of the Cardinals is another. He developed into quite an all-around athlete in his home town of Carteret, New Jersey, but the Giants, Dodgers and Yankees decided they couldn't use him. Newark tried him out for two weeks and Manager Tris Speaker told him to turn in his uniform. A month later he had been signed by the Cardinals, whose Branch Rickey seldom passes up any able-bodied youngster without some kind of a trial at one of the many St. Louis farm clubs.

Even Rickey, however, though one of the shrewdest judges of baseball talent in the game, has had some of his choicest finds come through accident. Some years ago the Cardinals were training in Bradentown, Florida. A young left-hander working with the Bradentown club caught Rickey's eye. He was informed that the local club had released him the day before.

"That's too bad," Rickey told the Bradentown manager. "I would have paid you $500 for him. Now I can get him for nothing."

"You're welcome to him," was the reply. "He can't get the ball within half a block of the plate."

Rickey did sign the youngster, whose name was Bill Hallahan, and in a couple of seasons he had developed into a real sensation.

"Dizzy" Dean was another of Rickey's discoveries through his chain-store system. At the most he cost the club a few thousand dollars. Later, after pitching the Cardinals into plenty of world-series money, he was peddled—sore arm and all—to the Cubs for $185,000 plus players.

The return of Al Simmons to the Athletics this season recalls his first efforts to get into organized baseball. The son of poor Polish parents in Milwaukee, Al played semi-pro baseball and thought he was pretty good. He wrote to Connie Mack and asked for a trial with the club. Mack replied that it might be a good idea if he would contact his home-town team first.

Al did. He dropped in on Otto Borchert, then president, and made his sales talk. Borchert, a blustery, kind old German who believed any boy with enthusiasm could play baseball, signed him up and immediately farmed him to Aberdeen in the Dakota League. His unorthodox batting stance convinced baseball men he would never do, but he hit so hard that Milwaukee recalled him. An Athletic scout dropped in to watch the team and report on another player, but he wired Mack that Simmons was far better. So Connie paid $30,000 for the boy he could have had for train fare two years before. Later he sold Simmons to the White Sox for $150,000. He wasn't such a bargain at the latter price, but he certainly brought big dividends to his original purchaser.

Another six-figure purchase that paid dividends was that of "Lefty" Grove, whose price was $100,300 when he was sold by Baltimore to the Athletics. The $300 was the "down" payment. The rest of the price was covered by ten annual notes for $10,000 each. The last of them was paid off with part of the $125,000 Connie Mack received from the Boston Red Sox for Grove after the dazzling "fireball" expert had brought his purchase price through the box office many times over.

Grove, by the way, was turned down by the Giants. McGraw would have nothing to do with him because of a couple of sad experiences with Jack Dunn, owner of the Baltimore club. It seems that the New York boss wanted a left-handed pitcher and arranged to buy a youngster named Babe Ruth for $5,000. Ruth, be it remembered, was a great southpaw twirler before he was converted into a slugging outfielder. Somehow or other, the deal fell through and Babe was sold to the Boston Red Sox.

McGraw would not speak to Dunn for some years as a result. Then Dunn came to him one day and said: "I think I have a left-hander who'll be better than Ruth. His name is Jack Bentley and you can have him for only $75,000." McGraw cut the price down to $63,500 and some players. Bentley was never a good pitcher, and again McGraw was on the outs with Dunn. It wasn't so long before the latter was back trying to get another piece of the big Giants' bankroll. "I'm sorry that Bentley didn't come through," he said, "but I have a pitcher who'll make you forget him. It's 'Lefty' Grove. I'll let you have him for $100,000 and he'll more than make up for the other two."

"Forget nothing!" roared McGraw. "I don't want anything to do with you or your players!"

Dunn then went to Connie Mack and arranged the deal which brought Grove into the American League, where two decades later he is still among the best.

One of the most unusual incidents in the eternal quest for material was the manner in which "Little Poison" Lloyd Waner came to wear a Pittsburgh uniform. The Pirates had bought Paul Waner from San Francisco in 1926 for $30,000. Lloyd, in the meantime, had been given his release by the same club, but Paul thought he was still a good prospect. He could do little for him until his first season with the Pirates. Club officials complimented him one day on his fine showing. "That's nothing," he replied. "I've got a kid brother who's better than I am." The team took a chance and signed—for nothing—Lloyd Waner.

So many nuts walk into major league camps announcing they're ready to take regular jobs that it's no wonder managers sometimes grow a little chary of such windfalls. It's customary for most big league teams to hire local boys to help the catchers during the training grind. Washington thought nothing unusual about it when a Tampa youngster applied for such a job one year when the team trained in that city. He was given a glove and told to go to work. When the Senators left for the North, no one paid much attention to the extra catcher and he was turned loose.

Three years later, while Owner Clark Griffith of the Washington team was in the midst of a frantic search for a good catcher, his nine met Brooklyn in an exhibition. Behind the bat for the Dodgers was brilliant Al Lopez, whom he recognized with a shock as the local boy who had been left behind in Tampa.

Almost in the same category was the young fellow who dropped into the Cleveland camp some seasons back and announced he was a second baseman. So good a one, in fact, that he had a manager with him to arrange for a bonus in the event he signed. Ernest Bernard was then president of the club. "This kid's too fresh," he declared, and sent him on his way. It was Buddy Meyers, who later led the American League in hitting. When the Yankees tried to buy him from Washington, they were asked $100,000. Maybe he actually did know how much he was worth.

Joe McCarthy sums it all up in a story which Chick Fraser, Pittsburgh scout, told him long ago. It seems Fraser received a wire from Owner Barney Dreyfuss telling him to go to Terre Haute to take a look at a pitcher named Art Nehf. When Fraser reached that city another wire was waiting for him, telling him never mind about Nehf, but to go on to Champaign for a glimpse of a young University of Illinois star. Some days later Fraser read that Boston had purchased Nehf. A couple of weeks after Nehf pitched against Pittsburgh and blanked the Pirates with four hits. Dreyfuss was furious. He summoned Fraser.

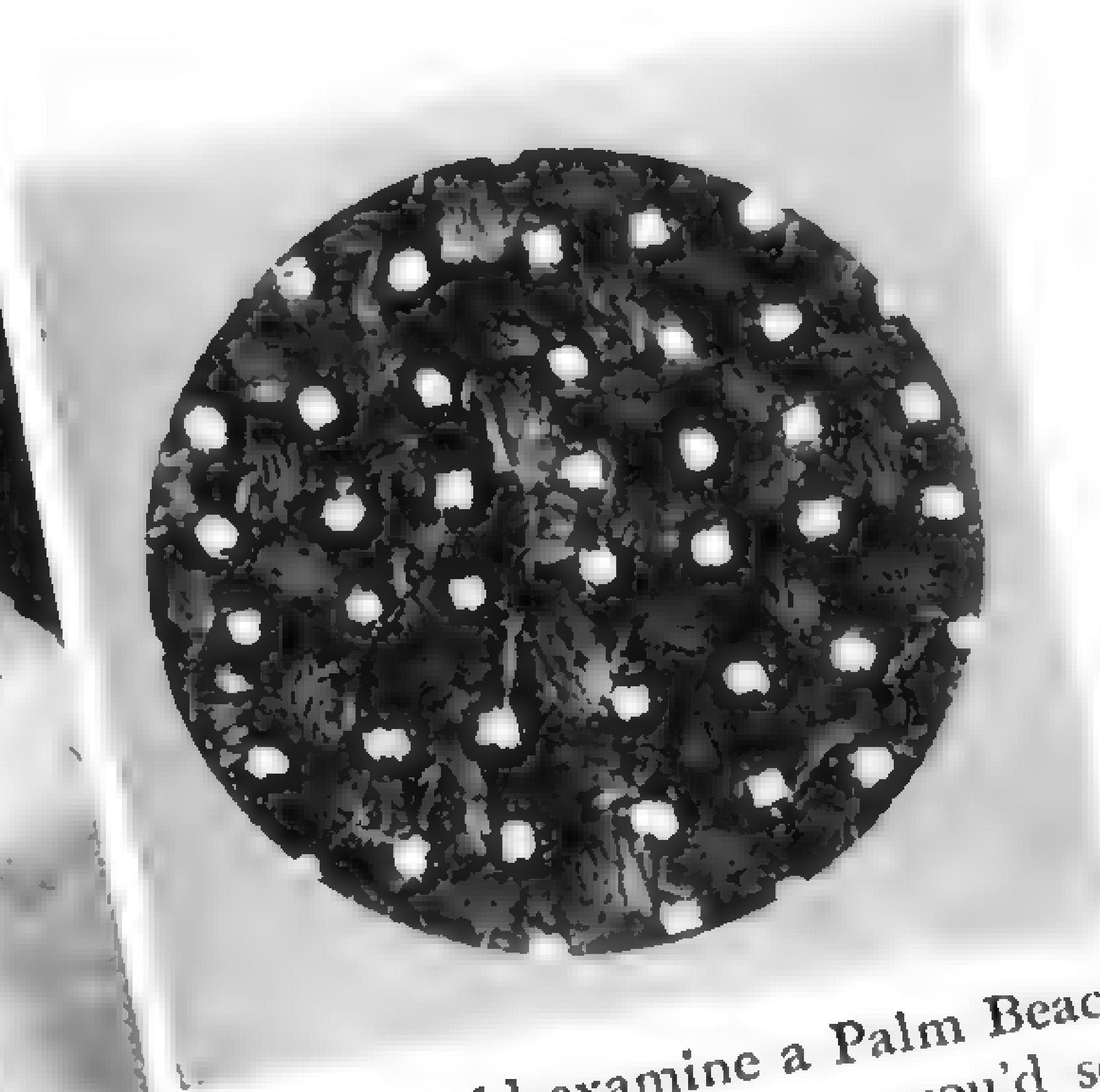
"Fine business!" he shouted. "I send you to look at a pitcher, you turn him down and he walks in here and shuts us out. Why, he's the best pitcher to come up in years. I knew it! I've been watching him. But you turn him down!"

Fraser didn't say anything. He just reached into his pocket and pulled out the second wire which Dreyfuss had sent him. The Pirates' owner read it through and smiled wanly.

"Well," he said, "we can't get 'em all, can we?"

They can't, but they surely make a whole-hearted effort. It's just a matter of knowing where to look—and whom to sign. And there's the rub! #

"OPEN" FOR BUSINESS



If you could examine a Palm Beach Suit under a microscope, you'd see thousands of "open windows" like these in every square inch of cloth. This amazing *porosity* is the secret of Palm Beach coolness. So look for the Palm Beach label. It identifies 1940's outstanding buy in smart summer clothing for men, boys and students.

● It's the *"open windows"* in Palm Beach Suits that keep you cool on Summer's doggiest days. Fresh air circulates next to your skin. No padding or lining blockades the "airways." If it's "business as usual" this Summer for you—see your clothier today. He'll show you deep blues, grays and browns in ever-shapely models that differ from weighty worsteds in four ways: Palm Beach is lighter, cooler, washable—and very inexpensive. One year-long low price—everywhere. Goodall Co., Cincinnati, O.

Believe it or not, this is a *washable* suit. It has everything you'd expect of the finest clothing—*plus* coolness and comfort. Palm Beach Suits are worn with pride by men in 60 countries around the world.

The shoulder of this Palm Beach Suit has breadth and expression. The collar hugs the neck smoothly. *Specialization* by Goodall, who *weave* the cloth and *tailor* the suits, makes such perfection possible—at low cost.

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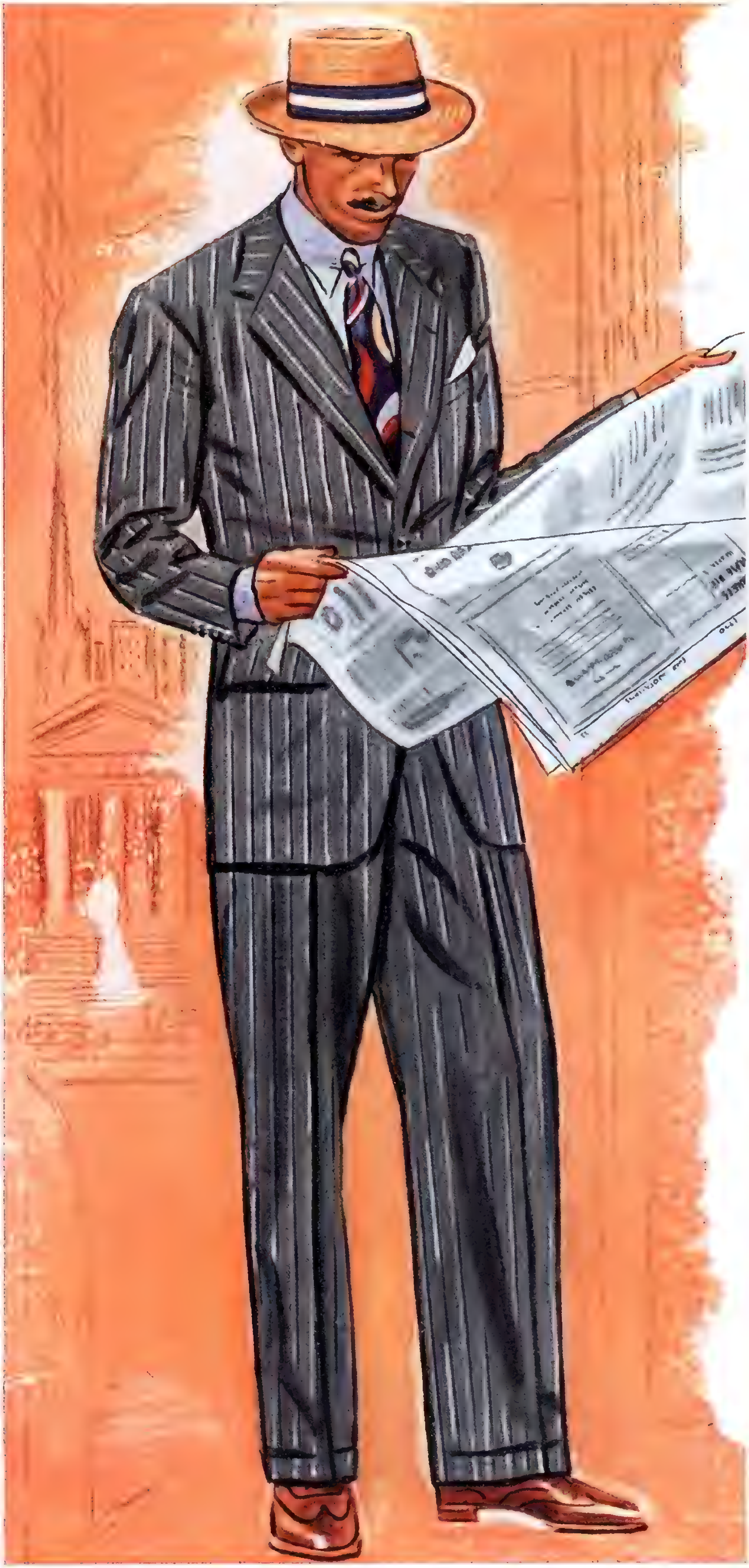
PALM BEACH SUITS

IN BLUES • GRAYS • BROWNS • AND WHITES

$16.75
Slacks . . $5.00
Formals, $18.50



our own headline

What is he reading? Words. We can't think of anything that would be less funny, and yet the gag was good enough for Shakespeare. From this point it seems an almost impossible jump to a description of his Golden Leghorn hat, but it's still a nice hat. The fibres are soft and loosely braided, with the result that the crown is exceptionally porous and therefore cool.

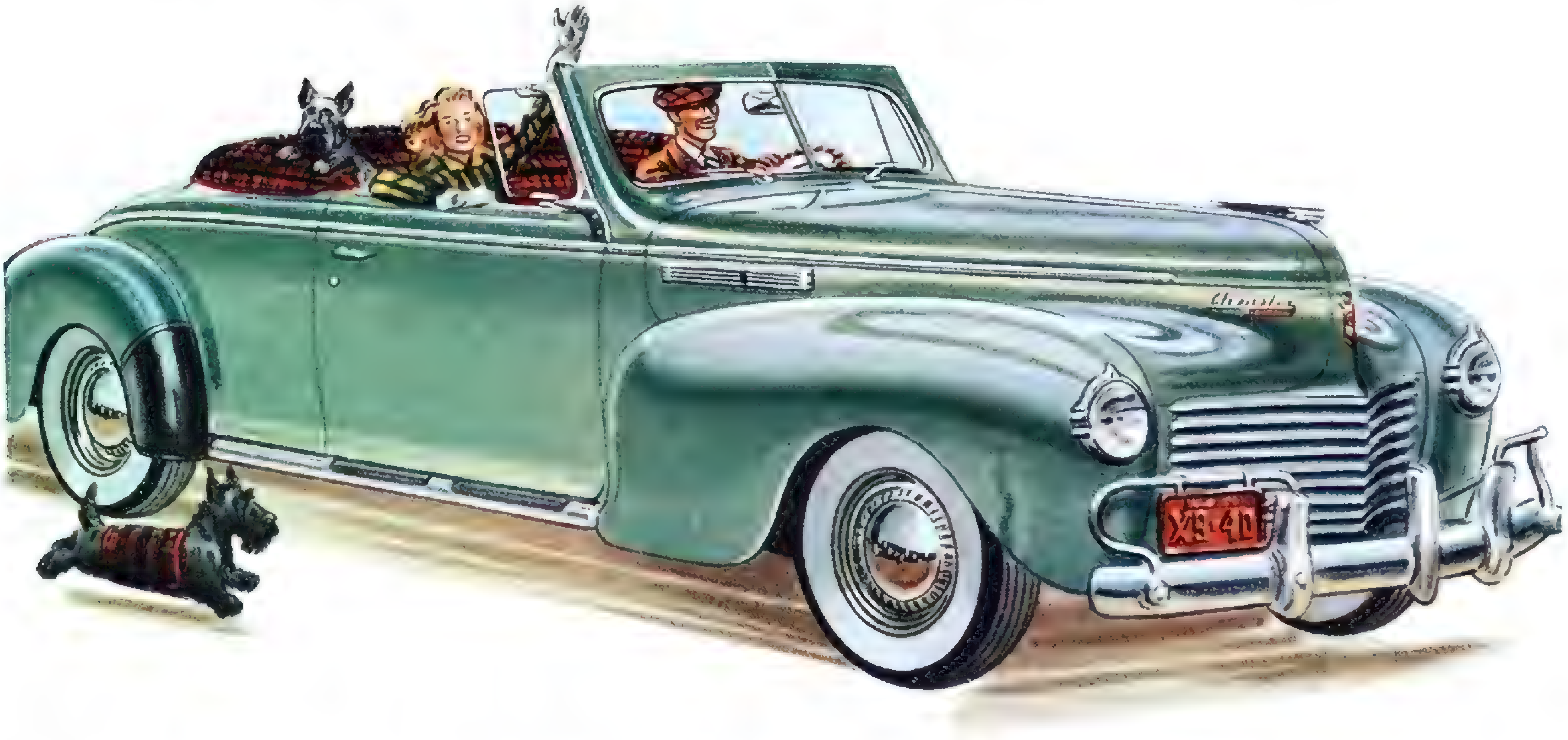
Another feature of the hat is its distinctive color, a rich golden tone originally found in the vegetable compounds used by the natives of Leghorn, Italy, where for generations leghorn hats have been made. The carnivorous American manufacturers, however, achieve the same shade without recourse to mother nature. The model verges on that of the pork pie, a resemblance accentuated by the horizontal blue and white striped ribbon band.

The suit is an easy-going one for summer. The model is three-button with notched lapels rolling to the waistline button, in keeping with the current trend toward longer jackets. There is a feeling of ease about the shoulders of the jacket and, in general, you feel that here is a suit in which a man can sit comfortably, even at his desk. The ground shade of the fabric is a neutral grey, against which blue and grey stripes are widely spaced, emphasizing height.

Large figures in ties, such as the one shown here, represent a fairly stirring victory against conservatism. For years men have been clinging to inconspicuous patterns with more timidity than taste. But a few hardy souls began to take an occasional flyer in large designs, and each time they put in an appearance the eyebrows of their beholders went down another notch. At present this type of tie is not only viewed with equanimity but with the distinct approbation of fashion followers. Naturally, such splashes of color call for discretion in the selection of a shirt. The choice here is a plain blue broadcloth in an extreme light weight. The brown wing tip shoes illustrate another forward step toward fashion freedom. Many a business man has come to the revolutionary but sensible conclusion that brown shoes go quite well, especially in the darker shades of brown, with suits of any color, including grey and even dark blue.

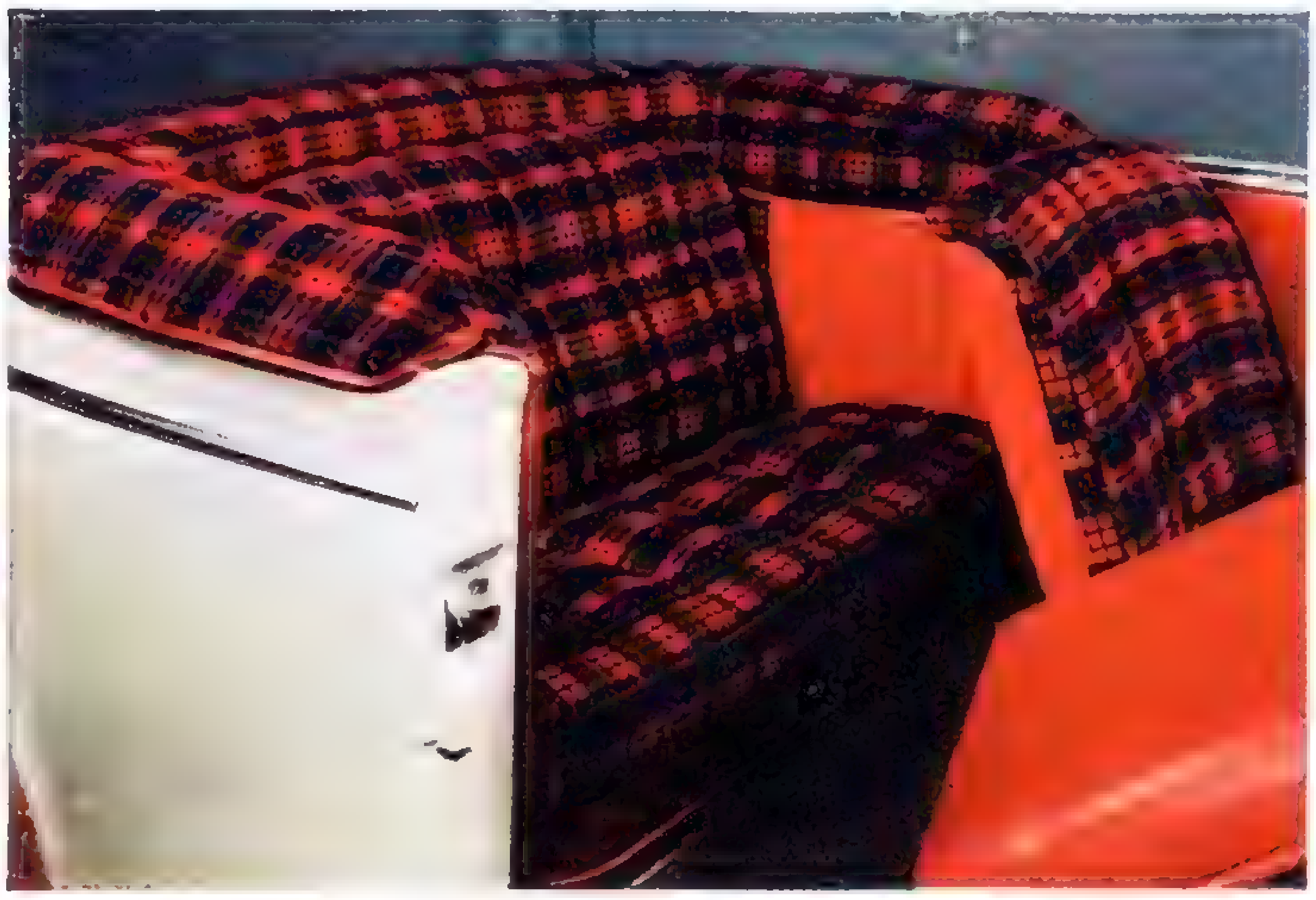
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

"I'll be in Scotland afore ye!"



THE CHRYSLER HIGHLANDER

. . . the talk of the smart set everywhere!



Exclusive style . . . modern convenience! Divided seat back tilts forward for easy entry to rear compartment . . . automatic top lowers by pushing a button.

YOU'LL take the high road to the very crest of motoring swank and distinction, if you're in a new Chrysler Highlander.

And if you want the first one in your social circle, you're probably going to have to move fast . . . or somebody will be "afore ye."

Verily, the plaid's the thing . . . not only in the world of clothes, but in the brighter, gayer, fresher Highlander interiors.

Seldom has a new car swept so swiftly into favor as has this Chrysler "Scottie." And it's available with a regulation Coupe or Sedan body . . . or in the Convertible type here shown.

In either case, you get the agile performance and superb smoothness that go with Chrysler's *High-Torque* engine . . . the matchless all-day comfort of Chrysler's cradled Floating Ride.

A push of your finger operates the top!

In the Convertible, you realize the dream of year-'round comfort . . . you can be indoors or outdoors at the touch of your finger. A convertible top you'll really use, because you just press a button to raise or lower it. You can also have, for an extra charge, the All-Weather Aircontrol, which filters, warms and ventilates, literally surrounding all passengers with a curtain of warm air.

For the complete list of Chrysler refinements, most of them exclusive, see your Chrysler dealer. It's a long list that spells superb motoring. Ask for the Highlander . . . and be first in the fashion parade this season.

★ ★ ★

BE MODERN—BUY CHRYSLER

★TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, CBS, THURSDAYS, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Powder Smoke from Boot Hill

Continued from page 43

volver, notably Elmer Keith, and John Newman when he was living. The trigger is fixed up as for fanning, but the operation is different. Manipulated with one hand (sometimes two, for extreme accuracy or speed), the hammer is brought back with the thumb, held in cocked position and merely allowed to slip out from under in order to fire the weapon. It may sound simple, but don't let it fool you. One great advantage of this style to anyone in the habit of going around poking guns in other people's bellies is that if the victim does anything about it—from starting a fight to having a confederate plant a slug in the back of your head—he automatically gets potted as soon as your muscles relax on the hammer. In order to facilitate this procedure the hammer-spur is always smoothed and often altered. It's no pastime for a nervous individual.

Then there's the question of out-and-out accuracy. It can be proved easily, with the aid of elementary ballistics, that present-day revolvers are much more accurate than the old single-action or cap-and-ball weapons. But, the whole bunch of them, if in good condition and properly loaded, will shoot closer groups than a good man can hold. True, tests to prove that contention are usually held on a target range where the guns burning black powder are cleaned from shot to shot, or at least at the end of a string of five shots. This is hardly feasible under service conditions.

At long range—100 to 300 yards—the six-gun is a tricky critter to handle, and hits are best accomplished by resting the gun arm on a tree or fence, or by simply sitting down with your back to a tree and holding the gun with both hands, steadying your arms on raised knees. After all, it's results that count, and that's just good, honest shootin'.

But we are supposed to believe that the old-timers wouldn't stoop to such practices. A quotation attributed to Wyatt Earp contends that he could hit anything the size of a man's stomach ten times out of ten shots with a .45 at any range up to one hundred yards.

Now Earp was probably one of the most capable old gun-slingers that ever bounced a gun barrel off a bad-man's cranium, and if he were alive today, you'd hesitate before calling him a liar. But if it's true, he could sure shoot. Even without considering the vagaries of black-powder revolvers, among which is the tendency to let their bullets drift a mite off their prescribed courses once the weapon gets fouled up. "Fouling up" is usually on its way by the time ten shots are fired.

A man's middle (let's ignore his stomach) is only about fourteen inches in diameter, and anyone who, today, with modern equipment, can keep ten shots hand-running in a fourteen-inch circle at a hundred yards is doing all right by himself. Not that it *can't* be done, you understand, but I'll walk out to the target range any time someone's going to do it.

Since we have mentioned both Wild Bill Hickok and Wyatt Earp, it might be interesting to consider the natures of the two men. Peering through the haze of time and gun smoke, they appear to have been quite different. If you happen to have seen either of the two films, *The Plainsman* or *Frontier Marshal*, please forget everything about them you possibly can.

Both men were frontier marshals at various times of their lives, and both kept such towns as Dodge City and Abilene pretty well in line while they were around. Their main difference seemed to be in their methods of approach.

Hickok figured there was just one way to settle with a lawbreaker (someone who'd just killed a man or two in his jurisdiction), and that was to shoot it out with him. He accepted such an act as a personal insult to his integrity and ability, and if it wasn't settled then and there, there was no telling what sort of stuff would be talked around. No gunman who intends to remain in business can have that sort of thing going on, and Bill's solution was simply to walk in on the bad-man and mow him down. Such a procedure accomplished a double purpose: It saved the town the expense of feeding the killer until the date of his hanging and kept Hickok's reputation from waning. Everybody was happy except the recipient of Bill's lead, who was deposited forthwith in Boot Hill. Incidentally, there's a story extant that he was supposed to be one of the first to wear spring-clip shoulder holsters. If this is true, it would further substantiate the theory that he did little if any shooting from the hip.

Wyatt Earp's approach to a similar situation was the exact opposite. Though known as a gunman he did little killing, only shooting as a last resort. In his biography of Earp, Lake cites several instances when he was known to walk boldly up to an armed killer, beat the man over the head with his own gun and lug the unconscious form off to the local *cárcel*. Whether or not Earp was the equal in speed with a gun of a good many bad men is hard to say. It's pretty evident that his cool-headedness and deliberate nerve marked him as sure death to fool with, and the result was that he was seldom crossed.

There have been so many versions of his famous gun-fight in the OK Corral of Tombstone, Arizona, that I hesitate to mention it at all, but since I wasn't there either, I might as well give a short interpretation of what I've read.

With bad blood between the Earps and the Clanton-McLowery outfit, it seemed inevitable that the blow-off would come sooner or later. It did when the Clanton tribe holed up in the OK Corral and the Earps and Doc Holliday decided to smoke 'em out. The shooting was all at close range and pretty promiscuous, and may or may not have included a charge from a shotgun supposedly carried by the Doc—which is playing rough in any language. When the smoke blew away it was found that the Earps had won, since they had nothing left to shoot at. Then the curious moved in and started counting bullet holes in the surrounding scenery and have been at it ever since.

The results indicate that it's one thing to be fast on the draw and a dead shot while practicing, and quite another to retain those same qualifications under the stress of facing another gunman, probably as good as you are and with the deliberate intention of hanging your hide on the fence before you do his. Add to this your awareness that you may be cold meat in a couple of seconds anyway if he's even as good as you are.

Then, as now, proficiency with the short gun was but half the battle. All the skill in the world would crumble at your feet if you didn't have the nerve to back it up. Cool deliberation has won more battles than anything else, and it takes only one well-placed bullet to stop an opponent. The successful gunman took as much time as was necessary and poked his holes where they'd do him the most good.

It's easy for us to sit back with our superior knowledge of ballistics and probabilities and say what the old-timers could and could not do, but we mustn't forget that the time and place were ripe for their acts, the men were there to perform them, and it must have been some show.

One glaring fact does stand out. Modern weapons are so superior in accuracy, strength, reliability (and durability) of mechanism, speed of projectile and rapidity of fire, that there is little room for comparison. To say anyone could perform feats with a revolver and ammunition of 1870 that cannot be bettered today is like saying a man is so good he can make an old brass cannon outshoot a sixteen-inch rifle on a modern battleship. The answer is no.

The Colt people didn't bring out a revolver firing a self-contained center-fire cartridge (that is, ammunition as we know it today) until 1870 or 1873, at which time they introduced the Single-Action Army model, known variously as the Frontier Six-Shooter and the Peacemaker. Prior to that time the bad men had to kill each other off with cap-and-ball weapons. Fodder for these guns consisted of a horn of powder, a pouch of lead balls, and a box of percussion caps. Once the cylinder was emptied, time had to be taken out while the shooter retired to a quiet corner and indulged in some fancy loading operations. This led to carrying an extra fully charged cylinder for the weapon, ready to slip in place of the empty one when necessary. It took less time to take the gun apart than to load it.

The Single-Action Army revolver cut such a swath in Western history and piled up so much romance behind it that it is popular to this day, and Colt is still making it. One certain thing that it did was to fire a bullet the killing power of which remains unchallenged. That is the .45 Colt.

Hence we should see the gunfighter of the early West more as he really was and, probably, as he would like to be seen. It's something like reconstructing a prehistoric specimen from the scanty records it has left.

They were hard men in a game with tough competition. The hardest had their own conceptions of justice, while cold, calculating nerve brought them six-shooter supremacy. The lawful and lawless alike resorted to whatever tricks were necessary from carrying "sleeve" guns to two in plain sight.

If he beat his enemy to the draw it wasn't necessarily due to his superb speed, but because he did not fumble or hesitate, knew what he wanted to do and did it.

Most gun battles took place at very short ranges, and from the number of bullet holes remaining in 'dobe walls and battered doors to this day, a great many of the combatants must have lost their heads and scattered slugs all over the place. Or they couldn't shoot worth a damn to begin with.

In passing, it is interesting to note that very few of the topnotchers were ultimately killed by their peers. Almost invariably they met death by receiving lead in the back, or from some concealed vantage point in front, where the prospective killer could step out in plain sight immediately afterward for the credit or take to his heels should his shot prove ineffective—which it often did. Such lead was ordinarily dispensed by some small-time, would-be gunman with a grudge that finally goaded him to his "bravery" but seldom steadied his gun hand.

So we find our questions regarding the old-timers answered indirectly and with reservations, as must always be the case. It was not possible for them to shoot as well then as it is *possible* to shoot now, due to nothing other than improved equipment.

But since the development of the West required that a man literally live and die with a gun in his hand, the ability of the *average* man to handle one undoubtedly reached a peak that had never been seen before and probably never will again. Therefore it may easily be said that they not only could shoot better than we can today, but that they by Gawd did!

It was the heyday of the American Individual, who found the Law on his hip instead of on his tail, and as such it is entirely beyond our comprehension. #

Now I love Mabel even more!

I guess I'll always be nuts about Mabel. She's my wife.

But the other day I started to appreciate her all over again.

There I was on the 5:19, sitting next to Joe from the office. It had been a scorcher of a day and Joe looked like an unhappy clam at a bake.

And then I knew why. Joe was fully clothed for a nice, brisk October morning. You see, Joe isn't married and hasn't someone like Mabel to make him do something about those ads for cool clothing you read in The Sun.

I used to be like Joe and swelter every summer. I used to know about light-weight suits and all the other hot weather togs but it was Mabel who pushed me into wearing them. Sometimes she even buys things for me. Say, I go through summer now like a breeze.

But I gave poor Joe an idea. "Listen, fellah," I said, "Go through tonight's Sun and read some of those cool clothing ads yourself. Then go out and buy some and you'll feel lots better."

* * *

In the large, responsive, substantial audience of New York families that read The Sun, there's a minimum of Joes and a maximum of Mabels. Advertisers of men's clothing, men's accessories and men's products of all kinds can do the most effective, all-round selling job in New York by reaching the women as well as the men through The Sun.

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NEW YORK

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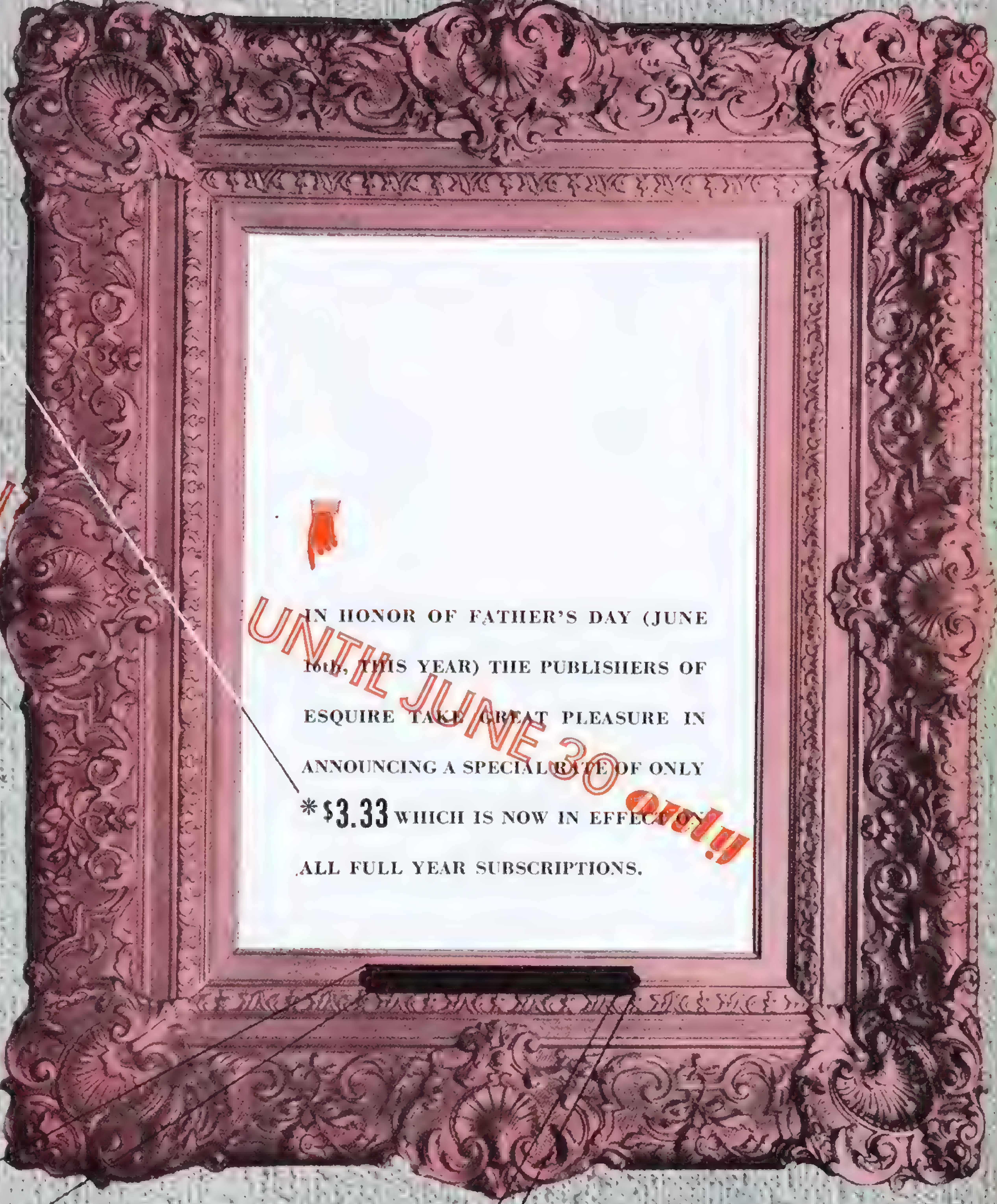


IN HONOR OF FATHER'S DAY (JUNE 16th, THIS YEAR) THE PUBLISHERS OF ESQUIRE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING A SPECIAL RATE OF ONLY *$3.33 WHICH IS NOW IN EFFECT ON ALL FULL YEAR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

PORTRAIT OF A BARGAIN

The Rats Are Still Fat

Continued from page 27

ried this notice: "Following rates exclude shipments to, from or transshipped at Germany, Italy and/or their possessions."

But on the 17th, Russia's moving into Poland automatically put Italy and Italian possessions into the clear, and relegated Russia to the tabu list. At the turn of the year cargoes in Italian ships or in neutral ships for Italian ports or possessions had a 100 to 1 chance of reaching their destination safely. That is, war risk insurance on their cargoes cost 1% in premium of the total value only—which was exactly 1/5 of the premium demanded on cargoes in neutral ships for Scandinavian ports at the same time. So that Italy in four months from no risk at all became an exceedingly good one.

Marine insurance, incidentally, is the oldest form of insurance in the world and is so highly competitive that its rates must of necessity be closer to the actual statement of the odds on the risk than the rates of any other form of insurance.

To departmentalize rate-setting, seven geographical zones were set early in the war. The most northerly includes Norway south to Bergen. Then the remainder of Norway, Sweden, west of Malmo and Denmark. The United Kingdom (with Eire a variable area). Holland and Belgium. French ports. Atlantic Spain, Portugal and the Mediterranean.

Cargo risks were then classified according to the flags carrying them and their destinations. Belligerent; United States vessels; other neutrals not calling at belligerent ports; and other neutrals calling at belligerent ports.

During the first part of September before blockade conditions became settled, the underwriters made the following rates for those four classes. On belligerent ships—133 chances of getting through to 10 of not. On United States vessels—400 chances of getting through to 10 of not. On neutral ships not calling at belligerent ports—266 to 10; and on neutral ships calling at belligerent ports 200 to 10.

During this period those rates were slightly higher for the first two zones, *i.e.*, all Scandinavian ports. And cargoes consigned to Baltic ports were still not insurable.

Almost at once, with the war under way, the changing character of the risk owing to the increasing failure of the German submarine and mine campaigns which have now almost reached totality, begins to become evident. After the middle of September, 1939, odds on cargoes carried under belligerent flags to all European, except Scandinavian, ports, dropped each week by 1%, coming to rest on October 5th with the odds at 250 to 10. On the average these odds were only about twice those offered at the same time on cargoes shipped under the American flag and about sixteen times the rates that had prevailed two weeks before the Allies declared war on Germany.

The first peak of sinkings by German submarines in this war was caused by the immediate activities of submarines on stations, when war was declared. This initial peak dropped off during the final week in October. The second peak was reached by Germany late in October as the bite of indiscriminate mine-sowing began to be felt by Allied shipping.

The reaction of the marine insurance market was immediate however when Britain countered this indiscriminate mine-sowing by a complete blockade of German exports. That reaction narrowed the odds rapidly down from 250 to 166 chances to 10 on cargoes of imports from Britain or exports to Britain under any flag whatsoever.

Early in November a new subzone was defined comprising the West Coast of the United Kingdom from Glasgow to Land's End and quoted at 250 to 10 for exports to the United States at the same time that the zone France-south-of-Brest was quoted at 400 to 10—only ten times the peacetime quotation!

German sinkings dropped toward the end of the year but rose again at the turn. Insurance rates, however, leveled off steadily more favorable to the shipper. The underwriters market had the sure feel of conditions at last and it was in the interest of business to establish a reliable level. The cargoes for Baltic ports remained completely uninsurable, quite naturally, and the highest premiums were quoted for cargoes for Scandinavian countries—in one of which, Finland, real land warfare was raging. The cessation of hostilities between Russia and Finland cannot alter the rate sheet dictum on other Baltic ports appreciably, as long as Germany is at war with France and England. The extensive German-Baltic coastline and the narrowness and shallowness of the Kattegat and the Skagerrak straits being the reasons.

The premiums for cargoes to and from Britain, Holland, Belgium and France-south-to-Brest steadied to 250 to 10. France south of Brest remained at 400 to 10. and Atlantic Spain and Portugal to Gibraltar at 1000 to 10.

At the moment of going to press the quotations for cargoes carried under belligerent flags are as follows:

Norway south to Bergen	250 to 10
Remainder Scandinavian Ports except Baltic	200 to 10
U. K. West Coast and South Coast to Dover	285 to 10
East Coast	250 to 10
Holland south to Brest	250 to 10
Atlantic France south of Brest	400 to 10
Mediterranean	500 to 10

So the rats are still indisputably

Continued at top of page 144

Nothing would please FATHER more than something he probably doesn't have yet needs so often . . .

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats and Galecoats
BECAUSE . . . It's Sure to Rain

For Father's Day We Suggest . . .

An Alligator Raincoat will "hit the spot" with any dad. A good raincoat not only protects clothes and dispositions in inclement weather, but thanks to Alligator styling, will keep up that well dressed appearance. But be sure you choose an ALLIGATOR . . . the "best name in rainwear" naturally means the best quality, best workmanship, best waterproofing and water repellent processing, and styling that leads the fashion parade.

We especially recommend, for Father's Day, the double or single breasted guaranteed waterproof models so ideal for every occasion. And if he travels, he will be doubly appreciative because these waterproof wonders take up so little room. Two outstanding values in several colors featured at 5^{75} and 7^{50}

OTHER RAINCOATS
BY ALLIGATOR
UP TO $26.50

AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • St. Louis • New York • Los Angeles

P.S.

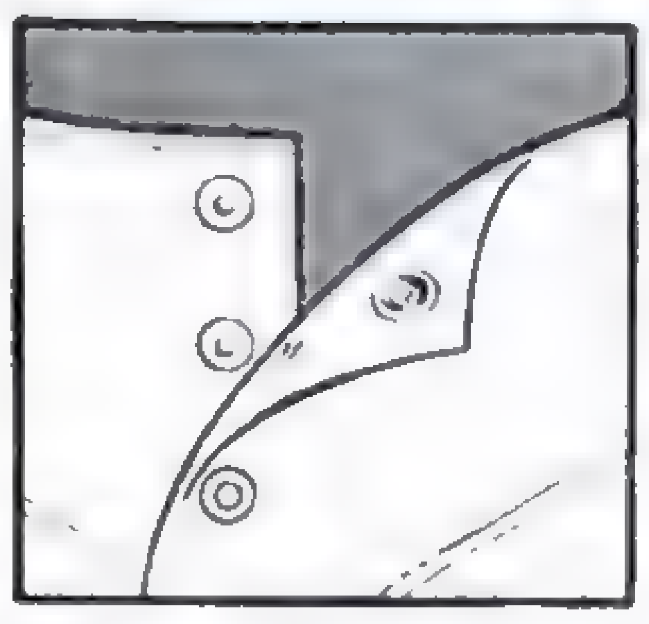
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, GET ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY. SMART STYLES FOR WOMEN AND MISSES; AS WELL AS MEN, YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

IT'S A SNAP TO END BUTTON TROUBLES FOR Father
SNAPPER SAYS: This Dot Snapper collar fastening will outwear the shirt
DOT SAYS: These Dot Snapper cuff fastenings can't get lost or broken.

WHEN you buy shirts for Father's Day ask for the new ones that have Dot Snappers instead of buttons on the cuffs and collar. They're the famous laundry-proof fasteners, you know, that won't break, tear, or rust. No more button hunts for Father. No more sewing-on for Mother. You'll find Dot Snappers on this season's shirts made by:

ALPERIN STRAUSS CO. *Aywon & Penrod Brands*
M. NIRENBERG SONS *Lion Brand*
ELY & WALKER *E & W Brand*
SUPERIOR SHIRT CO. *Mohawk Brand*
M. H. ROSEN & CO. *Yale Brand*
WM. HABERMAN CORP. *Customaire Brand*
I. UNTERBERG & CO. *Gold Ribbon Brand*

UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORP., Cambridge, Mass.



The modern laundry-proof fasteners that end button troubles on shorts, pajamas, shirts, dresses, playsuits, etc.

DOT SNAPPERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Rats Are Still Fat

Continued from pages 27-143

fat in Paris and London, and the German submarine blockade is a rank failure—and Berlin's rats, *per se*, must be thinning slightly.

Without the underwriters rate sheets to confirm them we might doubt the latest British Board of Trade Reports on imports that have reached Britain. They show a higher total for December, 1939, than for December, 1938. And they show January, 1940, higher than any corresponding January in a decade!

With the underwriters rate sheets to corroborate these reports, we have no choice but to accept them.

During seven months of warfare there has been recorded four successive peaks of German sinkings.

None of these peaks have directly affected insurance rates whereas two quiet periods between have seen definite and permanent lengthening of odds in favor of the shipper.

And the somewhat obscure reason for this is most plausible when pointed out. The toll of ships or the total of sunken tonnage never reflects actually the loss to underwriters or the amount of damage to trade in general. A consideration of the specific destroyed cargo is the only thing that will give an accurate picture of the damage—for the cargo may be worth many times the value of the bottom—or considerably less. News of a ship's loss seldom specifies this important item to the layman.

And one other point must be emphasized. The story told by the rate sheets does not touch on the amount of material confiscated by the British Contraband Control. That is an inestimable additional advantage to the Allies.

For the duration of the war, there will be no complete reversion to the rate levels of peacetime rates, for three factors not governable by belligerent naval and air activity, cause a natural increase in premiums.

In belligerent waters all aids to navigation such as lightships, buoys and lighthouses are at present not functioning.

Convoys which according to British naval figures give 472 chances of getting through safely to 1 of failure, increase the collision hazards by virtue of zigzagging by day and running dark at night.

And lastly, with unmarked sunken wrecks on the increase in all European coastal waters, the hazards to ships navigating those waters is daily becoming greater.

But the rates are at present just about fairly covering these three conditions of increased hazard and nothing more—because, after seven months of German submarine effort—the Royal Navy and the French Navy have seen to it that there is nothing more to be covered in the way of belligerent activities against merchant shipping with cargoes consigned to them. ⧻

Come Back Soon

Continued from page 72

stop into a bar for another Bourbon or maybe even a little beer.

Often, they were both drunk when they got home and sat down to the dinner table.

Sophie, shrunk into herself, would watch the laden table, her mind, full of swift careful calculation.

She ate greedily but quietly, jealously noting the marks of laughter on their faces, the shining rose-tinted exuberance and good spirits and warmth. With bitterness and scornful mental sniffs, she saw how Harold filled up his father's plate, waiting on him with love and tenderness.

When his son was home, he felt himself expanding. All the dead pride and virility magically came to life and flowered in him. Sometimes, when one of Harold's girl friends was there, he flirted with her.

It was like something out of the past—a valentine, a shoe buckle, a photograph album—the gallant attentions he showered on whatever girl it happened to be, the way he said, bowing and a little drunk, "When it comes to the ladies, my son always shows good taste. Why not? Isn't he a chip off the old block?"

He was wonderful. Late at night, after he went to bed, Harold and the girl would sit on the porch or take a ride.

"I thought I liked *you*," she would say, laughing and pulling away from his kisses. "I thought I liked you, but I'm crazy about your father. He's the one I could really go for."

That was just the right thing for a girl to say to Harold. That was how much he loved his father. When the girls said something like that, Harold got them some nice present before he went off on the road again. Even if he never expected to see them again, he went downtown before he left and got them something expensive and pretty. Or else he remembered them, and sent them something from Detroit or Milwaukee or San Francisco or one of his stops.

It never failed that when he was leaving, his father made him breakfast.

Even if he was ready to leave the house as early as five or five-thirty in the morning, when the earth was still wrapped in darkness or showed only the first limp signs of dawn.

Sophie would say good-bye the night before, putting out her veiny hand and barely touching his before she went up to bed. She always said the thing that she had been saying for years. "Well, good-bye. Take good care of yourself. And don't forget—drop us a postcard."

But his father was always up, no matter how softly he padded about upstairs shaving and dressing. As he tiptoed down with his bag in his hand, even on the winter mornings when the kitchen was inked out in black night, he would find his father there, setting dishes down on the table and having the coffee all made, moving about and doing things in the dark.

Even after the years of seeing his father's blindness, Harold would be startled by this dexterity in the dark; he would be amazed at the way his father found everything in the kitchen's blackness. He would quietly snap on the light. Its glare would smack his eyes, making him blink. His father would say, "Well, son. All packed? I'm almost ready for you."

The deep night lying all about them would lay a restraining hand on their talk, muting it and keeping it spare and lean. Harold would remonstrate with his father for getting up so early, saying how easy it would be for him to stop into one of the diners along the road. Then they would sit down to breakfast, touching each other fondly as they talked in whispers every now and then.

And before they knew it, the coffee would be inside them, mingling with the bitterness and terror of saying good-bye. Harold would fill the pockets of his father's bathrobe with cigars. His hearty back thumps would be tempered a little by the earliness of the hour. Then, comet-like, he would grab up his bag and pull his heavy overcoat about his shoulders.

"So long, you son of a gun," he would boom at the front door, letting the cold frosty air sweep in. "Go in now, you'll catch cold. Go back to bed." The tremendous volume of his words would be frightening in the early morning hour. "Good-bye," he would whisper, starting down the front steps.

His car would turn over and back out of the driveway.

"Good-bye, son!" his father would call out to him. "Take it easy!" Then, his voice would soften too. "Good-bye!" he would say, almost to himself, as the car paused outside and then gathered itself together for speed and departure. "Come back soon!"

After Harold left, time became the familiar silence and infinity. Gone was its transience, its flicker, its movement, its shades and nuances. The house would be tremendous with emptiness, pregnant and ready to burst with it. Even upstairs, with the sounds of Sophie's snoring coming out of her room, even there, there was nothing but silence. He would climb into bed, drugged with its thickness and yet disbelieving it. This was proved by the fact that he thought of death and listened for whispers to come out of its vacancy.

After Harold had gone, the dark web of his thinking would slant backward, slipping further and further away from his touch. Memory is never facile enough, and to him it made quick crescendos and then faded into nothing. Snatches of each visit would linger in his mind. The slow walks they took in the spring. The park bench they settled upon, and the soft air blowing on their faces that were full of meditation. The touch of Harold, his words, his laughter, his meteoric vitality, the quick tenderness that was peppered into the jerky roughness of his behavior. These things would remain with his father after he had left, but paramount to these would be two others. First, the ache to look upon him. And second, the pain of the things that had not been said. Things, of course, that would not have been said anyhow, but just the same, the longing to call time back and say them.

It was the same thing when Eleanor, their daughter, left with her children. It was almost an obsession, this longing to speak the thing that was in his heart. It was there when he looked after them out of his empty marble-like eyes, calling "Good-bye! Come back soon!"

Like a victory wrought, like a boil coming to a head, the evil of Sophie came into its own after each departed guest. Like the decay that steals into an unoccupied house, she was everywhere, leaving her marks upon each moment. The meals were again silent, sparse affairs, set into a corner of the kitchen and quickly disposed of, as though space and food were things she could rent out, divide, and save. And the talk was no talk at all, but only a one-sided affair, the steady stream of her mumbling complaints coming like the steady drip of water from a leaking faucet, maddeningly and eternally. It was her mania of thrift that could make her come alive at any moment. Like a moth flying quickly to a circle of light, she would dart about, snapping off lamps to save electricity. To the passerby, the house seemed completely deserted in the evening, as though no one lived there. Almost always, there was only a small light burning in the kitchen, and after a while Sophie used a candle instead. Its wavering gleam was ample for things like dishwashing and eating. And it was much cheaper.

There were a few things that still succeeded in enraging him, a few things created out of her hate and cold bitterness that could still drive him to madness.

"You don't go anywhere," she said to him, insisting that he wear the same shirt for three days. "I don't see how they can be dirty. You just sit around."

She would hide the shirts when they came back from the laundry, and mete one out to him every three days. In the past, he had been quite a dandy. A fresh shirt every day, even two, had been a routine part of dressing.

"You hellion!" he would scream at her, almost every morning. "You goddam harpy! You witch!"

She would smile in a sly tight way as he heaped curses on her

Continued on page 146

Every Father

HAS HIS DAY...

Shave Soap in Pottery Mug . . . $1.00
After-Shave Lotion in Pottery Bottle . . . $1.00

ON JUNE 16TH GIVE HIM

EARLY AMERICAN

Old Spice* Men's Toiletries

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Contains Old Spice Shave Soap (in pottery mug) and After-Shave Lotion . . . $2.00

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pat your face with a Breeze!

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LILAC VEGETAL
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LILAC VEGETAL

Men who desire to feel fit, to whom good taste means much, luxuriate in Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal *Refreshant.* It's like an ocean breeze mingled with the crisp, tangy fragrance of cool mountain air. You pat it on your face after shaving. You splash it on your body after a shower or a bath. You tingle with a fresh, masculine glow...with a complete sense of well-being that says "Curtains" to cobwebs, and "Greetings" to that feeling of glad-I'm-alive. Deodorizes perspiration. Great after exercise and sports. Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal Refreshant will make you feel as good as you look...and look as good as you'd like to feel.

the *tingle-tang* refreshant

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PARIS NEW YORK

for close quick electric shaves

Boon to the hosts of men who now shave electrically is Pinaud's Set-Up. Designed expressly for this purpose according to a scientific Pinaud formula, Set-Up *conditions* the face for the dry shaver. You rub it on beard... let dry...then shave. Almost magically, it erects each tiny hair, readying the beard for a clean, perfect shave. Leaves the face with a pleasant afterglow and masculine scent. Set-Up, once used, becomes a delightful habit.

SET UP
PINAUD

Come Back Soon

Continued from pages 72-145

head. It was almost as though she enjoyed listening to the vile language she succeeded in summoning forth from him.

And as he stood there swearing, the blood beating in his neck, his blindness closing him in as a cage does a wild beast, the sound of her mumbling would come to him, the half-whispered, half-moaned plaint about the laundry bill.

In the afternoons, she was rarely home. And often she would lock the case where he kept his big Braille books, disappearing with the key as she went her secret way to the movies, shopping, or to church. Then, with the unexplored silence of the house all about him and the poison of inertia weighing down his spirit, he would revile her, talking to himself bitterly of the past and this woman for whom love had died so long ago. He could not read, so he would sit there whispering to himself. That would be futile. Worse, it would be frightening. His watch would make its silver tinkle, the sound of thimbles or tiny bells hitting against each other, and there would be nothing to do but listen to these markings of the half hour and hope that the postman in passing would stop in for a few minutes to talk to him.

Twice, the postman had read him letters from Harold, but he rarely wrote as a general rule. And still, he could never be sure that Sophie was lying the times when she suddenly announced, "I had a letter from the boy today." His face would light up quickly and then die, like a thin shaving of wood being flung into a fire. The first few times such a thing had happened, he had asked her, breathless with delight, to read these letters to him. "Read it to me. Tell me what he says. Read it!" he pleaded.

But the letters disappeared. They were always gone—"misplaced" or "thrown out by mistake." Sophie wouldn't even pretend to look for them.

It took him a long time to catch on to that game of hers and go quietly back to silence. It took him a long time before he suspected that there weren't any letters at all. He should have guessed, because he felt sure that Harold had hated her for a long time, and had rarely written home since he had become blind. But just the thought of the boy and hearing from him was so exciting that such a thing made him stumble about his silence for a moment, instead of being sure of its familiarity. And he was always worried about something happening to keep Harold from coming home. Or having an accident with his car—falling asleep at the wheel one night on a lonely road.

Yes, in the beginning she had been quite successful in torturing him with the mention of these letters. These letters that did not even exist.

He thought of death. He thought of it in a transient fleeting way, between his son's visits. Then it was a dark greenish wave washing over him; it touched his mind in a cool, quick passing way, without substance or quality or shape. It was very relaxing to think about death thus. It was a simple thing, seemingly accomplished with the ease and speed of merely breaking a flower from its stem. But at other times, his mind dwelt on the substance of death, the fear and the dark foreboding. Then echoes from the past sifted down on him, the old mysteries and fears, spoken in whispers long ago in the gloomy halls of church, when death was the sin mixed in with the feeling of his knees against stone, the edge of the pew pressing into his back, and the murmuring of the priest being submerged in the colored design of the altar. Even scraps of prayers came back to him and the brooding words of Shakespeare, acquiring meaning through years and living, though they were nothing set against the drone of the schoolroom. Yes, Shakespeare. *To shuffle off this mortal coil... the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns... puzzles the will...*

He thought about this a great deal at the times when his mind dwelt on the thought of killing himself. And since he could never be sure about death being a great wild sweet liberation, he could not die by his own hand.

If time and spirit wore thin at times, and Sophie delighted in seeing this, Harold's homecomings were rehabilitating. When the boy was there, he gathered together all the strength that he had thought was lost forever.

* * *

One day when Harold returned from his long trip, he brought a girl with him. This being his regular schedule trip, they were expecting him. By three o'clock that afternoon, his father was sitting in the living room, not reading but just waiting, filled with the excitement of expectation, fastening on every sound and already smiling in a kind of welcoming way. The smells of pie baking and meat roasting drifted out of the kitchen, and he sat there content, the house and himself magically transformed with gladness and with the thought of Harold coming home.

It was November and a sleety rain was flinging small steel bullets at the windows. Its rhythm wove a spell of drowsiness and relaxation about the room, and made him doze. It was the strangest thing how he didn't hear the front door or Harold and the girl coming in so softly and standing there in the living room watching him. Maybe they were only there a minute or a second, but suddenly he awoke and there they were. And since all parts of this moment were new—his being asleep, another person being there, an unfamiliar quietness about Harold—

it was like waking up in a strange place, a moment to be groped through, a moment of baffling uncertainty.

Harold came over and put an arm around his father's shoulders, and immediately, even before he said, "Dad, meet your daughter-in-law"—even before that, his father remarked to himself about Harold's other arm being busy with someone else.

The totality, the immensity of the moment folded its black wings about him. He stretched out his hands to touch his son and the strange girl, his son's wife. Her name was Mildred.

The dinner was a muffled thing. It was not like any of the others. He even felt shy about proposing a toast. The bottle of Bourbon was there, but no one was drinking. Harold said to his wife "You ought to have a sip, honey. It's so damp out. I don't want you to catch cold."

His father's tongue was a dead thing lying behind his teeth. Only his ears were awake. He listened to the solicitous tone of his voice, brooded at the shock of his son's secret life coming into flower so suddenly, so unannounced.

Mildred laughed and said she never drank. When she talked to her father-in-law, she raised her voice a little, as though his blindness meant that he couldn't hear very well. He listened to the young promise of her voice, and it reminded him of the grandchildren, because it was so full of secret delight. Like blossoms bending down to let a breeze brush past them. Yes, her voice reminded him of flowers; her words dropped into the listening silence like the sound of petals falling from their stems. When she said anything to him, it was a little sad. He could feel her pity.

They talked about how they had met and how long they had known each other and how they had decided "one two three" as Harold said, to get married. But he hardly listened. The moment they had arrived, the house breathed of their departure, and he was only pretending to be delighted over the fact that they had stopped here first before leaving on their honeymoon.

Only Sophie was delighted. She talked a great deal. She said nervously, "Well, well, well! Imagine!" over and over again. It was a long time since she had been so animated at the table. She seemed bewitched.

He was too shy to ask about what she looked like, and no one thought of telling him. Her pity estranged him, kept him from asking about her, but quietly he wondered to himself what she was like.

It was rare for him to feel so sightless with Harold sitting at the table.

But then Harold was different too. He even talked to Sophie. There was no hearty banging the table so that the dishes shook. No jokes. No swearing. No stories. Only a new subdued tenderness in his voice. All because of Mildred. His wife. Like a far-flung echo of his old self came the kidding things he said about her. Things like what kind of cook she was going to be. And that she was beautiful but not dumb.

After dinner, Harold went upstairs to get some of his things from his room. The three of them sat in the living room. Mildred sat next to him on the leather couch, shyly talking about Harold. But back of her words, he could feel her impatience to be off and alone with her husband. He could feel her nervousness when she opened his Braille book and touched it and made a timid comment about it.

A faint perfume came out of her hair, a thin lemony scent, and when he heard Harold coming down the steps he wanted to reach out of the blackness and touch her face. But he didn't. His hands lay stiffly in his lap, chained there by her pity.

Only when they were ready to leave, he took her hand in his. It was the left one. He felt the wedding ring on the fourth finger, and he wondered again about his son's secret life—when he had thought about this ring and when he had bought it.

The four of them walked to the door. His son embraced him and everyone said good-bye. Harold said, "Wait here, darling. Wait until I get the car out front and then we'll run for it."

The bullets of rain were still flying down from the sky. They pattered on the front stone walk. The leaves of the trees shuddered and bowed down with their added weight.

The car swung out of the driveway, around to the front of the house. Then, breathless and panting, the rain on his hair and face, Harold was beside him. The last frantic good-byes were said and the two of them flew off into the rain, down the front walk to the car.

He heard the bang of the door and the good-byes coming from everywhere—from the dripping sighing trees, from the slicing November wind, from the night sounds, from Sophie beside him, from the car.

And then again was distilled the ache, the longing to say the things unsaid. He wanted to tell Harold how wonderful it was, this marriage of his. He wanted to kiss Mildred, to touch her hair, to know of her coloring, to say "Be a good wife to my son!"

Sophie tugged at his sleeve. "Come in now," she said. "They're going. Come in. You'll catch your death of cold, you fool!"

The floodgates of his grief opened wide. The desire to tell them what was in his heart was sweeping, drowning, like a great tidal wave. He had a feeling that it would be a very long time before he saw them. He thought that perhaps he might never see them again. "Good-bye! Good-bye!" he called out into the night. "Come back soon!" #

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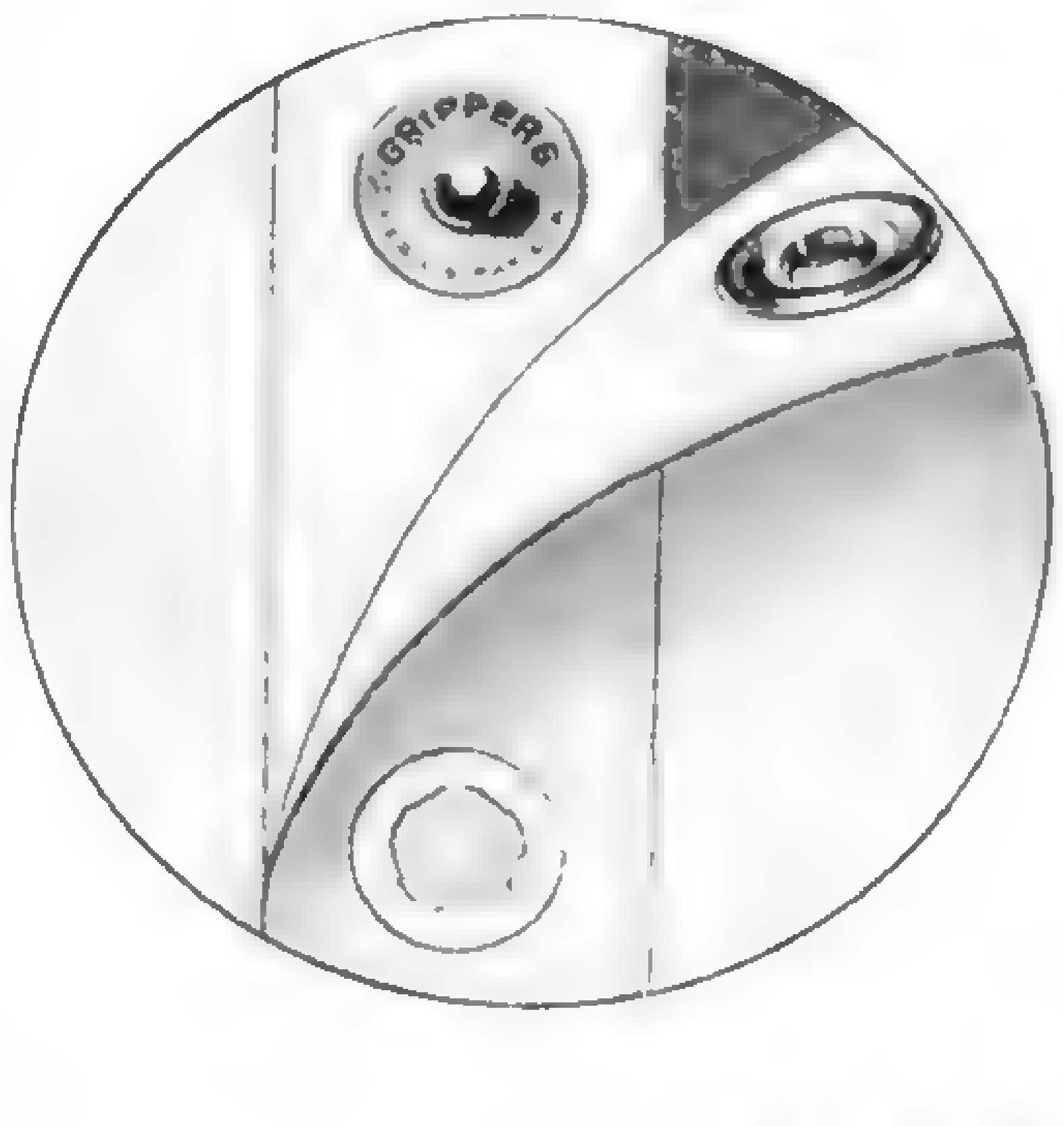

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Heaven Lies About

Continued from page 69

mother let him have one of the tubs to play with while she ironed. She put it under the back porch where she could keep an eye on him. He had half-filled it himself, carrying water in a pan from the faucet at the back of the building. It was the first time he'd sailed it on real water. He laughed at the way the boat rolled from side to side when he blew on the sails or pushed waves against the hull.

He called to his mother to look at the boat. First she pretended she hadn't heard him, then she looked out the window and smiled. She said it was a fine boat. He beat the water with his fists to show her how a storm looked. She said he mustn't splash on his playsuit.

If he had some paint, he could make the boat look like new, but he wouldn't be able to play with it for maybe two or three days while it was drying. He ought to paint it before he went over to Uncle Louie's again, so it would be shiny when he showed it to Freddie and Angela. They had a bathtub in their house. It sure would sail in a bathtub, he thought, picturing Freddie and Angela leaning over the tub while he showed them how to make a storm on the ocean.

Although he hadn't heard them and they were quite still, Lear felt they were in the sandpile watching him. He turned his head slowly, just enough to make out Gloria's yellow hair and Susan's red and white sunsuit. Barbara Ann was sitting at the edge of the sandpile, reaching a small, fat hand down in the sand, bringing up a handful and straining it through her fingers, tugging with her other hand at the hem of Susan's sunsuit so Susan would look.

He made out he didn't see them, hoping they would start playing with each other and forget him. If they let him alone, his mother might not mind his staying outdoors. He pushed the boat with his forefinger, watching it almost jump out of the water. It wasn't fun any more. He might as well go in and eat lunch.

His mother had saved him a small piece of cantaloupe left from the two Mrs. Randall had given them the night before because his father had mended her vacuum cleaner. She fixed him a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. When he pleaded with her, she gave in and poured a few drops of vanilla extract and some sugar in his milk.

"Just like you get in a drug store," Lear said, beating the sweetened milk as hard as he could.

His mother got up from the table to answer the phone. A new tenant was moving into 114 and wanted some help in unpacking boxes. His mother said she would send William up just as soon as he came back from the errand Mrs. Randall had sent him on.

"Yes," Lear heard her say, "I'll come, too."

She told him to run out and sail the boat and be careful because she was going upstairs to work just as soon as his father came back from the hardware store. He said he'd be careful. She patted his shoulder affectionately. He turned and playfully pretended to strike at her. She warded off the blow with mock alarm, picked him up with her large, powerful hands, shaking him the way she used to when he was a little brown blob. Then she kissed him and told him to play by himself.

"My little man," she said, and he puffed out his chest and strutted ludicrously around the table, holding his breath as long as he could, then letting it out with a gasp and a sigh. She snatched him up again, pretending to paddle him.

His father stopped in the doorway, thinking Lear had got into some mischief. Then she turned and he saw her face. He put one arm around his wife and with his other hand rubbed the boy's fuzzy head. He drew his wife closer to him, tightening his hold to express his happiness in being in his home with his woman and his son.

III

The paint was sticky but it no longer rubbed off, although when he pressed the tip of his finger against the boat, a thinly outlined maze was imprinted. He rested the boat on two sticks so it would not touch the ground. His father had told him to be careful not to let sand get on the paint.

He wanted the boat to be perfectly dry by supper time because it was Saturday and Uncle Louie was going to come for him in the car. He was going to spend the night at Uncle Louie's. Freddie and Angela would be surprised when they saw the boat.

Ordinarily he envied his cousins because there were no white people where they lived. They could play outdoors whenever they wanted. When he stayed at Uncle Louie's, Freddie and Angela would ask him questions about the way white children played, if they were nice to him. He just laughed and said, "Sure," to everything.

He ran his fingers gently over the boat. His father had found two kinds of paint for him, red and green. Lear had used the red mostly, but he made the deck and two masts green. After his father repaired the masts, his mother made two new white sails for him that stood out stiffly, as though caught by a great wind.

He saw Gloria and Susan hobbling up the street, clacking their mothers' shoes against the pavement. He moved the boat under the back porch, thinking they hadn't seen him. They began to play in the sandpile, but he knew they had seen him. Lear sat with his back to them so they couldn't see the boat.

Overhead he could hear heavy steps, apparently those of the big man who had just moved into 114. The steps almost frightened Lear, like thunder they seemed. Lear heard a thumping noise, followed by a nervous rocking in a broken rhythm. The noise of the rocking chair almost drowned out the soft taps of a woman's walk. The woman either went back into the apartment or sat down on the back porch with her husband. Lear had no way of telling, but he felt she was sitting overhead.

Gloria and Susan were quiet. He turned and found them staring at him. Gloria smiled and toddled toward him.

"Whatcha got?" she asked.

"Nothing." He squirmed and added, "Just an ol' boat."

Susan got up from the sand and moved toward Lear, keeping behind Gloria.

"Let's see it," Gloria said.

"It's all painted."

"I don't care."

Reluctantly he held the boat up for her to look at. She reached out for it and he ducked his hand back. She began to cry. Hurriedly he thrust the boat into her hand.

Rubbing her eyes with one hand and holding the boat with the other, Gloria limped out from under the porch. She had lost one of her mother's shoes. When she reached the sandpile, she stopped crying and showed the boat to Susan.

"Somebody painted my boat," Gloria said.

Lear edged out from under the porch, mincing closer and closer to the sandpile, his eyes on the boat.

"Let's sail it on the sand," Susan said.

Gloria nodded, fell to her knees and, the boat in her left hand, began smoothing the sand with her right. Susan helped. Lear stood over them.

"The sand'll stick to the boat," Lear said.

They didn't seem to hear. He wedged his way between them, reaching his thin brown hand across their white arms. He snatched the boat, but his grip was loose and Gloria managed to knock it out of his hand. It fell in a clump of crab grass. Susan grabbed it and threw it to Gloria. It landed in her lap. She picked it up and ran to the other side of the sandpile.

He was crying now, but when he saw her standing there facing him with the boat, he stopped. The boat was still all right, a little dirty, but not sandy.

"Thanks for painting my boat," Gloria teased.

"It's not your boat," he said.

The big man was standing on his back porch facing Lear, scowling. His wife sat across from him shelling peas.

"Oughtn't be allowed," the big man said, "niggers playing with white kids."

The woman was sitting with her back to the sandpile. She nodded and went on shelling peas.

Lear moved slowly, a short step at a time, around the sandpile. Gloria still held the boat in front of her. Susan was standing behind Gloria, giggling idiotically. Gloria mockingly offered the boat to Lear, sticking her hand out toward him, then withdrawing as he lunged forward.

"Disgustin'," the big man said. "People up here do everything but marry the goddam shines. Maybe even do that."

The woman nodded without looking up from her peas.

Gloria had backed halfway around the sandpile until she stood just about where Lear had been when she first began taunting him with the boat. Lear stopped following her. He just stood by hopelessly, trying to tell her the sand would ruin the boat.

"I like sand," Gloria said and Susan giggled.

Gloria motioned Susan to move around where they could see the sandpile better. Then Gloria raised the boat in her right hand and threw wildly at the sandpile. Lear jerked his head down so fast he didn't see that she failed to release the boat. When he looked up it was still in her hand. Susan sat down in the sand, rocking in a giggling spasm. Gloria raised her hand again. Lear didn't wait. He darted across the sandpile and blindly lurched toward the boat. He fell forward, his body striking Gloria's knees and upsetting her.

Gloria screamed, Susan began to cry. Lear, stunned for a moment, tried to lift himself to his feet, but then he was caught up in a lightning grasp and hoisted dizzily above the ground. The big man's left hand was under Lear's stomach, the right pressed against his back, squeezing him. The earth shot away from Lear. He closed his eyes. He choked in the vise of the big man's hands. He kicked and screamed. When he heard his father's voice, he began to cry. The big man half-laid, half-dropped him on the ground. Lear turned over, lying face downward, kicking his toes into the earth, choking and sobbing, beating his fists against the grass.

The big man was hitting his father when Lear looked up.

"Now don't pull no razor you black son of a bitch," he said.

Lear's father was breathing hard, his nostrils twitching, his fists trembling. The big man stood with his back to the sandpile, his left arm almost parallel to the ground and about six inches from his chest. The right fist was under the left, ready to strike while the left arm defended. Lear's father bent his head and rushed the big man, trying to push him over into the sand. The big man caught Lear's father on the jaw with a blow which came up almost from the ground and hit doubly hard because Lear's father ran into it.

Lying at the big man's feet Lear's father raised his body from the waist up, resting on his elbows and shaking his head to clear it. Suddenly Lear's father tackled the big man, throwing both arms around the big man's legs and squeezing until the big man fell. Then Lear's father dived on top of the big man, his fists pummeling the big man's face and body.

Susan and Gloria were screaming. Lear stood beside his mother,

Continued on page 150

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Heaven Lies About

Continued from pages 69-149

hugging her leg, pressing his body against her. She stood very straight, quivering. Every time the big man hit Lear's father she recoiled, as though she had been struck. Her hand was on the boy's shoulder and Lear could feel its trembling.

Men were running up the street now, and, with a few women in aprons and housedresses, they crowded around the big man and Lear's father. Angry muttering about a nigger attacking a white man spread through the crowd.

Lear and his mother couldn't see anything now except the backs of the men. Pretty soon, though, the men moved back and Lear's father stumbled toward the back stairs. The big man was on his feet.

"The black bastard has a knife," the big man said.

"How'd it start?" one of the men asked.

"Little nigger boy began hitting two white girls."

"Must be a whole family bad niggers," one man said, and the others nodded.

"Fightin' runs in niggers' blood," somebody said, and the others agreed.

His mother filled a washtub with cold water. His father took off his shirt and undershirt and ducked his head in the water, rubbing it gingerly over his bruised flesh. His mother put tape across the cuts on his face. Then she dried his wet body, daubing the towel gently, but even so he winced. She brought him his tobacco and pipe. He shook his head and she laid them down on a table where he could reach them when he wanted. He sank back in the easy chair.

Lear huddled in a corner, afraid he would be blamed. He wanted to tell his father he hadn't meant to do anything to the white children, but he was still too frightened to say much.

"I'll pack," his mother said.

His father nodded. She moved about the two basement rooms, assembling their belongings. She motioned to Lear to bring her the picture of the ship on the ocean. It was a wedding present from her sister in Philadelphia who died of pneumonia.

"I was under the porch and they came and took my boat," Lear said.

His mother mumbled something and bent over their trunk. He asked her where they were going and she said, "Uncle Louie's."

The telephone rang. His mother answered it.

"He's lying down," his mother said. "Yes . . . We're getting ready now . . . All right . . . All right . . . Sure, we know . . ."

Afterwards she called the grocery store around the corner from Uncle Louie and when he came to the phone she said they had to leave and would he come for them in his car. Lear tried to help her. It was very exciting, putting everything in boxes and the trunk.

"Will we stay at Uncle Louie's all the time, now?" Lear asked.

"I dunno," his mother said. "Maybe."

Lear waited until his mother was too busy to notice him, then he crept upstairs and looked out at the sandpile. It was quite still. He could see his boat, lying on one side in the sand. The sun fell slantingly on the fresh red paint. He ran across to the sandpile, picked up the boat and ran back down the stairs. In the basement he brushed off the sand, at least as much as he could. The boat wasn't really hurt, except for the way the sand had scratched the paint on one side. He might be able to paint it again at Uncle Louie's.

It was almost dark when Uncle Louie came for them. Mrs. Randall had come downstairs earlier and given his father some money. She looked at Lear and frowned, then went all around both rooms to make sure they hadn't packed anything that belonged to the apartment. His father didn't say a word.

Lear carried some of the small bundles out to the car when Uncle Louie came. They put the trunk in first. It was a small trunk, and Uncle Louie and his father lifted it easily into the back seat. Then they put in the boxes and the things his mother had wrapped in newspaper. His mother sat between his father and Uncle Louie in the front seat and Lear sat back with the trunk and boxes. From time to time his mother would look around and ask if he was all right.

"I'll tell you 'bout it later," his father said to Uncle Louie.

"Sure," Uncle Louie said.

They were near Uncle Louie's house now. Lear recognized the First Old School Baptist Church of Jesus Christ where Uncle Louie was a deacon. He saw the store where he came with Freddie and Angela when Uncle Louie gave them a nickel for candy. The houses were all stuck together, thin iron railings separating them. Lear smiled at the people on the street, men just coming home from work, their lunchboxes under their arms; women coming from the store, their arms filled with big sacks; children playing catch in the half-dark; whole families sitting on the front steps watching the night fall.

Although Lear had been coming to Uncle Louie's almost every week for as long as he could remember, he always was surprised at first to see long streets with no white people. He tried to tell his father about it once and his father just smiled, patted his behind and shooed him away. Lear clutched the boat as Uncle Louie turned the car to the right. Uncle Louie's house was the fourth one to the left. Freddie and Angela were waiting on the pavement, dancing up and down, calling out, "Where's Lear?" because he was hidden by the boxes. He was the first one out of the car, clambering over the boxes, waving his boat. He was glad to be home. ⧻

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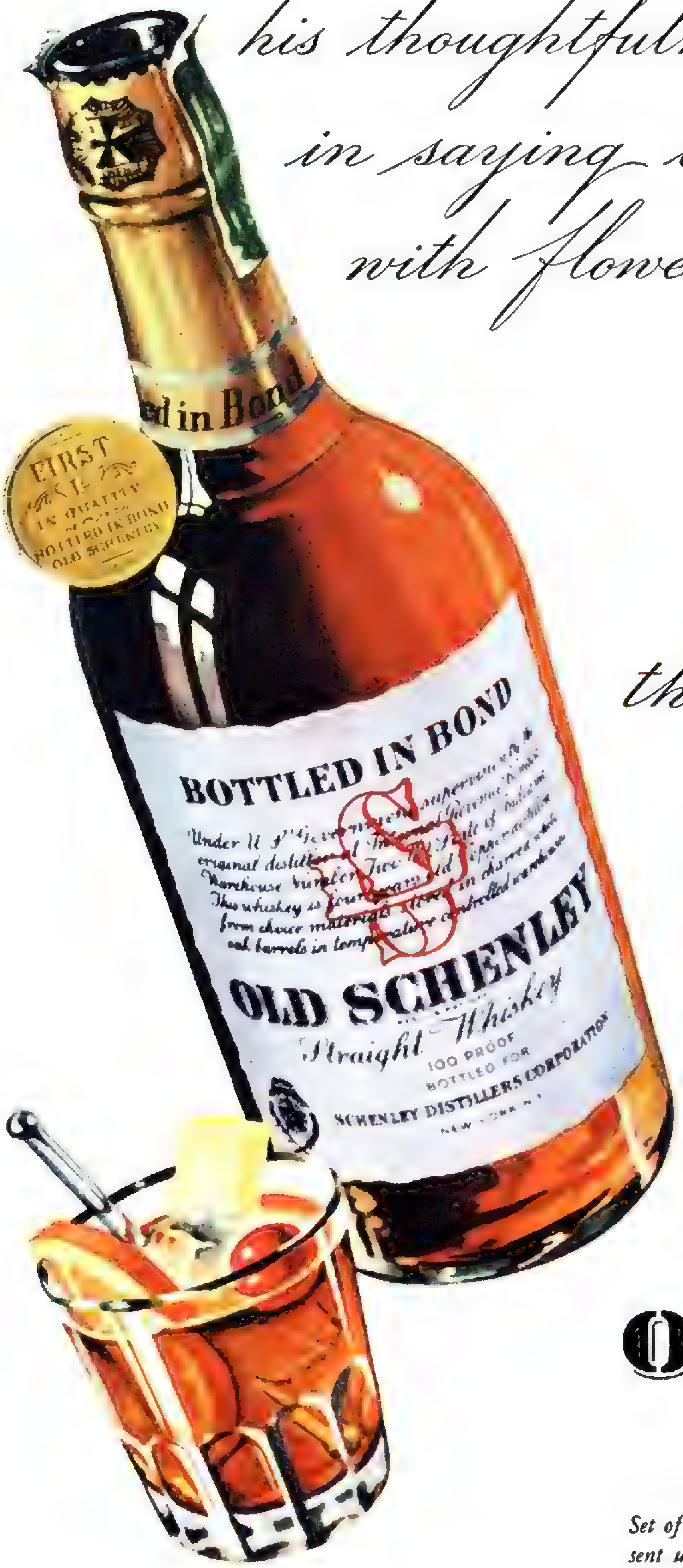
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Cowpuncher Perch

Continued from page 74

then melted right into gravel. You could dig down in the gravel and find moving water.

I had a fleeting glimpse of some shadowy figures in the clear water of the little pool, near the gravel and clay banks, and pointed one out to Smokey. If they were perch they certainly set an entirely new standard for the species.

It was then that I realized how Smokey was going to catch his fish. He pulled his old 30-30 Winchester out of its scabbard, and threw in a shell as we moved up close to the water.

"Going to shoot them?" I asked, the question being entirely unnecessary.

"Never miss," said Smokey peering about in the water. "Got to wait 'til they get fairly close to the top . . . there now, watch." He took quick aim and let go. There was a blast and some boiling in the water, and pretty soon a fish floated to the top, while Smokey scrambled down the steep bank, digging his high heels into the gravel footing, and pulled out his perch.

It was a huge bass. It must have weighed seven pounds, and was of such deep, rich green color and perfect shape that I went into ecstasies over it.

"No use gettin' so het up over that'n," said Smokey, "the Nueces's full of 'em." He began watching carefully to get a shot at another one. "Got to shoot way under 'em," he advised me. "Water shies the bullet up a ways." Then he handed me the rifle, and told me to take a shot.

Well, I may not be the world's best at catching bass, but I'm not going after them with a gun—conscientious scruples, I guess. So Smokey had to do all the "fishing" for supper on that trip.

"We like a mess of the critters once in a while," Smokey said. "Makes you appreciate steer."

I was thinking of that plug with its fifteen hooks back at my camp, and wondering if bass would really strike it. I decided to try.

When I got back to camp I went to work. I tried coiling the linen line in my left hand, and throwing the plug something like a cowhand would throw a lasso. The line tangled every time, and brought my best efforts to nothing.

"Cord's too little," Smokey said, watching me with interest.

I then got out the fly line, and tried my hand with it. I had a little better luck, but still could not keep the line from tangling.

"Now you got too much cord there, and you're not coiling it right," Smokey observed.

"Well, come help me."

He cut the sixty feet of line in half, and coiled one of the thirty-foot lengths of it just as he would coil a rope. Then he tossed the plug out to the end of the thirty feet, as easily as if he had been casting with a fly rod.

"Now try it," he said to me.

I began to do better with it, practicing until I could toss it out fairly well.

Smokey went along when I set out for the headwaters of the river again the next day. He entertained healthy doubts that any fish would ever grab that thing.

"No use fiddlin' around with that truck," he advised me. "Just shoot 'em with a thuty-thuty and there they are."

"I want to fight them," I told him. "Want to feel them pull."

"If you want to feel somethin' pull, come over an' I'll rope a yearlin' for you."

"No thanks, I'll try the bass."

You had to sneak up on those bass, or they would dart away and hide in the deep recesses of the pool on the far side. The big fellows had learned enough about the gun to be shy of man. But my experiences with them later convinced me no cowpuncher had ever tried to snag one with a hook. "Who ever heard of a cowhand fishing?" asked Smokey.

I saw a bass fairly near my hiding spot when we squatted on the bank, and flung out the plug as well as I could from my cramped position. There was a mighty splash as it hit the water, then its propellers set up a whirling and splashing as I started retrieving it. I had the end of the line tied to my left hand, and when I saw the size of a bass that started after it I wondered if I was wise in making the line fast to my person.

The fish struck, I jerked, and the plug came free. Then to my amazement the big bass made another rush and grabbed it again. There had never been an artificial bait in his world, and this was merely some smart little fish trying to elude him. This time I snagged him, and away he went. I fed line out as long as it lasted, which was a mighty short time. When the thirty feet were all out there wasn't anything to do but dig in and hold on, which I did.

Up in the air went the big bass, his gills wide and his whole bronze body shaking.

"Whoopee, hot ziggity," shouted Smokey, jumping around and waving his hat. "Throw him on his ear."

I hove back and the bass flopped heavily on the water. Then he made a run parallel to the bank for a few feet, and when the slack was all gone, he burst into the bright sunlight again, trying to throw the many-hooked monster that had grabbed him.

"Ride him, snub him down," Smokey was shouting, his eyes shining with the spirit of battle.

That bass would throw one or two sets of hooks, and another three or four sets would reach out and snag him, so it was practically hopeless. When I brought him home at last he was hooked almost as far back as his tail, and was scarred all down the line. But he was a six-pounder that any man could be proud of.

"Lemme snag one," Smokey

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said eagerly. "I want to feel him jump."

"Go rope a yearling," I reminded him.

"Come on, gimme the cord."

Well, it didn't take him two minutes to hook into one just about as big as the one I'd caught. Smokey didn't fight his fish calmly and carefully. He yelled and ran along the bank, snubbing down on the big fish every few seconds to "make the critter jump." I was worried for my plug, so viciously did he battle the bass. But the heavy enamel line had a thirty-pound test breaking point, and it held.

To the wide-eyed astonishment of the cook and the cowhands, who at first openly doubted us, Smokey and I took in seven of those big bass, all bearing a wealth of hook marks to show that they had been caught, and not shot. My Dowagiac was battered and bent, but still game. I worked it over for future engagements, straightening out the hooks here and there.

The cattle camp caught perch fever. It looked for a time like there wouldn't be anybody around the next day to herd the cattle, for everybody at the place wanted to go see a fish caught with the "Dijack," or better still, to catch one.

We really went fishing. The cowhands would sit down on their heels and quietly watch until a bass was hooked. Then they would come out of hiding like a pack of wolves after prey, cheering the man with the line. It seemed the little pool had a never-ending supply of bass, all big fellows. I believe the smallest one we caught was well over three pounds. There were a lot of perch in the pool also—real perch. But nothing else, no gars, turtles, catfish, or anything else.

We ate fish around camp until everybody got tired of it, and I quit taking the bass out of the river, although I didn't quit fishing. I figured I would never grow tired of lying around the river and battling the big fish.

But one day it suddenly occurred to me that I was no longer sick. I may have been a sick man when I pulled out of San Antonio, but the healthy excitement of snagging the bass, and the serene life around my camp in the hills had caused me to forget my illness, and it had gently slipped from me. I realized the time was near when I would have to hitch up the horses to the spring wagon and start back over the long road to San Antonio.

I wanted a few more days of fishing, though.

There was a particularly big bass that lurked near the bottom of the pool on the far side that I wanted to catch. I felt certain he would go better than ten pounds, and I wanted to add him to my collection. I had never been able to raise him, but I figured I would cross the stream and try it from the opposite bank.

Here the bank was steeper and fishing was infinitely harder.

I pitched the big plug out beyond him, and its little propellers began to churn up the water as I pulled it in. The huge bass eyed it, but did not move.

I tossed it out again, and pulled it by him with no results. Three times it came by, and he still watched it. I thought I saw him ruffling up his feathers some, and figured I might be making him mad. So on the fourth cast I worked it a little faster, making more splash and racket, and sure enough, he tore out from there and smacked it.

In this clear, cold, running water the large bass attained a fighting stature that kept pace with their growth in physical size, which is unusual for bass. When this one hit the end of my line I felt certain something would pop. There was a surging, jerking weight against my left hand, then the bass literally tore up the top of the pool in a frantic jump.

He made run after run, seemingly with as much energy as the first one. He went to the bottom and tried to rub against rocks, but I turned him. The steady pressure gradually wore him down, and soon I had him coming in. Before long he appeared defeated.

But a bass is never entirely whipped until he is on the bank, which was something I was soon to realize. Just as I pulled the big fellow up to the shallow water where I could reach down for him, he put all his remaining energy into one final jump, and to my infinite sorrow the line jerked across the sharp edge of a rock and parted.

My bass was gone.

And with him went the only plug in West Texas.

I looked and saw the big fish sink to the bottom. Occasionally he would slowly shake his head, trying to free himself from the plug.

When I told the cowhands about the tragedy, they rallied at once. They showed up in a body, armed to the teeth as though they were ready for a raid on an enemy camp. They went to the pool and lurked around the edges of it off and on for days, waiting for a shot at the bass with my Dowagiac.

The shot never came. Two or three times the fellows said they saw the bass with the plug on his mouth, but he was so deep in the pool they couldn't hurt him with the rifles.

That was thirty years ago.

I have been near the little pool—within ten miles of it—many times since then. But I have never gone back to it. Somehow I prefer to let that little pool remain untouched in my memory—just as I left it thirty years ago. I do not want to disturb the serenity of the mental picture that comes back to me now on quiet afternoons, when I think back over a lifetime of pleasant fishing, interrupted by a bit of work here and there.

I do, however, have one regret. I wish I had that "Dijack." #

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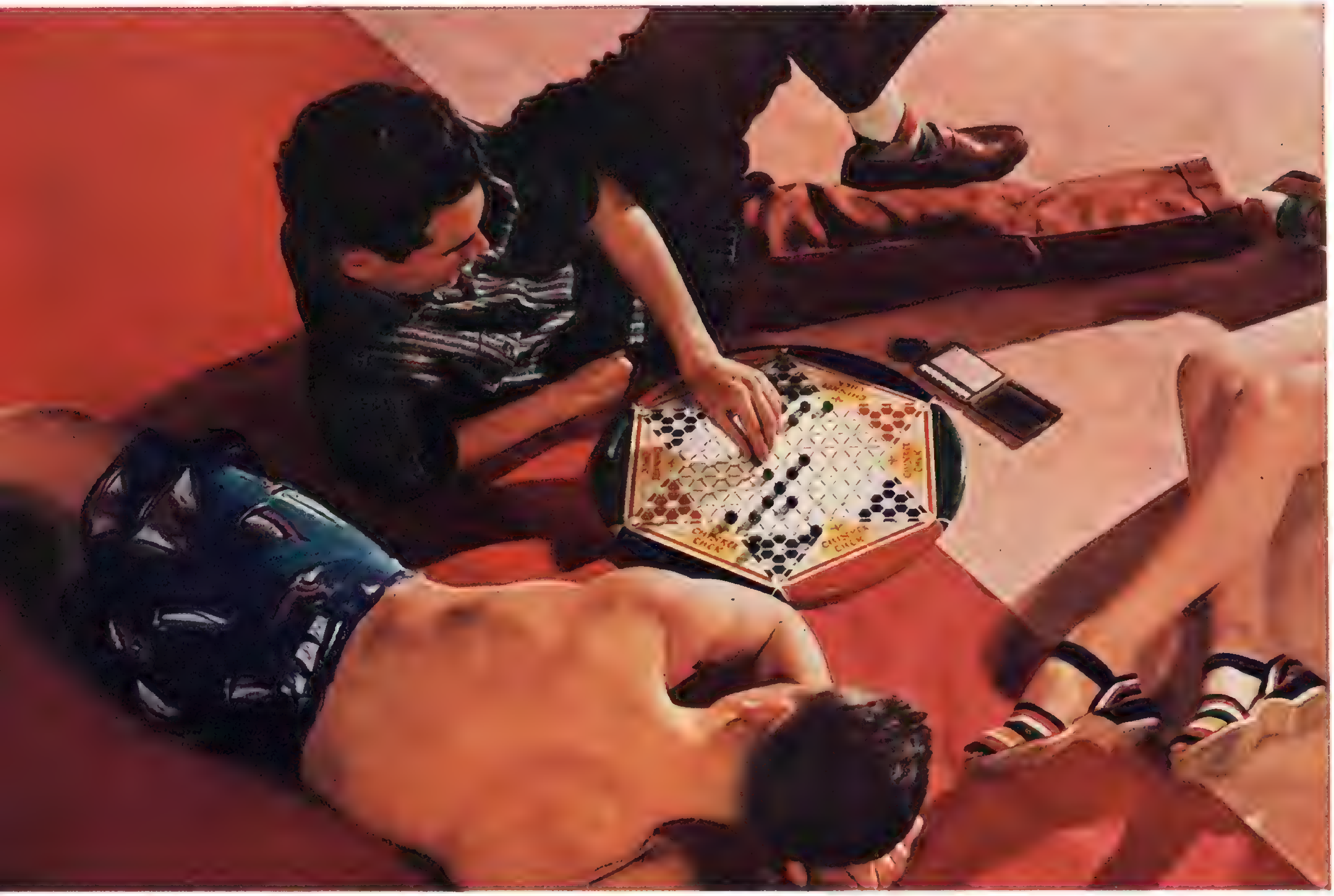
The World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn



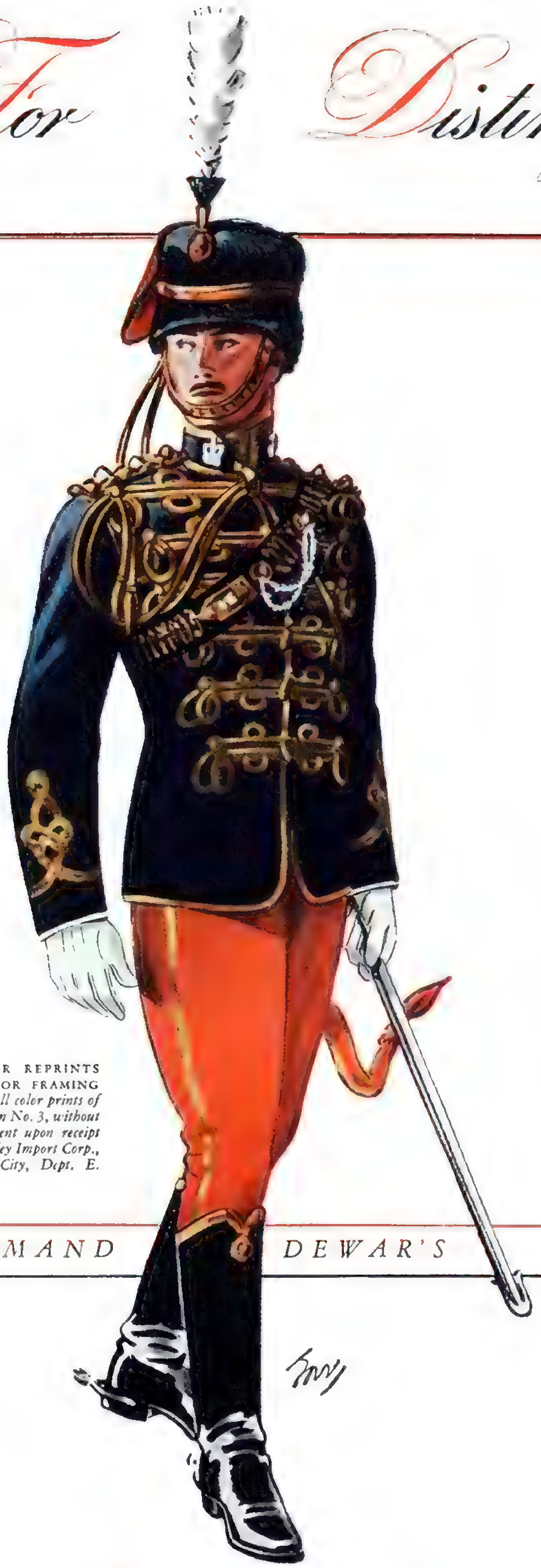
COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HOYNINGEN-HUENE

don't you dare move

We wouldn't have our precious picture blurred for the world. Actually, though, by now we have run so many direct color photographs of men's fashion models (two) that we should be able to take it in our stride and proceed directly with the description, as do the blasé veterans of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*. But no, we have to go ahead and spoil everything by revealing our naïveté. The most flagrant thing about beach apparel today is its color. The prime example shown here is the linen button-front shirt with yellow and red vertical stripes on a soft green background, a variation from the rather routine solid color beach shirt. Scarcely visible is the red figured silk neckerchief. Other items are the rust color slacks, coarse cotton socks with rust color and green diamond pattern, and brown moccasin slippers. The worthy opponent wears printed silk shorts in a sailing design.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

For Distinguished Service



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The 10th Royal Hussars

(Prince of Wales's Own)

From its success at Warburg, in 1760, to its action in France and Flanders in 1914-18, the Standard of the 10th Royal Hussars has been decorated with Twenty-two Battle Honours for Distinguished Service.

HONOURS OF

Dewar's "White Label"

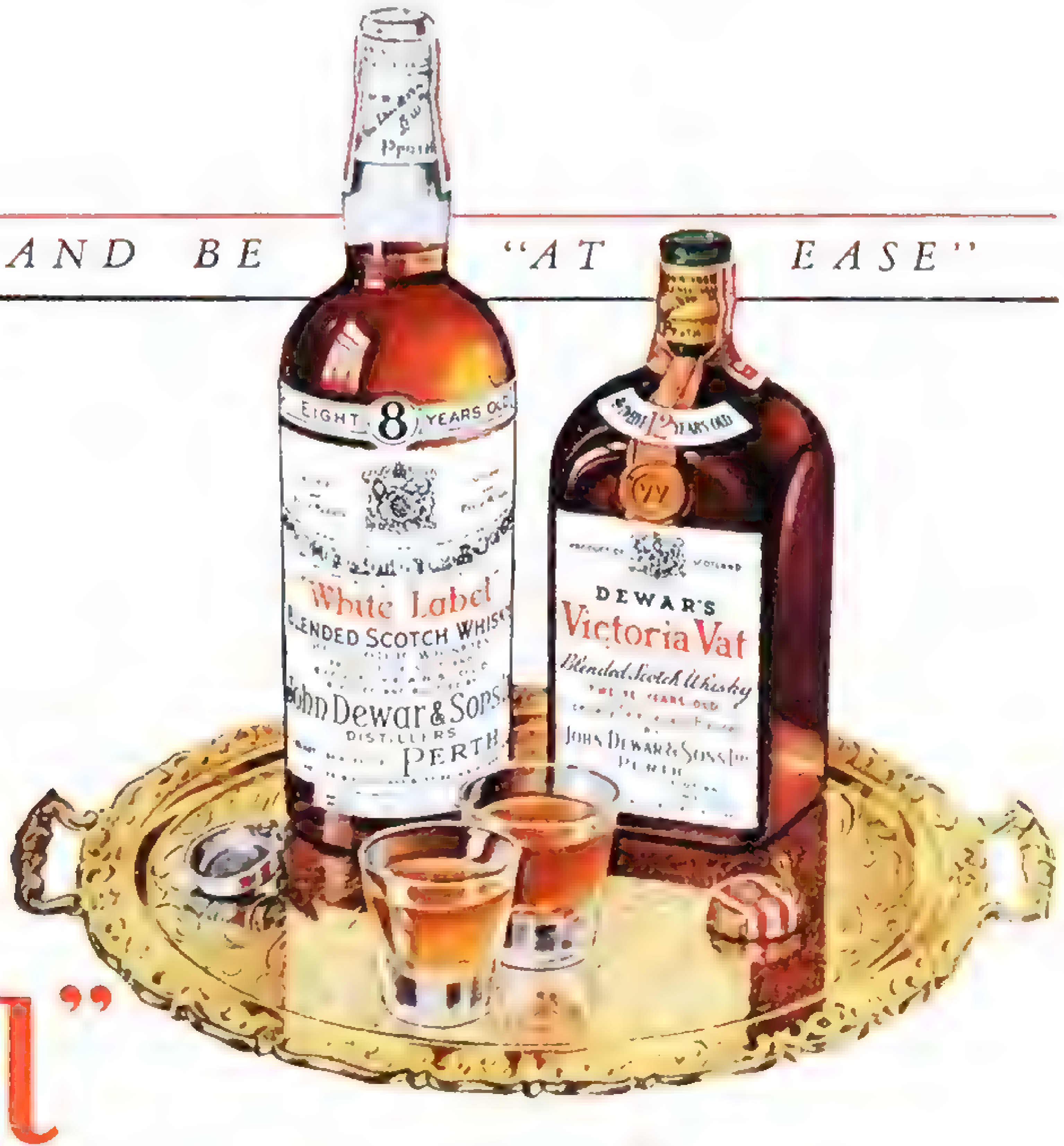
Grand Prize, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more

than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

If reconnaissance reports your Scotch reserves depleted, enlist DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . highball of the highlands. Seasoned veteran, gallant campaigner, it has won more than 60 medals of honour for distinguished service. That's why, to gentlemen the world over, the order of the day . . . and night . . . is DEWAR'S *White Label*. Company . . . at ease!

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING *Six 9 x 12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 3, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Dept. E.*

COMMAND DEWAR'S . . . AND BE "AT EASE"


EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons
DISTILLERS
PERTH
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH

Dewar's "White Label"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

White Label 8 *years old*

Victoria Vat 12 *years old*

also known as Ne Plus Ultra

Schenley IMPORT

Both 86.8 Proof • Blended Scotch Whisky. Copr. 1940, Schenley Import Corp., New York

SWELL . . . FOR SWELTERING WEATHER . . . slack ensembles like these . . . of Crown* Tested Rayon Fabrics. In Spun Rayon Gabardine, lightweight and cool . . . your choice of long or short sleeves. To retail under $12.50.

FATHER'S DAY . . . JUNE 16

On sale at these and other fine men's wear stores and departments.

Wallach Bros.	New York
Frederick Loeser & Co.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
MacDonald & Campbell	Philadelphia, Pa.
S. L. Bird & Co.	Detroit, Michigan
Wm. Taylor & Son Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Woodward & Lothrop	Washington, D. C.
Kaufmann Dept. Stores, Inc.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
LaSalle & Koch Co.	Toledo, Ohio
The Union Co.	Columbus, Ohio
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350 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn

Wallace Smith: Song & Dance in Art

Continued from page 98

ings), he drove the neighbors wild with his playing. He saw by the papers that Ted Lewis was appearing in Chicago and decided that Lewis might help straighten him out. His father said it would be all right for him to go to Chicago, but to be sure and cover up his clarinet while walking through the streets. The moment Ted Lewis saw the gangling kid that Smith was and realized the nature of his ambition he tried to shake him off. His next stand was in Boston and he was leaving that night. The kid with the clarinet tailed right along, all the way to Boston, and would have followed him to Madagascar had Lewis not finally abandoned innuendo and sent him packing. Some years later, in Paris, they met again and had a laugh and a drink over the memory.

To hear Smith summon up remembrance of things past, you wouldn't think that Princeton had any scholastic requirements, for certainly Smith obtained his degree on purely extra-curricular activities, or almost. He entered in the Fall of 1920 and auditioned for the orchestra. They heard him wail and choke on his clarinet and threw him out. He was in a desperate state of mind. He had composed and recited to friends a trifling comic sketch built on an Irishwoman's first sampling of champagne. He tried out for the cast with *Mrs. Dugan's Discovery* and was accepted with open arms. He had been kicked out of the back way and welcomed at the front. He was a member and a shining light of the Princeton Triangle Club for four years, reaching his apogee in his senior year when, as the club's president, he produced its annual show, *Drake's Drum*, of which he wrote the book and a great deal of the music and played the leading part. It was Smith who composed its best tune, *Ships that Pass in the Night*, the rights to which were purchased by Art Hickman's Orchestra. In order to be able to compose music he learned to play the piano without being able to read a note, practicing up to eight hours a day. There were weeks when Smith didn't open a book. Following the production of *Drake's Drum*, Ned Wayburn (who had helped stage its dances), Florenz Ziegfeld and John Murray Anderson offered him jobs. He didn't quite take to the life of the theatre or to the people in it and said, "No, thank you."

He decided to study architecture, probably out of no great sense of conviction or dedication. It was nice work if you could get it and he moved in circles in which he thought he might get it. He had taken several art courses before graduation, probably because they were snaps which allowed time and thought for the serious business of the song and dance. After receiving his degree he was admitted to the post-graduate school, but didn't stay long. They threw him out because he flunked too many art courses, mainly those on the history and appreciation of art. He has lots of appreciation of art now, both from the inside and the outside. It was architecture which introduced him to art, as practice, not as history. He married, in 1926, Alice Kelsey of Montclair, New Jersey, and with his bride sailed for Paris for a honeymoon and study at the École des Beaux Arts. His father died in 1927 and the Smiths rushed back to St. Louis with their infant son, who had been named after his grandfather. It had been a honeymoon year in a double sense. He fell in love with art. He began painting on the side. The routine of his study did not prejudice this other aim, for this routine involved the sketching of water color renderings of the buildings and monuments which he was studying architecturally, as a professional foundation. He painted water colors steadily thereafter, as refreshment in the practice of art and in connection with his work.

His annals as a practicing architect are brief. For two years he worked in partnership with Louis La Beaume, now director of the St. Louis Art Museum, and then by himself. He built several houses and designed one, or maybe more, public buildings which never were put up. A depression had come along. Joe Jones was a housepainter in several of the dwellings Wally Smith had designed and they painted in oils together.

Maybe art began by being an anchor to windward for Smith. He had traveled to Provincetown, Massachusetts, around 1928, and there set to work to study art in real earnest, specializing in the water color. He had painted originally in the gentle grey palette he uses today. In Provincetown he had to learn a new way. He went in for the wet splash, for technical flourishes and dramatic effects, for the modern and the vigorous. He won prizes—a few—and thought that maybe he was good. Then he went on to oil painting in the same style. Back to St. Louis in 1930 he resumed, not too concentratedly, the practice of architecture, painting in oils on the side. Came the casual bids for free bird house and kennel designs and then Smith knew there was a depression. It was not until 1932 that he made his farewell appearance as architect, and the following year moved to New York to paint pictures—and to hell with everything else.

Before making the metropolis his home he came on an exploratory trip in an attempt to spy out the land of Canaan, so to speak. He had already been greatly encouraged by the winning of several prizes in St. Louis and by inclusion in a group show sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art. He really thought that he was good. His work had vitality, it was "strong," it knocked holes in the wall, it made people stop, look and listen. It was "American." But before

THE STUDENT BODY . . . in the perfect teen suit . . . to be worn either as a complete suit or with dark trousers! Crown* Tested, of course. Coat to retail under $9 . . . suit under $14.

On sale at these and other fine men's wear stores and departments.

M. L. Rothschild & Co.,
Chicago, Ill., Minneapolis & St. Paul, Minn.

Roos Bros., Inc.	San Francisco, Calif.
Rosenbaum Co.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Nebraska Clothing Co.	Omaha, Neb.
Forbes & Wallace	Springfield, Mass.
The New Utica	Des Moines, Iowa
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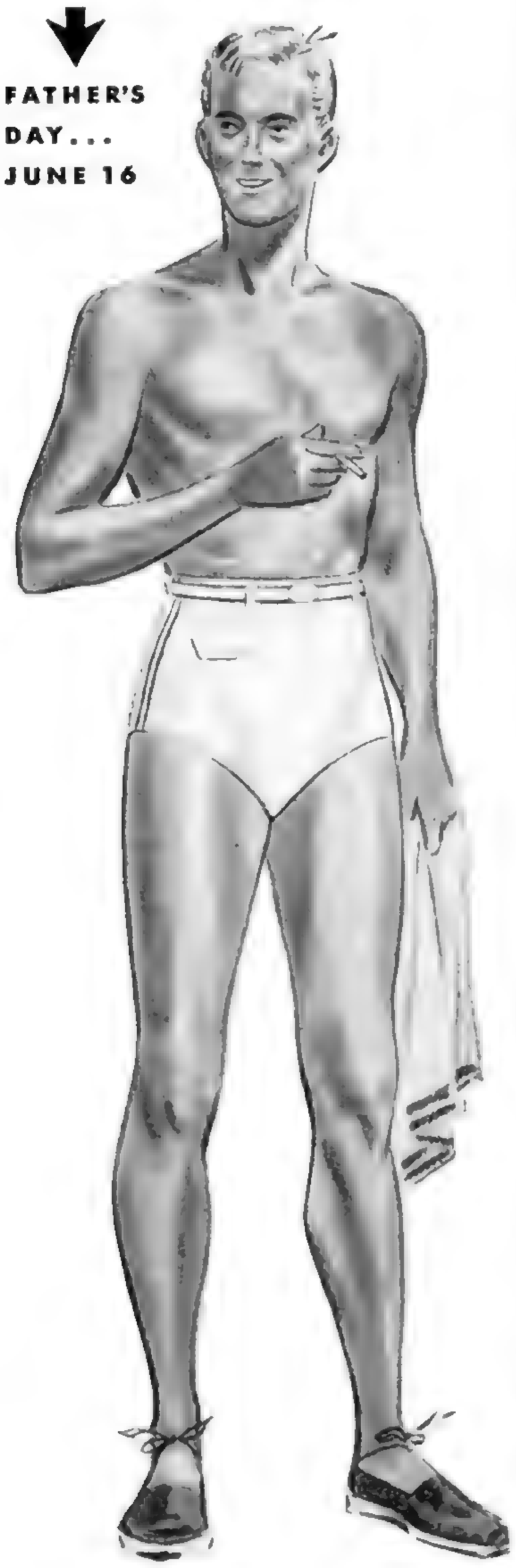
STYLE HITS HIGH SEA...

With brief, snug-fitting swim trunks, like these. Best of all, they're Crown* Tested, made of Crown Spun Rayon and "Lastex" in a "two-way-stretch" knit ...which fits as smoothly as a coat of tan! Under $3.

FATHER'S DAY... JUNE 16



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pulling up stakes in St. Louis he thought he'd make sure and find out what painters whose opinions he respected thought about his work. He lined up a dozen pictures, unframed, along the base wall of his studio and waited for the verdict. There was one artist who was not encouraging. He said for him to go back where he came from. It was Alexander Brook who cast the die. Sure, why not? Smith's pictures were first-rate. Come on in, he said in effect. Maybe the water's not so fine, but it's fun swimming. Ever since Brook has been a constant friend and encouragement and Smith has been unable to exclude from his work that touch of Brook which represents his gratitude and deference to the elder artist. Smith began sending his paintings around and won representations in group shows in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Washington. He was still painting strong stuff, virile dramatizations of landscapes.

After about a year of this—around 1934 or '35—he began to feel that his heart was not in this; it was in the sensitive thing. His development was in the direction of the pearl grey tone and its affinities. For example, at an exhibition of the modern French he found himself drawn toward a little modest Corot and a subdued Renoir that had been put off in a corner, not toward the dark, strong Courbet and Delacroix that held the center of the stage. He worked more and more in the light touch. He became more than interested in Sisley and Pissarro. To his amazement he discovered that he was no longer admitted to American exhibitions, a minor consequence of the jingo emphasis in art. Wallace Smith, of all people, was put in Purgatory with the other Frenchmen, damn their souls.

All his best friends told him. He ought to be virile, he ought to avoid fuzziness, his pictures ought to give more of an impact. He concluded that he might just as well be himself. Why may not a man paint flowers and children without losing any part of his claim to being an American? Maybe he is still groping, a little weak and uncertain, struggling to come out of the derivative. But he can be good and when he is good, he is very, very good. He is, above all, a man of good will, he wants to put a genuine feeling, his own, into the thing he does. He works hard and constantly, winter and summer, in city and country. In the presence of any artist from whom he may learn, he is humble and attentive, which is not to say abject. It is just barely possible that the reason more people haven't heard about him is that he is a gentleman. Gentlemen don't push their way to the front, a position in American art which is not reached exclusively by men of genius. #

Cousin Rupert and the Smelling Salts

Continued from page 70

no one was listening to the Yum-Yum Bran Boys, to the Smell-Less Spiritual Singers, to the Intesti-Balm Interviews.

For a long time it was assumed among the knowing that Isaac van Osterhout would suddenly urge his hearers to buy something. But he never seemed to care whether they bought anything or not. Those business men who succeeded in meeting him asked him point-blank who his sponsor was. He revealed that he thought a sponsor was somebody who held you up to a font for baptism. He told his questioners some long stories about his sponsors.

He became a real threat to society. He told the world how his car (he named the maker) had developed a nasty rattle and a kind of fungus on the upholstery, and said the car was not much good anyhow. He held a popular alkaline elixir responsible for the roaring in his ears, and told how a seasick remedy had made him seasick before he boarded the ocean liner. He dismissed all packaged breakfast foods as wishy-washy rubbish, and recommended a return to old-fashioned oatmeal, cooked all night on the back of the stove. His judgments aroused enormous popular applause, since they were not based on any scientific study, but on prejudice.

The business magazines opened a campaign against him. Efforts were made by a union of manufacturers to buy his time, which had now been extended to a daily half-hour on a nationwide network, free of charge to him. But he could not be tempted, because he had all the money he wanted. Pressure was brought on Mr. Wise, but Mr. Wise was more afraid of the public than of the advertisers. Isaac van Osterhout's friends at the club argued with him hotly, proving that he was endangering the economic structure of America, which rests on a foundation of dividends. He could not understand their arguments; he insisted that he just liked to tell stories.

The problem eventually solved itself. Isaac van Osterhout died at the microphone, in an apoplectic fit of laughter at a joke he was preparing to tell.

Immediately all the big advertisers employed imitators of his characteristic style, who relapsed every four minutes into the cooing, motherly tone which is used for sales talks. ("Now why don't *you* go to the grocery store tomorrow . . .") A national committee took up subscriptions for a Memorial Radio Beacon to his memory, which was erected, for some sentimental reason, in the middle of Death Valley. And the Federal Communications Commission passed a strict rule that no one should ever again be allowed to do anything for fun, or, as the Commission worded it, "to present programs unconnected with the advocacy of some constructive purpose." #

FOR ANY SPORT IN A STORM....

Here's a weather-wise golfing jacket... in which neither rain ...nor wind can interfere with your Sunday morning golf game! Weatherproof... snug, secure... and of a Crown* Tested Rayon waterproof fabric. Around $5.

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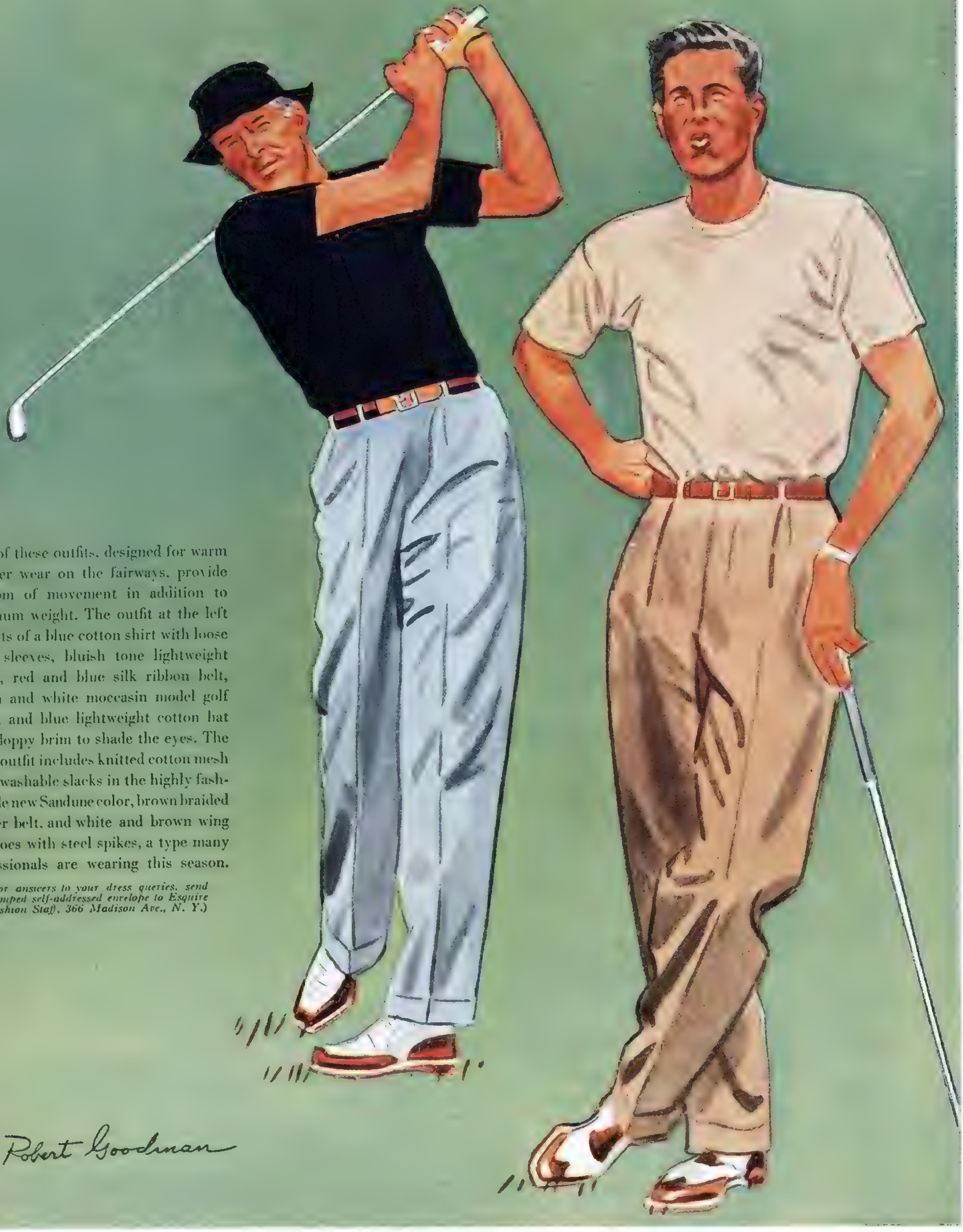
tillers of the soil

By all odds the latest, and by an equal margin the smartest, color in men's apparel is the new Sandune shade. First observed at Palm Beach and Nassau last February at the height of the resort season, slacks of this hue were a decided fashion hit. By this date the popularity of the color has been extended both geographically and sartorially, with the result that Sandune is seen at fashionable centers throughout the country and in such diverse guises as neckwear, shirts, hosiery and other accessories. Sandune goes with almost any shade, combining especially well with blue, tan, brown, green, maroon and grey.



Both of these outfits, designed for warm weather wear on the fairways, provide freedom of movement in addition to minimum weight. The outfit at the left consists of a blue cotton shirt with loose short sleeves, bluish tone lightweight slacks, red and blue silk ribbon belt, brown and white moccasin model golf shoes, and blue lightweight cotton hat with floppy brim to shade the eyes. The other outfit includes knitted cotton mesh shirt, washable slacks in the highly fashionable new Sandune color, brown braided leather belt, and white and brown wing tip shoes with steel spikes, a type many professionals are wearing this season.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Old Man's Darlings

Continued from page 84

hither. The river Charente, lined with repositories of old Cognac, now flows straight up New York's harbor. Bordeaux, Beaune, Reims, and Rhone have colonized our warehouses. Rum-fragrant Jamaica, Cuba, and Porto Rico nestle in our midst. And viticultural California, with branch wineries in the East, keeps our carafes going. We don't need a cellar, for we have a telephone.

Which means we have delegated—I won't say shrugged off—responsibility for quality to persons or concerns willing to take it on. Instead of nosing around among samples of the four basic types of Scotch whisky and blending our choices in such proportions as suggested themselves to us, and then barreling the result till duly matured, we let the professionals do the work, and choose the blend we like best—its brand our assurance that the next bottle, or one a year hence, won't be something else again. Similarly, we do our French wine selecting and cellaring in France, by proxy. Ditto Spain and Italy. Here in North America we might go to distilleries, wineries, and warehouses and sniff for ourselves. But we don't. We do our picking from the already matured (or supposed to be), tagged with their brand names and backed by their reputations, real or make-believe. Faith drinkers, you might say.

Admittedly. But if our Dads have done right by us, wising us to the ruses of the sucker-seeker and introducing us to the true grandeurs and glories of the drink list, the faith that the latter have built up will hardly be of the sort that the Sharpo Rectifying Co. could hope to sell us down the sewer with. We are open to new flavor and aroma experiences, but not of *that* species.

On the other hand, blind and blundersome is our lot if we're of Arid background. I once knew one of these sons of darkness who was a prize example. The father, a "Temperance" haranguist, would spellbind audiences with his accounts of the triumphs of Prohibition (which this nation was still wallowing in) and then go and collect Junior from an unsavory joint where he and other college boys and girls used to pep up near-beer with rot-entrail alcohol. Poppa's pet became so resourceful he took up forgery and perjury. Swindled the Old Man out of a neat piece of change, was mixed up with the disappearance of his mother's fur coat, served as editor of a sheet devoted to "Temperance" and "Morals," and, when last heard of, was berthed on the faculty of a "Temperance" college. But never a word anent the ten bucks he touched me for, casual-like, leaving a couple of empty bootleg gins (foul-smelling) as souvenirs. I hope Papa the Educator is proud of his product, and that Father's Day won't be the occasion of a filial gift of arsenic.

If *all* fruits of Prohibition weren't that sour, they were sour enough, and we'd still be colliwobbled with them had there not been among us certain persons of sense and sympathy, known as Dads, who, dating from pre-swilly days, were able to explain what social life was all about. Startling as it might seem to speakeasy alumni, these counselors made clear tne difference between the manners of a gentleman and those of the gutter. Citing details. They weren't moralizing or inveighing, they were informing. And the information registered, with the result that we now have standards again—I might almost say punctilios.

Paternal diplomacy has scored this victory the positive, builder-upper way—"do," not "don't"—realizing that no young man of spirit in this day and generation would respond to persimmon-pussed admonishments other than by rebellion or getting his "duck's back" up. For hadn't Uncle Sam himself declared, using words put into his mouth by Volstead & Company, "Thou Shalt Not Drink." Yet people *did* drink, regardless. So, rather than dwell upon the deplorableness of pests who can't carry their liquor, friend Father takes occasion to remark that:

1. It behooves anyone at a party to be an asset to that party, taking care that he remain such.
2. A glass each of five different wines is about equivalent to five glasses of any one of them; but a glass of each of five kinds of mixed drinks can't be reckoned in ordinary arithmetic—hence the partiality for "sticking to the same" at cocktail hour.
3. Canapés and other nibble materials are useful to an empty stomach when drinks are being served.
4. People who fear that a meal might interrupt their drinking are rebuffing a good friend. Meals *like* drinks.
5. Super-quality drinks which guests toy over with relish, constitute more appreciated hospitality than umpty-ump gallons of mediocre.

On the subject of point five, Pater the Epicurean waxes eloquent, for it concerns the art of tasting—degustation, no less—of which he is a devotee. Largely a matter of smell, he confesses. The taste organs, it seems, are distributed throughout the mouth and throat, but congregate in greatest abundance on the papillae of the tongue and are tucked away in little crevasses thereof. Known as taste buds. Any substance to register with them must be in liquid form. If the tongue be parched dry, even something quite flavorful may be pressed against it and yet not rouse the inhabitants.

In general the tongue is able to report only six tastes: sweet, bitter, salty, sour, metallic, and alkaline. Everything else is smell—as you notice by its absence when

Continued at top of page 160

WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN A

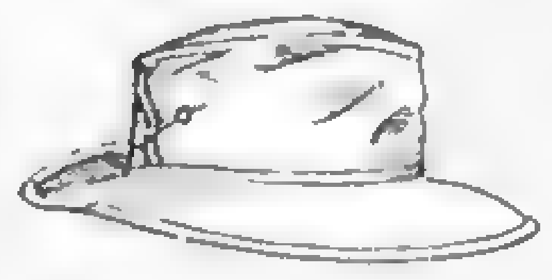
DOBBS Hat

For Dear Old Dad!
Dobbs Fifth Avenue

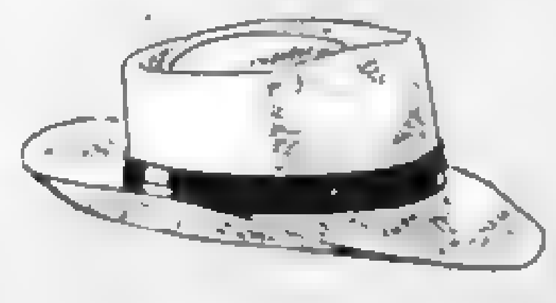
Give him a new hat the Dobbs way . . . with a *Dobbs Gift Certificate.* He'll get a big kick out of the miniature straw hat that comes with the certificate in the tiny hat box . . . But what he'll like most, is the break he gets when it comes to choosing the Dobbs hat that really *pleases him.*

See your Dobbs dealer for gift certificate . . . save this advertisement and let Father check the hat he wants

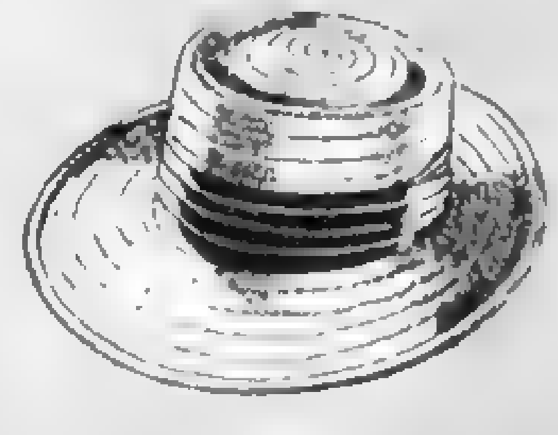
☐ THE RESORTER
Byrd Cloth Golf Hat
$2.50



☐ SPORTS STRAWS
Open Weave
$3.50, $5



☐ ROYAL NASSAU
Cocoanut Straw
$5



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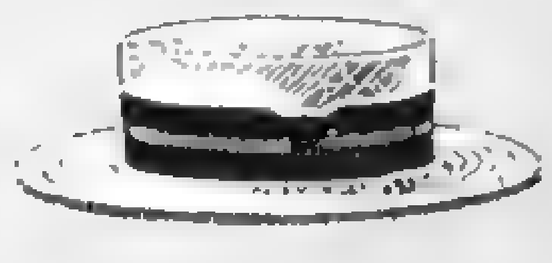
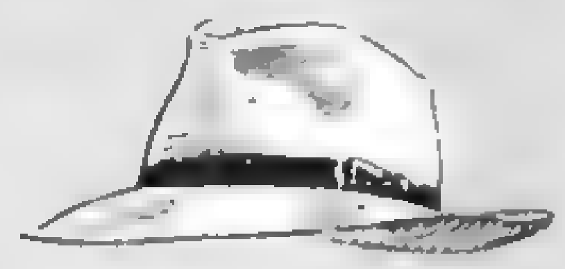
Pinched Front
$5, $7.50, $10 and more

☐ SAILOR
Colorful Fancy Bands
$3.50, $5



☐ CROSS COUNTRY
The Country's Most Popular Lightweight Felt
$5, $7.50 and $10



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THE COMFORT HOST FROM COAST TO COAST

Brieftex

BY

ALLEN-A

Since Brieftex* first appeared, men everywhere say, "For real comfort, buy Brieftex." Cut on the bias, no pull . . . no creep . . . no bind. Spring-needle-knit inserts at the thighs for leg freedom . . . Permoflex waistband for extra freedom. Double crotch construction gives mild support. Woven front and back, Brieftex has your favorite color, including white, blue, tan, green. Harmonizing Bob-tail "Durene" shirts.

Moderately priced. Brieftex combines the best features of woven shorts and knitted briefs. Buy Brieftex today . . . name of local dealer on request. *Patent pending.

Buttonless fly: Permoflex waistband. *Spring-needle-knit sides.* *Bias-cut for stretch.*

ANOTHER ALLEN-A TREAT
Allen-A offers you the most comprehensive line of men's underwear in the country: all styles and fabrics for every taste, season, and climate. Always up-to-the-minute styles.

Makers of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, Swim Trunks, Sweaters, Sportshirts

Allen A

THE
Allen-A
COMPANY
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

Old Man's Darling

Continued from pages 84-159

you have a cold in the head and find your food tasteless. Or even when you hold your nose à la clothespin.

The olfactory (smell) cells, located in the twin corridors of the nose and its backyard, are right on the surface of things and keenly alert. Degustators therefore breathe in and out luxuriantly while cradling on their tongue the thing they are tasting; also they send the tongue touring from side to side along the gums, to give *them* a chance too. Cells in the bow of the tongue respond more rapidly to *sweet* solutions. Those in the back are specialists in *bitters*. Those along the sides are clever at sour and salty impressions.

In cultivating acquaintance with a wine, liquor, liqueur, or brew the procedure is to hold the glass under the nose for a flirtation with aroma. Then to take a single sip and dally with it, breathing amorously before you gradually ease it toward the back, where it does a Jill downhill. By not taking too greedy a sip at a time, you prevent your tasting apparatus from becoming overwhelmed. But if beglоried beyond its capacity, keenness can be regained by munching something of a not too distracting flavor, such as mere bread.

So the Old Man says. But the big fun is to see him in action with a choice, choice old Cream Sherry. Or a well-chilled, rose-petal-delicate Château Yquem. Or a fresh-sprigged mint julep, made with Kentucky liquor worth vaunting about. Or inhaling a long brown Havana between sips of ultra-rare old Armagnac. Young whippersnappers just don't know what enjoyment is!

There is, however, one thing that the ignorant younger generation *should* know and make the most of, and that is that Father's Day will be here June 16. Yes, yes, I'm perfectly aware of the commercial motive at the bottom of it. The fellow who launched the idea undoubtedly figured on making money, same as if he were planting a vineyard, setting up a brewery or distillery, or putting out a magazine called Esquire. And it would have proved a sorry Day if the public hadn't grabbed onto it. But the public did, welcoming the nudge that saves them from being forgetters of their begetters. As for the Old Man himself, fondly garnering his packaged perquisites and holding them up to his ear to find out if they gurgle, he's positive the idea is sound.

So I feel free to be as commercial as I please and suggest a few apt numbers for the occasion. Viz.:

1. ALSATIAN WINE, Light, crisp, dry. Some people add sparkling water for tall purposes.
2. MARTINI MAKINGS. Paired bottles of dry gin and dry Vermouth.
3. MANHATTAN MAKINGS. Happy pair of rye and Italian Vermouth.
4. SLOE GIN. Highballed in seltzer, this is as refreshing as it is good-looking.
5. BOURBON. For juleps and Old-Fashioneds.
6. RUM. For Planter's Punches, Rum Collinses, Cuba Libres, etc.
7. BEER. What summers are for.
8. SCOTCH. For a refreshing highball that never misses.
9. COGNAC. For its multiplicity of uses.

On the other hand, it would be nice to give him a necktie. But that only takes care of the outside of his neck.

And the inside is lined with taste buds eager to play. ++

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 95

Hindu, and one of them wanted to adopt me. In Harlem I have been out with a girlfriend, only to have some big buck sidle up to me and demand where I got the white girl.

The biggest compliment I ever got in my life was a fan letter. A lady wrote—very intelligent! Said she had heard me play the *Bolero*, offered extravagant praise, and added a postscript: "Please send me a photograph of yourself, as nearly nude as possible." When nude, I look like Gandhi.

I have only been beaten up once. In New Orleans I was ganged. Seven of them climbed on me and what they didn't do! I was only fifteen then. I was not only very young but very innocent. I used to walk through the Red Light district and have these southern dames poke their heads out the window and say in that soft southern voice of theirs, "Come on in, honey." I didn't know what for.

I had a girl in New York whose naïve utterances are classic by now. I was the victim of some of them. About our third date together, we started home at 3:30 a.m. from a party at Marilyn Miller's. Said she, "Drive to the stage door of the New Amsterdam Theatre." There she went over to a little old Ford and knocked on the window. A figure stirred, woke up and looked out.

"Who is that?" I whispered.

"Oh, that's hubby. He's been waiting for me."

Hubby looked me over and said, "This is a hell of a time to be running around with a man."

She looked at him and blurted, "That's not a man, it's Larry."

I used to like to hang around the front of the theatre and wait for people to come out and recognize me. I got cured of that in Chicago. Two girls, beautiful, too, walked up to me and said, "Aren't you Larry Adler who plays the harmonica at the Oriental Theatre?" "I am," I replied. They looked me up and down. "Christ. We thought so," they said before turning away.

I have been in love several times. I was nearly married three times, but fortunately I escaped all but the last. I didn't want to get married. I would rather organize a harmonica band than raise one.

I am probably the only harmonica player in existence who doesn't play *St. Louis Blues* or *Turkey in the Straw*. And I don't give train imitations. Most harmonica players of the old school think my work is pretty sour. To them a harmonica player without train imitations makes as much sense as Hitler minus a mustache and a right arm. It just isn't.

The thing in my life on which I look back with greatest pride happened when I was thirteen years old —I was the cantor of the Children's Synagogue back in Baltimore. I knew all the sacramental rites and customs and altogether was very orthodox and devout. I still observe the high holidays, but more from force of habit and to please my parents. I have never eaten the forbidden dishes. I don't eat hams, I merely work with them.

People are always giving me diets to put weight on me. They say I don't eat enough. I eat like a horse, but I am very restless, use a lot of energy. I never took a nap in my life and never relax. My hobbies are nil. I haven't any.

I like playing the accordion, a relic of my very pleasant association with Phil Baker. My God, I'm glad I got him in. I'm his protégé, too. It was he who encouraged me to get my first tuxedo. I was always afraid of how I would look in one. I really didn't think I needed one. But it helped. Most people think you can't be a harmonica player and a gentleman at the same time.

When the bottom dropped out of show business, I sent a wire to Sid Grauman of Hollywood's Chinese theatre, saying: "ADLER IS GREAT SIGN HIM AT ONCE . . . ROXY." It worked.

* * *

Since then, Larry Adler has followed his mouth organ around the globe. In 1934 England's Ziegfeld, C. B. Cochran, goggle-eyed by a harmonica player who neither wore galluses nor imitated train whistles, took him to London, threatened to put him in Albert Hall playing Bach. "Why does Mr. Cochran stop there?" inquired the *Dublin Mail*. "Couldn't he round up a musician on the bones, a jew's harp virtuoso and a tambourine soloist, put them with Mr. Adler to play Mozart Quartets?"

The same Mr. Cochran, presenting him on a B. B. C. broadcast, lost his glasses and ad libbed: "Larry uses a new mouth organ every time he plays." Two thousand letters in the next three days asked for the harmonica he used on that program. His mail still consists mainly of requests for harmonicas.

From England he was called to Paris. Ravel demanded to hear his *Bolero*.

"Why do you play it so fast?" he inquired.

Adler explained that not being one hundred instruments, he achieved dramatic effect by acceleration of tempo rather than by adding instruments.

"And why do you not play the whole thing?"

"Well, it's too long for my act," said Adler. "In a vaudeville house, it would never do for me to play one number which lasts fourteen minutes."

"Why not?" Ravel shrugged his shoulders. "Toscanini plays the whole thing."

At a gay Riviera party King Gustav of Sweden heard Larry, liked him, and kept him commuting back and forth from Paris for "command" performances. He played before the Duke of Windsor, then Edward VIII, their present Britannic Majesties in Edinburgh. The Duke of Kent prefers to hear him at the piano. Charles Laughton made him his buddy, Gershwin offered to write a concerto for him. William Walton, England's top-flight composer, chronicled: "There are two young geniuses in the world—Yehudi Menuhin and Larry Adler."

Before he got back to the United States, his gramophone discs had been heard on six continents. Five thousand eager puffers greeted him in Johannesburg, and as his discs are their Bible, they played his entire recorded repertoire including his mistakes.

He broke house records from Leeds to Melbourne, played a Vivaldi violin concerto with a Sydney symphony orchestra, and entertained the Zulus in Durban. "Every time I hit a breath of phrase they liked, the whole audience shouted: 'ow! ow!' It was a shivery experience.

"Afterwards one of the young Zulus came up to me. 'I play, too, Baas,' he said in a soft, raspy voice, 'but not like zat. ow!' "

* * *

Now, in the eyes of the unthinking, records made by a mouth organ virtuoso seem hardly worth serious attention from a critic. Yet to me the treatment of the harmonica is all-important, for out of every five Americans who respond to music, at least four and seven-eighths have at one time or another held a mouth organ to their lips. From Benjamin Franklin and Abe Lincoln to Cal Coolidge and Babe Ruth, men have used it. "It's a man's instrument," claims Adler. "Never heard of a girl who was good on it."

The moment you step outside the charmed circle of New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, San Francisco, and towns of their caliber, you have to choose between the village choir, the circus, and no music at all—except that sputtered out by the radio. The professional orchestra conductor, who is a conductor and nothing else, and who conducts professional musicians exclusively, exists only in great capitals.

It has taken New York, London and Salzburg combined to keep Mr. Toscanini employed, and Hollywood, Philadelphia and South America to occupy Mr. Stokowski. So what chance has little Johnnie at the

Continued on page 162

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Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 95-161

crossroads? If little Johnnie can have nothing else, he can have a mouth organ. And, if he had the gifts and imagination of a Larry Adler, he could play the symphonic literature on it. I tried his waxing of de Falla's *Fire Dance* on a listener who inquired: "Is it Stokowski's orchestra?"

"When I take up my harmonica," Larry says, "I see in my mind's eye an orchestra over which I have complete control. I can introduce my string section, forty violins in unison, bring on a fanfare of brass, trumpets and trombones, end with a delicate oboe cadenza punctuated with the opaque sound of a French horn." And he proceeds to show how.

In the face of this demonstration, it seems to me that the critic who considers a mouth organ beneath his notice stamps himself as a hopeless provincial—that is, a man who doesn't know the crossroads because he has never lived there, and does not know New York *because* he has never lived anywhere else.

Columbia's first Adler album includes de Falla's *Fire Dance*, Kreisler's *Caprice Viennois*, the condensed *Bolero*, *I've Got You Under My Skin*, *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*, *Continental*, and Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Larry Adler's settings are inventive, stimulating, and vital—well worth any music lover's evening, if only to dispel the notion that the mouth organ is a gag.

The tone is not poor, strident, raucous, nor altogether out of this world. Larry Adler, if a musical freak, is musical—a master on his instrument. He lavishes care, affection, and the natural feeling of an artist for beauty of sound and phrase. Completely unconscious of any difficulties, he converts the unregenerate, sets a goal for the novice, entertains the sophisticate. And he—well, hear him! ⌗

BEST SELLERS

Liberty Music Shop, New York City

Permanent	*Transient*
La Mer (Debussy); Serge Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-643	*It Never Entered My Mind; From Another World.* Larry Clinton. Victor 26534
Scuola Di Ballo (Boccherini-Françaix); Antal Dorati & London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia X-157	*Every Sunday Afternoon; Nothing But You.* Leo Reisman. Victor 26533
Symphony No. 6 in F Major (Beethoven); Dimitri Mitropoulos & Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M-401	*How High The Moon; The House With The Little Red Barn.* Joan Edwards. Liberty 292
Album of Shakespearean Song; Mordecai Bauman & Ernst Victor Wolff. Columbia M-402	*Ständchen* (Serenade); *Die Krähe* (The Raven); (Schubert). Greta Keller with Cy Walter & Orchestra. Liberty 278
Americana In Verse Vol. I; (Ogden Nash-Newman Levy); Koralites. Victor P-16	*Gone With What Wind; Till Tom Special.* Benny Goodman Sextet & Count Basie. Columbia 35404

Homer L. Kitt Company, Washington, D. C.

Permanent	*Transient*
Symphony No. 5 (Beethoven); Toscanini & N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-640	*Angel; It's a Blue World.* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26465
Three Famous Scenes (Wagner); Flagstad and Melchior. Victor M-644	*Milenburg Joys* (Parts 1 and 2); Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26437
Magic Fire Music from "Die Walkure" (Wagner) Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15800	*Tuxedo Junction; Danny Boy.* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10612
Concerto In A Minor (Schumann) Myra Hess & Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-473	*In The Mood; I Want to be Happy.* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10416

Walt's, Lincoln, Nebraska

Permanent	*Transient*
Strauss Waltzes (Johann Strauss); Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor M-445	*Memories of You; Nutty Nursery Rhymes.* Glen Gray. Decca 1672
Bolero (Ravel); Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor M-552	*Sunrise Serenade; Moonlight Serenade.* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10214
Ave Maria; Aufenthalt (Schubert); Marian Anderson. Victor 14210	*Cecelia; Love Song of Renaldo.* Dick Jurgens. Vocalion 5405

Whiting Radio Service, Bridgeport, Conn.

Permanent	*Transient*
Tales From the Vienna Woods; Blue Danube (Johann Strauss), Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425	*I Dream of Jeanie; Old Folks at Home.* Larry Clinton. Victor 26468
Romeo & Juliet (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra Victor M-347	*Too Romantic; Sweet Potato Piper.* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10605
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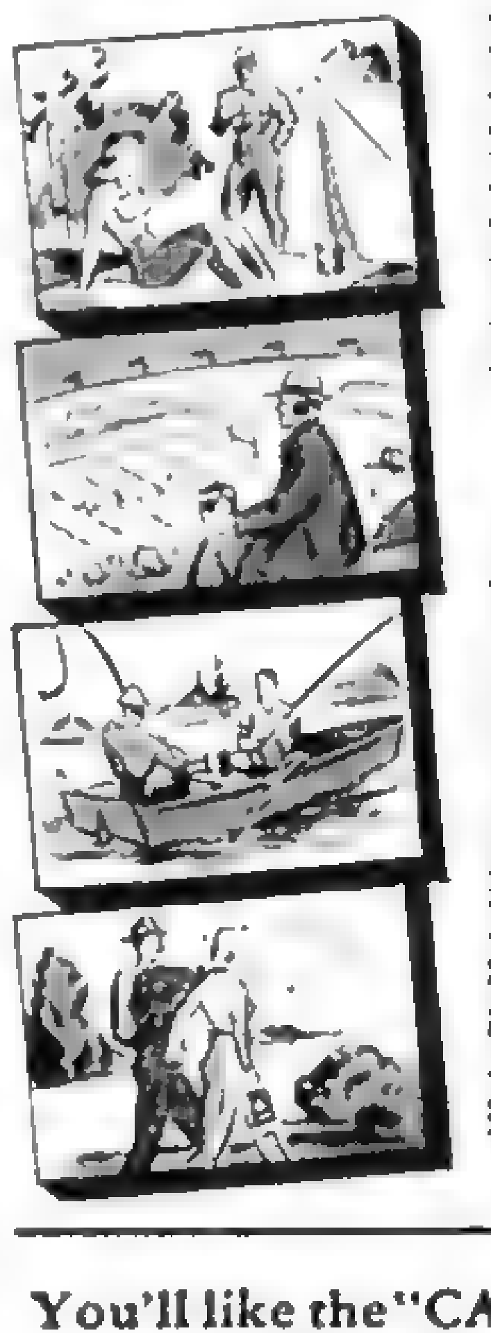

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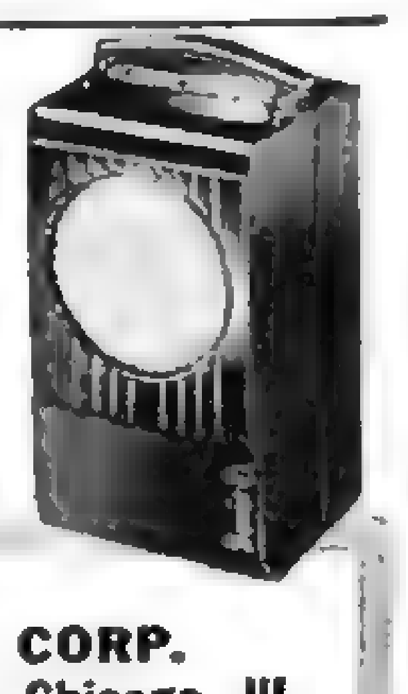

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Midsummer Flurry

Continued from page 62

broad, worn-down divan, with the slovenly blankets on it.

"Well, so you're going to confiscate my belongings?" the impudent voice of the photographer startled him. "I can't pay the income tax . . . What can you expect, my dear sir, everybody is away on vacation . . . you'll have very little luck here, sir, but go ahead! Here's the closet . . . these are the tools of my profession . . . I ask you, isn't it a tall order to demand a tax of 78 shillings from me? You can see for yourself how good my business is!"

Mineburger turned to her stiffly and tried to make some easy gesture, but he merely succeeded in looking wooden and clumsy. He was annoyed with himself and wrinkled his brow. Then he surveyed the inhospitable, brooding hot lodging and asked, somewhat uncertainly:

"Mm . . . allow me . . . is this really all you have?"

"My word of honor! . . . But, please . . ." she walked coquettishly to the shaky, two-door wardrobe with mirror-insets, while Mineburger took the warrant from his briefcase. "Here, please, see for yourself, please do!"

The wardrobe gaped with emptiness. But Mineburger was hardly looking at it. His eyes enveloped, with a certain dark greed, the lady-photographer standing beside it, who was drawing the silk dressing-gown—it had suddenly opened—with an "Excuse me" about her snow-white, naked body. At the same time she smiled with that knowing, suggestive bashfulness, which never misses fire in these precarious situations. In fact, she looked irresistibly charming! Mineburger stopped short for two, three heartbeats, greatly confused. Suddenly he cleared his throat forcibly, and stepped over to the large, overloaded work table with his warrant:

"Well, well, my dear madam, yes indeed, these are terrible times . . . well, well, I can see that you have nothing . . . well, then we'll just write: confiscation unsuccessful due to complete lack of means . . ." He took out his pencil and wrote. At this moment, however, he noticed a small yellow envelope with half-exposed lottery tickets of the "Artists Aid," lying under the papers and photographic plates.

He merely glanced at it, but Miss Trampl said jestingly: "How about taking these tickets along, Marshal. They were sent to me. Why not, you might win! Of course, you will have to pay for them first . . . please do take them, I'll be glad to let you have them.

"Please take them, if you care to . . . please, I've no money anyhow. Maybe, who can tell, maybe you're lucky, Marshal." Mineburger trembled imperceptibly. He stared at the woman, who was bending backward, visibly displaying her form, and could not get his eyes away from hers.

"Well . . . all right, if you insist," he stammered, with queer uncertainty, and reached for the envelope. He felt a fleeting weakness in his entire body and heard the dull thudding of his heart. He swallowed hard and wanted to say something, but he couldn't.

He saw Miss Trampl smile and heard her say: "Why, what's the matter, Marshal? You look fit to scare people." He bent hastily over his warrant and, with trembling fingers, scribbled the note of unsuccessful execution on it.

"Here, madam, if you please . . . sign right here," he said, and as she bent over the table, his eyes took in the curve of her fleshy back. He pressed his lips together hard and scarcely breathed.

"O.K. Is this all I have to do? You won't come here anymore?" she inquired, looking up to his face with her mind at rest. "Then you'll take the lottery tickets?"

"Why—yes, if I may . . .", he forced out stupidly.

But she interrupted lightly: "But please do, please! I never have any luck, anyway! Why, you might even get the grand prize . . . here, you see, here's the address, this is where you have to pay for them. You can say I let you have them, if they ask." Her easy, friendly, chatty tone visibly relieved Mineburger. Now he even smiled and bowed clumsily. Being more at ease, he tried to make a little conversation about things going so badly in the world today, what with people having no money and the crisis rearing its head wherever you looked. Meanwhile he was putting his papers away in the briefcase and the lady took him to the door.

"And if you really win, well, then what do I get? Will you remember me?" she said, much more boldly, as she opened the door.

"You? . . . I—I don't want any of it! I'm going to bring you everything!" he blurted out, and blushed up to both his ears. She gave a gay laugh and said: "Oh no! I don't want so much—ten or twenty per cent would be plenty. Well, anyhow, then you could pay my income tax."

Numbly he faced the brilliant sunshine outside. He took a trolley and rode at once to the place given on the lottery tickets, where he paid the six shillings for Miss Trampl. He felt sort of queer and unhinged all the time. He did not re-enter the ticket numbers on his own name; perhaps he was superstitious, heaven knows. When he arrived at his office, he acted so strangely for some time, that his colleagues inquired whether he had "caught" a sunstroke. His mental balance returned very gradually. But from time to time he felt for the envelope in his breast pocket. Then everything he had experienced came back to him: the dirty, bare-looking studio, the lady with her plump form, her fragrance.

In the evening when he came home, he said hardly anything

Continued on page 164

Dimples?
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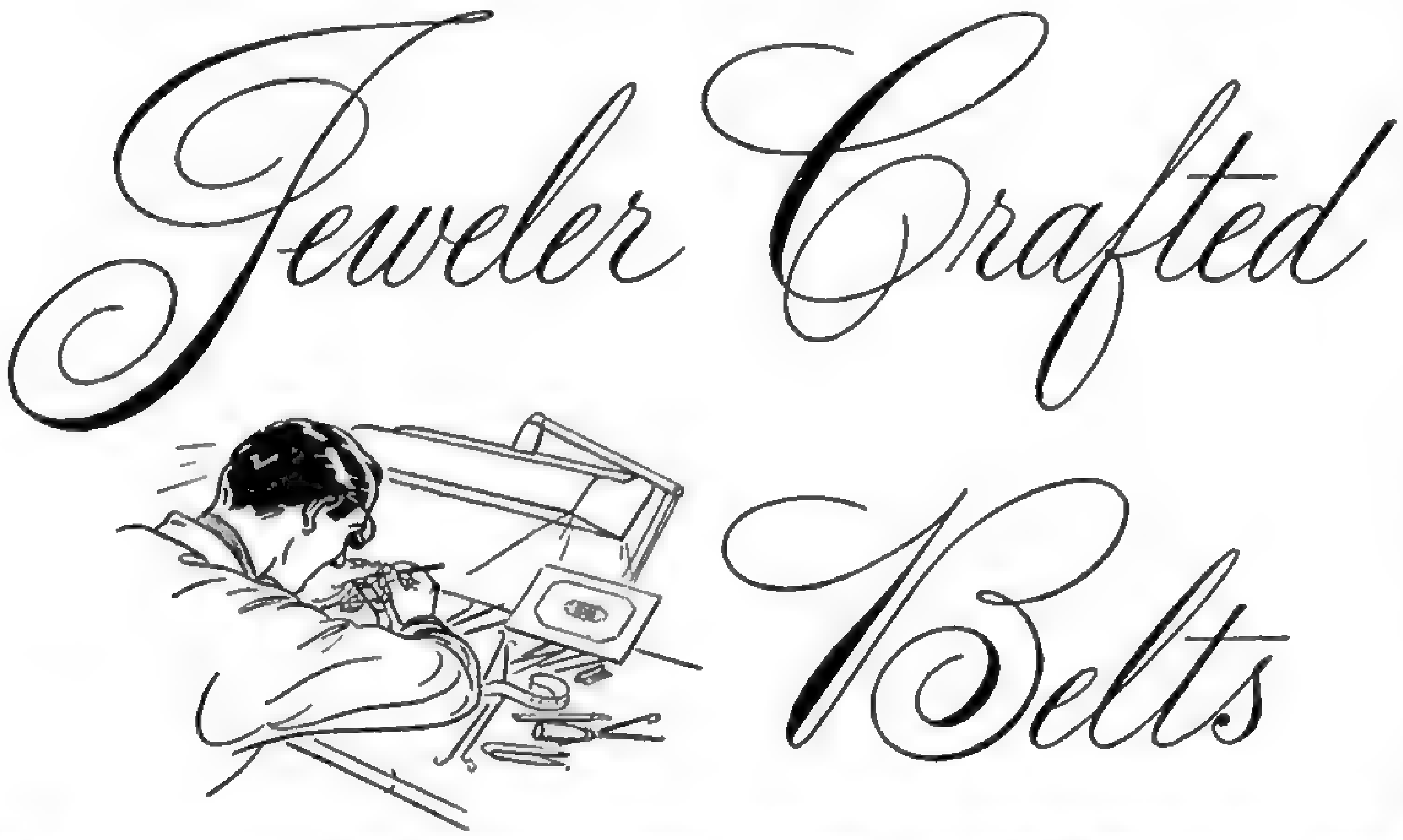

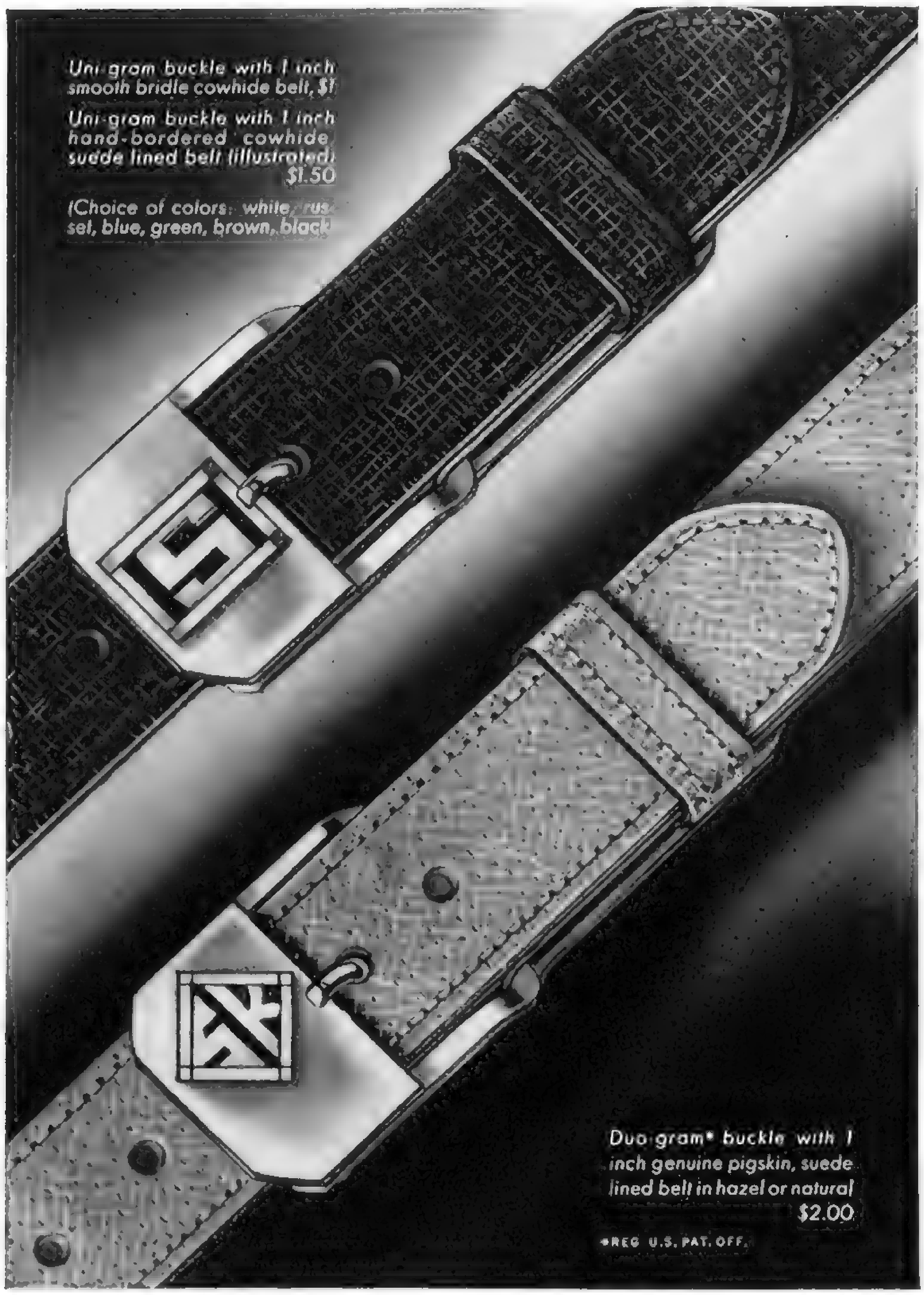
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Midsummer Flurry

Continued from pages 62-163

about the lost fifty-shilling note, even though his wife was still guessing and lamenting, how such a misfortune could happen to her of all people. At supper he showed little appetite. He seemed to be overworked, was silent, and absent-mindedly scanned the papers. The only thing capable of arousing his attention was the ad for the "Artists Aid Lottery." In three days—positively!—the drawing was to take place. On these lukewarm summer nights he usually took a walk with his wife around the block; this time he urged going to bed. His wife did not particularly argue the point.

For four full days Mineburger was under high tension. Every trifle irked him. Sometimes he was not above yelping like an ill-natured dog. At the office and on outside duty he looked at his watch so often, it attracted attention. It seemed as if he couldn't wait for the day to end.

On the fourth day he had to go on an errand into the center of the city, and bought a list of prize-winners at a newsstand. He unfolded it in the middle of the street, with the numbers dancing before his swimming eyes. A thousand times he had memorized the numbers of his tickets. Now of course he couldn't remember a single one. He went into the nearest "Coffee-Pot" and furtively compared his lots with the numbers listed. Here—here!—here it was, black on white, here—all the channels of his blood, which had stopped cold, broke open and emptied themselves almost painfully into his heart. It said: "Lottery ticket number 34.62.749, second prize: Twenty-five thousand shillings in cash!"

The winning ticket slipped from his hand and slid under the table. He bent down hastily and picked it up with trembling fingers. Quickly he put the tickets away, paid and ran out of the place. The sweat was pouring from the agitated man when he arrived at the pay station of the lottery.

"Yessir, number 34.62.749 second prize—for Miss Gina Trampl, VI District, Haydn Street Number Twelve, Backbuilding, three flights up," the clerk behind the barrier said unmoved, filled out some formula, got it signed, and kindly directed Mineburger to the next window: "Over there please, there is the cash desk." Skillfully the cashier counted out the bills. Mineburger reached for them, managed to stow all that money away in his briefcase even though his hands were shaking incontrollably, and fled through the clangorous streets like a man bereft of sense. Not before he stood at the door of the Trampl studio did he recover himself. He rang a long time. Indignantly, the lady photographer flung the door open—and he ran into her room without a word.

"Why, but—I say! What's the idea? What—what is the matter, Mr.—?" the young woman asked. Rigid, almost afraid, she stared at the strangely grinning man—who was suddenly pouring money on the table!

"Wha—what? I won?" she almost screamed. "I won?" She saw him standing there, as if ready to pounce. His eyes flamed. She stepped back.

"Look! Look! Money, lots o' money! All yours!" he bleated hoarsely. "Money—here—now—" and he crooked his long, lanky arms as if to grab her. Then something unexpected happened. Gina Trampl calmly stood still, looked still, looked wisely into his twisted face and said quite soberly: "Why, I must say, Mr—? what a downright honest fellow you are! . . . Just don't lose your head . . . no, no, listen, don't do anything foolish now. Look here, come here, let's talk it over." It sounded simple and human. As she looked at Mineburger now, he stood there with limply hanging arms and helpless eyes like an abashed schoolboy. Something like pity came over her.

"Go on now, Mr. . . . hm, what is your name?" she repeated.

"Mineburger. Frank Mineburger," he stammered mechanically and without budging.

"Well, Mr. Mineburger?" she smiled at him and that, in a way, made him come alive again. She went to the table, very calmly sorted out the bundles of bills and asked: "Ten per cent or twenty per cent is what I said, right?"

"All of it is yours, all of it." Mineburger insisted, but his voice was uncertain.

"Oh, now, go on! Mr. Mineburger—here," she cried again, dividing the money: "Agreed? One-half each, what do you say?"

"Come on now, here, take . . . these twelve thousand five hundred for you, please! please!" she coaxed and shoved that amount over to him. "Do take it! Take it, Mr. Mineburger!" it sounded almost pleading.

"There now . . . O.K.? Yes?" she kept on. He nodded, stared at the banknotes and reached out for them. "Fine, that's fine," she encouraged the hesitant man, and smiled again. He stuffed the bills into his briefcase, and said with halting breath: "E—excuse me, Miss Trampl, I do—don't know how to thank you, I—I—"

"Oh, but I'm the one that has to thank you, Mr. Mineburger!" she cried, and both looked into each other's eyes overwhelmed. He tried to smile and left without a word. For hours afterwards he felt like a sleepwalker. . . .

When Mineburger came home that day, he was silent and glum, as usual. Coming home made him bitterly conscious of the drab, airless monotony of his existence. He laid a fifty-shilling bill on the table. "Here," he said, while his wife caught her breath in astonishment, "I won this. Lottery. Something for you to throw out the window again." It sounded mo-rose, mean. With a look of hatred and spite he measured his ugly wife. She said nothing, and seemed almost a little abashed. Without a word, and yet with a certain repressed eagerness she put the money into the tin savings box and locked it away. Feeling she ought to defend herself again, she turned back. But Mineburger, his mind entangled elsewhere, cut her off, abruptly pulled out all the rest of the banknotes, and threw them on the table with forced indifference. He seemed not to hear her little scream of joy, to be mumbling more to himself: "Here's some more money to throw away! What is the good of it to me . . . can't buy the thing I want anyhow . . ." An almost savage gesture of his hand cut short his wife's bewildered, questioning chatter. He just turned and went to bed. ⌗

My Battle with the Keyboard

Continued from page 55

was a peculiar twitching movement of the scalp.)

For the first half-year at piano exercises, messages that were supposed to get through to my fingers were first censored, and then dispatched to my left wrist which responded by swelling in alarming fashion as soon as I had been five minutes at the piano. I might not have noticed this if it were not for the fact that I wear a wrist watch. The resulting pain caused me, I imagine, to become the only person in the world who took off his watch when he sat down at the piano. Well, I have one tangible proof of progress at any rate; I can now play with my watch on.

Brain messages got to other wrong parts of my anatomy too. This was brought to my attention a little later in my career, after I had cured the wrist affliction. I had now got to the point where I could play a semblance of a tune (I play closer semblances now), and one afternoon I performed for the benefit of a four-year-old child in the neighborhood. She never took her eyes off me as I crawled at a snail's pace through *Chloe*, and I felt pardonably proud of the attentiveness my efforts received. When I had finished, she remarked: "Mummy doesn't make faces like that when *she* plays." Fascinating study, children.

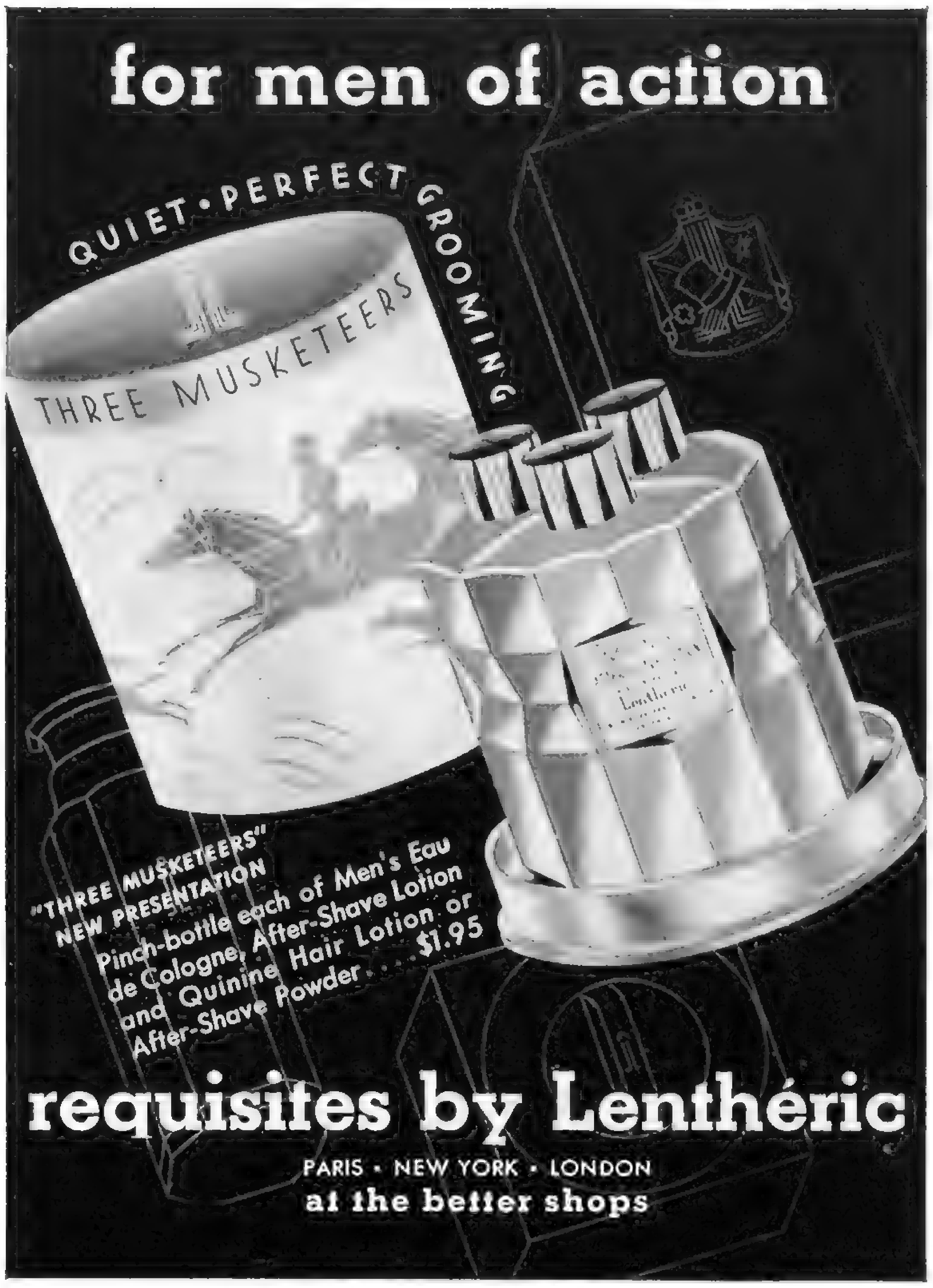
I have fought a losing battle against piano stools. For some reason I cannot seem to get hold of a stool that is capable of standing up under the wear and tear I subject it to. Maybe this is another case of bungled impulse-transmission. My posterior, it would appear, takes the aggressive when I start massaging a keyboard. But I am not conscious of being a stool-pounder, and nobody has ever told me that I bounce up and down like a man on horseback when I get at a piano. Probably I am just an inordinate squirmer. My piano stools invariably come apart at the seams, and collapse in ruins. I am on my fourth one now, and it looks as though I would have to come to a concrete block, built right into the floor, as on several occasions in my excited efforts to get up to the high notes I have toppled over onto the floor. I put a lot of zeal into my playing.

I also put a lot of loud pedal. Apparently I am not alone in this, it being an admitted fact that practically all piano beginners get a loud-pedal fixation. Most of them get over this love-affair in due course, but I have been different here too. In the playing of popular music the accepted theory is that one should pedal on the down-beat and release on the up-beat. I accept this in principle, but, I have been told, incline to flaunt it in execution. Don't think I am not chary in an inept sort of way. The loud pedal tends to blur the sounds that are coming out of a piano, and my belief is that if you hit a sizable proportion of wrong notes (as I, for reasons I have outlined, am predestined to do all my life) that wrongness is apt to be less noticeable when the individual mistakes are blurred. Or, to put it another way, if cats are fighting outside one's bedroom window, a good loud thunderstorm may be an actual blessing.

So far I have been outlining my relations with inanimate objects and with my physical and nervous system. It is now time for a few words on how I have fared with other human beings. I must relate that, everything considered, they haven't been as bad as you would expect. Diplomatic relations have been strained, and there have been crises. But no conflict so far. I have been called a hopeless punk, been told to pipe down by relatives, been phoned that same message by folks in my neighborhood, and even called a few unprintable names, but nobody as yet has inflicted physical violence on me. The worst punishment I've undergone has been that wrist trouble and those few falls I have taken. I cannot complain, even though others have.

If I had a real ear for music, and eight fingers instead of ten thumbs, I might, for the effort I have put into it, have become a fairly good amateur player. If I concentrated on learning to play a few tunes well instead of a lot of them poorly, I could be better than I am now, but I prefer to do a lot of things a little rather than a few a lot. And anyhow I'm helping the sheet music industry out by purchasing practically every piece that strikes my fancy.

I never should have started messing around with a piano. I ought to have given it up long ago. I ought to give it up right now because willingness alone doesn't seem to be getting me much further than would a willingness to give birth to twins. But I guess I'll keep on, discords and all. In short, I'm lousy, but I like it. And there's always the hope that I'll find a piano stool that has what it takes. ⌗



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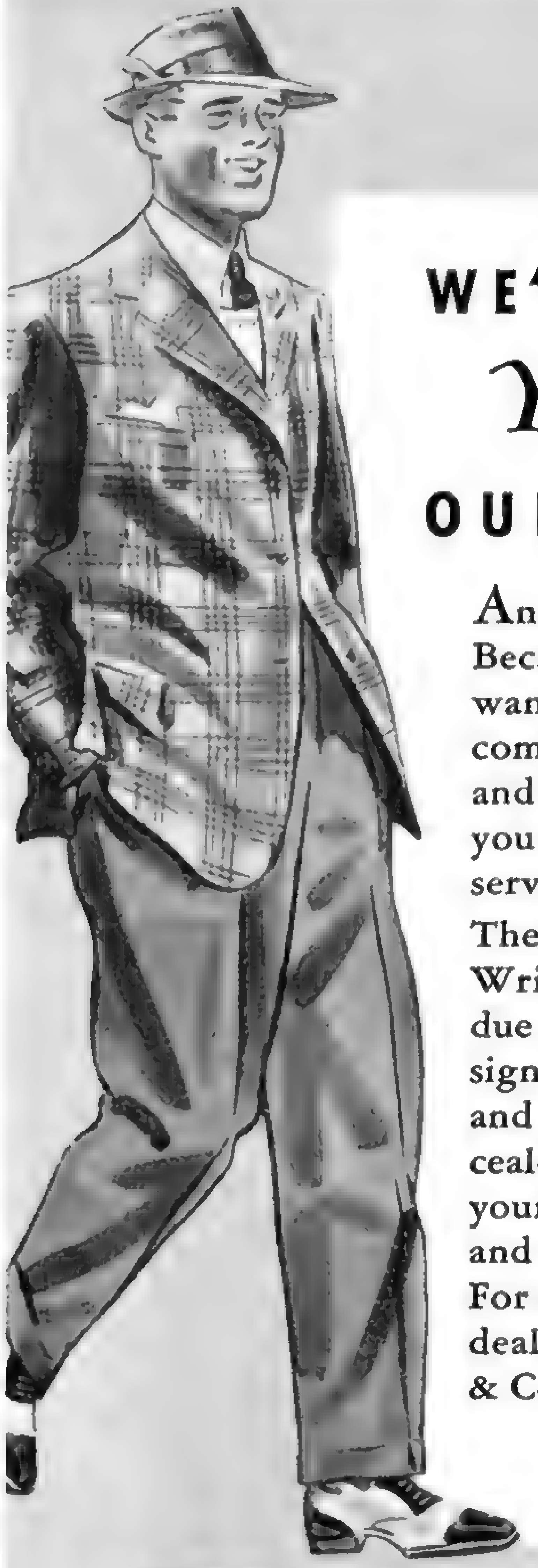

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The Goblins Catch Up

Continued from page 92

suppose, in *Snow White;* moral regeneration in *Pinocchio* (fins on that one, it's my own invention). But the one thing which was not remarked, was that the Monster which was going to Enslave Mankind had produced the greatest enchantment, the greatest liberation of the creative spirit, in our time. The goblin of the machine has caught up with us—and given us Mickey Mouse.

This isn't the first time America has played around with a machine connected with the arts; we helped out with the camera, with various processes of engraving; but for the most part the machine accomplished its primary job and stopped: it reduplicated, it spread, it multiplied. There was the phonograph record which for a generation or so gave better and better recordings of music; even today when the specialists assure me there is a particular way of playing for records, so special that ultimately music will be written for recording only—even so, the phonograph stands a little this side of being a creative mechanism. Maybe we'll one day learn to use electric (or later forms of) light in a spirit more creative than that of the moving advertising sign. Maybe the photoelectric cell and the sound track will teach us how to create new sounds, and later, the chance to use new materials will suggest new things to be uttered and expressed.

I think the moving picture would have been more promptly accepted as art, in spite of the machine process, if it had come into being in single copies. Imagine one print only of a Chaplin, an early Griffith, or a Disney; and note how the vanishing prints of the early pictures are being collected by museums and by individuals, precisely as old masters are collected.

The movies arrived before the general democratization of the arts; and you could make a hundred or a thousand copies; they lacked, therefore, snob-and-scarcity value. But in twenty years they have persuaded the world; and now all that remains is to show that the combination "machine-and-art" is not merely a trick shot.

Radio has developed half a dozen "arts" in the other sense: the art of complete rendition using sound alone; the art of re-creating news dramatically; the art of the continued drama, which differs considerably from the movie serial; and so on. Although radio still, for the most part, transmits (plays, music, etc.) it begins to develop new approaches. And, since there are a hundred ways of expressing nearly everything man wants to say, we will get a true, expressive art in radio only after the methods are worked out.

Here is perhaps the most trifling instance of method I have heard in years. Jack Benny is driving his Maxwell and Rochester tells him to move over, someone wants to pass; a quick rush of sound and the conversation is resumed; the incident is repeated verbatim; then after a pause, Rochester says, "someone else wants to pass" . . . there is a moment's pause, and then the sound-effect of the clop-clop of a horse. This is not only a typically American joke, but it is typically good radio, distinguished only by skill in buildup, speed in presentation, and complete exclusion of any non-radio elements; nothing whatever was said after the sound-effect.

At some distance, take Orson Welles' doing a good job with an impossible subject. On the surface, there's no excuse for anyone trying to do *Algiers* as a radio play; it was a kind of Bill Hart Western transferred to Africa and spiced with Boyer (who plays like Bill Hart) and Lamarr. It needed open spaces and whatever it is that Lamarr has and women think Boyer has. But Welles put it through the mill as a radio hour and had to give it speed and action. So he took a minor figure: the arm of the law, translated into an American detective; he recorded the detective's vow in his diary, that he would get Pepe within X days; and the diary, read between episodes, created suspense, because the audience was fighting both battles, it was pursued and pursuing at the same time.

There are hundreds of other good methods, new techniques. Norman Corwin has experimented in the orchestration of poetry, using the human voice alone; and poets might do worse than listen to his programme, or recordings of it, to learn what can be done with poetry. They may dislike the separation of one line into ten component parts, the division of voices in a single speech; they may say, this is oratorio, not reading of poetry; but they cannot help saying that poetry could be written to be treated in this way, with all the miracles of sound created by acoustic and electrical engineers.

Music has been written for radio production; so far as I know, the same music could be produced in the concert hall or the opera house; but presently music will be written for the new instruments which new handlings of sound will call forth. As Wagner wrote for, then extended, the orchestra of his time, so our composers will use electronics, filters and control booths.

The movies and radio both arouse interest, excite the emotions, and illuminate the lives of human beings, by means and methods never used before. They are machine-made arts and they are the first arts to which the machine has deliberately turned.

For the curious, I would note that the human individual counts still, counts a lot. I'm not belittling Disney when I say that he is a by-product of the machine. But I am handing the machine a lot when I note that it created the medium in which a highly individualistic genius can work. ⌗

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE PAN-AMERICAN WAY

With a sizable part of the world in an unhinged condition, the United States and the Pan-American nations, it seems, are moving closer together as a precautionary measure against Europe's contagion spreading to our side of the ocean. In spite of the mutually vigorous efforts of the United States and our neighbor states to get together, however, a certain amount of reserve in the relationship still exists.

In these efforts to better our relations with Latin American cousins, the artist, whatever his medium, emerges clearly in current times as the wielder of a strong social influence. Perhaps it is the artist, supplementing the suave diplomat, who was necessary all along for the solution of some of our Inter-American problems. It is he, encouraging the interchange of culture, who can exert a powerful influence in establishing mutual confidence as the basis for sincere friendship and respect.

At the present time, one of America's most important artistic representatives in Latin America is Jascha Heifetz, the distinguished violinist. Of unprecedented scope, Heifetz' Latin America tour is the most comprehensive ever undertaken by a musical artist and comprises 60 concerts in 35 principal cities of 10 countries in the space of three months. He is making the concert tour almost entirely by air, hugging the ground only in the interior where lack of landing fields and air routes make flying impossible or too hazardous.

Throughout his journey, the renowned violinist is being feted by high dignitaries of the social, economic, art and political worlds. Of course, these honors are being heaped upon him for his great talent as a musician, but who can doubt that he is also functioning in an unofficial diplomatic role as well? In these special circumstances, the role of artist is virtually inseparable from that of diplomat. Heifetz' language is ubiquitous and powerful in its influence not only to entertain, but to integrate people. It is a language that has inherent in it the ability to level barriers and create understanding. As music fills the Southern air, it begins to look as though inter-American relations are on the threshhold of a new Era of Good Feeling.

The Conference on Inter-American Relations in the Field of Music, which met in Washington last year under the sponsorship of the Cultural Division of the Department of State, asked Heifetz, before he left, to look about him on his tour with a view to submitting an unofficial report on the types of American artists likely to be welcomed to South America. And conversely, he was also asked to report on what types of artists and music South America could send North with good results.

This information should be of enormous value to artists wondering if they have the right stuff for export and should save them vain journeys. The Inter-American Conference will assemble all pertinent information and make it available through the establishment of a number of libraries to serve as clearing houses for musical information between the Americas.

As a musical nomad, Heifetz has threaded and rethreaded his way around the globe four times on concert tours, crossed the continent 21 times and traveled a total distance equal to about three round trips to the moon. On his present tour, he will have added about 40,000 miles of winning friends and influencing people. His tour through Latin America comes at a moment when the artist is in a fine position to help in the development of an enhanced spirit of friendliness and cooperation, and there is no doubt this distinguished virtuoso will rise to the occasion. The State Department has sent a well qualified ambassador to those of our neighborlands which lie south of the border.

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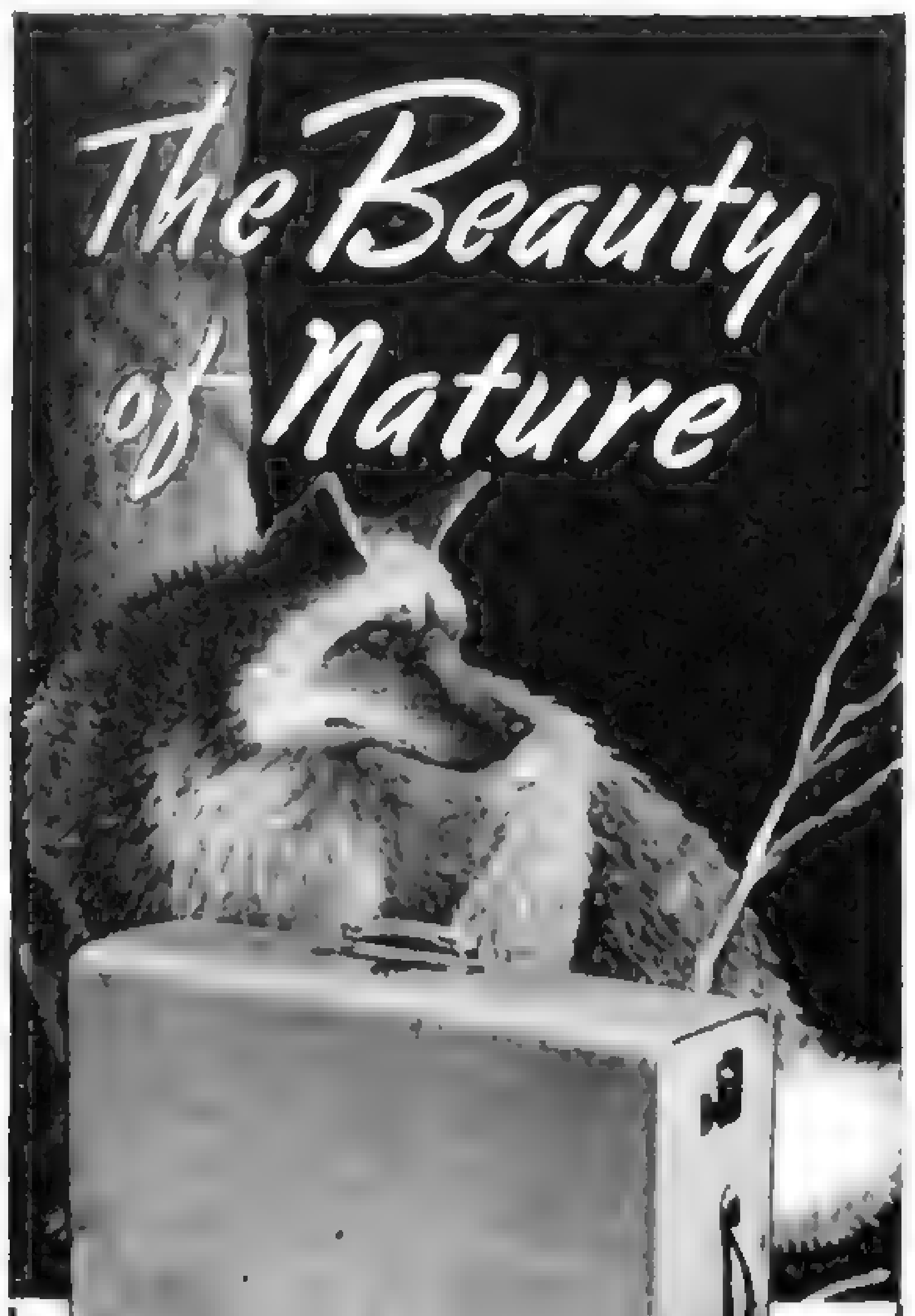

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 6

MEMORY OF AN ADVENTURER

At last someone has written in defense of and tribute to Richard Halliburton. I'm awfully glad Mr. Weller did.

You see, I was once one of those eighteen-year-olds who thought R.H. tne only real adventurer of modern times. Real in the sense that his exploits in themselves were always so charmingly unattached to commercial motives and written as a gallant challenge to the fates of a pretty prosaic world.

He corresponded with me for almost three years... until I went to Paris and he went to Tahiti . . . and we met only once during a flying visit of his to New York.

My first letter to him must have arrived in one of those "fortnightly batches" from Bobbs-Merrill. I was naïvely inquiring about the most romantic spot for practicing interior-decoration! He replied immediately with rare humor, "I should say Abyssinia needs interior-decorating badly—if you don't mind accepting lions in payment."

This began a delightful exchange of personally scrawled letters from all over the globe. To him I was only another admiring reader but when at one time I painted and sent him a water color of the elephant he marched through the Alps—and painted it PINK—his next letter said with tongue-in-cheek, "Yes, indeed, your pink elephant arrived soberly and was admired by all the Bobbs-Merrill Company as well as myself. I'm sure Mlle. Dalrymple likewise will appreciate the honor you have done her when she hears about it."

For a famous author to encourage correspondence like this is rare; to do it so humorously should further prove Mr. Weller's statement that he held to even the most obscure amongst his friends with firm affection. He once set his blessings upon my artistic endeavors and if disaster had not overtaken him I'm pretty sure he'd be popping around to my studio some day for tea.

During our only "date" he said he'd like to do just that some time . . . and I believe he meant it. Richard Halliburton was like that.

Most sincerely,
IMOGEN BOWERS GROCHELLE
New York City

NO PUPPETS ON PULPITS

I read, in your recent issue, the letter under the caption *And Why Not!*, in which the Reverend Mr. T. J. Mattingly launches a diatribe against cartoons depicting members of the clergy "in all sorts of ridiculous positions." It would seem that the "pretty big odds," against which we ministers undoubtedly do have to contend, are perhaps beginning to tell on him, for his sense of humor seems to be atrophying through disuse, a symptom of which is the inability to take a joke on oneself.

The very essence of humor, it seems to me, lies in its incongruity with actualities. Hence, a cartoon depicting a cinema director asking for a smash finish for a picture would convey no humor, but a minister asking for a smash finish for a sermon is humorous, because it is incongruous.

As suggested in the line drawing printed with the letter, Mr. Mattingly, apparently, would place the clergy on a pedestal; aloof, unscathed, sacred. This is definitely to be avoided! The minister on the pedestal is the minister without lasting influence. The minister today must be a man among men, and bring his message as one who has taken life as it comes, and not avoided it. He must be one who can maintain his convictions through all the vissicitudes of life and "practice what he preaches." Only by thus proving his words through living them in the modern world, can a minister have a lasting influence on his fellow men, and prove that religion is a vital force in life.

Finally, Mr. Mattingly accuses the editorial staff of immaturity, then closes his letter with that favorite retort of childhood, "and proud of it." Forsooth!

Sincerely yours,
JAMES R. MACARTHUR, *Minister*
Immanuel Chapel, Concord, N. H.

POETS VS. SELDES

A crowded trolley; me, working my way through ESQUIRE's cartoons, Brahms straining from my mouth, a too short honeymoon still waltzing in my mind, content in not fooling verse for three weeks and then—and then this guy Seldes shrieking materialistic pedantry, erasing my cartoons, jarring me from the sleepy roar of the crawling trolley. I, a ham poet, am insulted—enraged not at a concrete dictator my mind can torture to death, but at one of the many winds of a stormy night, a black name—Gilbert Seldes.

The rest of my day was filled with answers—contaminated notes instead of my work or my dreams. But writing an answer in serious prose (not journalisse) is hard work and before I attempt that form or its companions, satiric prose or satiric verse, I ask: If Seldes can be paid for an attack on poets, why can't this mercenary collect for a publishable answer written in time to fill the next incomplete issue?

Sincerely yours,
HARRY TANNENBAUM
Philadelphia, Pa.

A BUT LIST FOR ESKY

ESQUIRE runs the best sex-conscious cartoons drawn—BUT—Bundy's charming girls are far too clean-cut and unearthy to be having so many babies out of wedlock. They aren't the type.

Sultans and other good Muhammetans sneer at slim girls. They go for the plump babes with plenty of everything. (See unexpurgated *Arabian Nights* for anatomical details.) Abner Dean should draw all harem cartoons—and let himself go.

I hate to shatter humorists' illusions but the rooster doesn't stimulate the hen's egg production. In fact the hen lays more eggs without his disturbing amorous attentions.

Doesn't anyone else grow a little tired of the endless twists to the extra-marital pregnancy and unexpected-return-of-the-husband jokes?

That concupiscent Petty girl with her sophomore's dream of a body will soon be as dated as the Held flapper, the anemic Kirchner vampire (remember her?) and the Gibson girl. You had better be warming up a new artist with the knack of drawing provocatively nubile wenches.

The Sound and the Fury is the most consistently interesting department in the magazine. After checking the rest for future reference and study I go back and read all the letters except the ones from strange men who prefer mathematical puzzles to the ever-present male-female equation which can keep any man puzzled and intrigued for life. ESQUIRE's readers are for the most part a contentious and amusing bunch.

Here's to you all, you rascals, you.
Coconut Grove, Fla. AROUET, JR.

WANTED: FOUR C'S FOR PARADISE

I am intrigued by Robb White's *Paradise for Two*.

I, too, have some ideas and it just took me twenty years to find that courageous mate. But I haven't the $400.

What do I do now?

Sincerely yours,
Dallas, Tex. CLYDE MELTON, JR.

P. S.—If those extra gatefolds and cartoons are permanent bonuses . . . you've got something there.

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THE OLD PUBIC WAR

Isn't your Mr. Frank Nagy, the sculptor, a little old-fashioned? His nudes of women are very realistic in some respects, but why does he stick to the very stupid convention that has made sculpture slightly ridiculous throughout the ages? Is it just prudishness, and if so, why? Sculptors do not hesitate to indicate, in no uncertain terms, that their women are fully equipped to nourish their brats, if they ever have any; but I have never yet seen a statue that didn't pretend that the only way that said brats could come into this world of woe was *via* a Caesarian operation. Instead of its being chaster to make statues this way, I think it's very indecent to attract attention to any one part of the body by the telling of conspicuous lies about it.

Just think how we would howl our heads off with obscene amusement if male statues were falsified in exactly the same way. The present fashion about women is very immoral, and I want to see it stopped.

Yours for decency,

New York City E. S. Ford

KELLY DOESN'T AND THEY HAVE

Ref. Fred C. Kelly on *The French Are Polite*. May I ask if Mr. Kelly works for the Chamber of Commerce of Paris?

Either he certainly does or Parisians have changed since 1928 when I was last there. In those days an American was a sucker to be taken for as much as possible.

An American couldn't even look at a piece of merchandise, thank the clerk, and walk out, without him (the clerk) running out the door and hurling insults at you as long as you were in hearing.

Mind you I'm only talking of Parisians. I was treated with the utmost courtesy in most of the other parts of France.

I've said my piece:.

Thanks,

Hollywood, Cal. Barons C. Parcher

JOHNNIES ON TOUR

In your recent article entitled *Johnnies About Town*, little Miss Anonymous omitted one of my pets. If, indeed, a Johnny may be referred to as a pet. Of course she wrote about New York Johnnies, as a whole, but there is one kind that is indispensable to a weary traveler. I refer to the less sophisticated "Women" that may be found in the back yard of any respectable service station. In fact, occasionally they do not even go so far as to put them in the back yard, but one need only go to the back door and sure enuf, if you happen to be on the right side, there is Johnny. Pardon me, I mean Women. The advantages of those Women to be found in the back of the lot outstrip those at the back door by many feet.

For instance, the back door is quite likely a direct entrance to the Johnny, and if someone is there before you, there is nothing to do but wait, with such self-possession as you can muster, until said someone, among other things, washes her hands, combs her hair, applies powder, lip stick, adjusts hat, hosiery seams, brushes skirt, examines nails, applies a last pat or two to the hair, and then, if you are lucky, emerges from this haven of rest. Heaven help you if Mother is in there with a Junior or two. There is a great deal of dignity required to enter the door calmly and after the way has been cleared of outgoing traffic. If you are so inclined, it may help to make the next person wait.

On the other hand, the Women on the back of the lot usually accommodates from 2 to 4 Johnnies, with plenty of standing and stomping room for all comers.

Different oil companies have different standards of cleanliness and accommodations. Some are even equipped with a shower. These are very rare. Judging from personal experience of many miles in the western states, and many stops in each state, I grade them thusly. Standard sets the standard, and all propaganda against them because of their filthy dough will go for naught as long as they keep their Women clean.

Shell is a close second, in my individual opinion. One outfit ballyhoos their Women as "home clean." They are a weak third. Many others and the independent stations lag far behind.

A visit to the Women at any and all stations in National Parks, argues for the shade and shelter of that nice big tree down the road apiece.

Comfortingly yours,

Berkeley, Cal. Hey Nonnie Miss

LIKES LUNDBERG

I just bought my May issue. I wish to offer my thanks for such interesting reading.

I was especially interested in Daniel Lundberg's story, *Short Couples Have Fun*, and suggest that you have more of his stories. I can think of nothing that would make me like Esquire better.

Indianapolis, Ind. Larry Hartley

If You're Buying an Auto

Continued from page 103

matically cancel your license.

Or take the Nash and Hudson sedans: here the rear seat makes up into a double bed as comfortable as any berth on a train, and considerably roomier. There are many bio-economic uses to which this venal convenience can be put—for example, cross-country touring.

You drive while the girl sleeps, and so on. And nothing in the sales contract requires that you drive cross-country.

A man's home, these days, is his bed. This means that with these forward-looking bodies you can wander up Greenland's icy shores, or down to the Tierra del Fuego, and never for a moment be away from home.

You can forget, once and for all, country inns, tourist camps, the very bad taste of other people's rooms, and daughterless farmers.

The Nash, incidentally, has a new type of dash—forgive the rhyme. Each dial sports an individual magnifying lens, made of transparent plastics. The whole setup is so simplified, and so compressed that you almost feel uninformed.

Somewhat instinctively you think of adding useless gadgets to give yourself unnecessary information, such as daylight time in Calcutta or ski conditions in the Hindu Kush.

* * *

The new Buick has a brilliant job in styling—not only on such things as the dash, which is a unique plaque of machined metal, variegated like snowflakes under a microscope—but in overall detail. The instruments, for example, have been equipped with a minia-

Continued on page 171

AFTER A HEARTY DINNER... WHAT TO DRINK?

FREE! Brochure of delightful Cointreau recipes including Crepes Suzettes, Soufflé, etc. Dept. C. Browne Vintners Co., Inc., 50 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.

80 Proof LIQUEUR

COINTREAU

THAT *Settles* THE QUESTION

Gambol in the sun, but

Don't gamble with your eyes!

Look ahead to happy days! To joyous fun in the sun—but when at play, PLAY SAFE! Wear "OPTIKS"—the Sun Glass with the SCIENTIFICALLY GROUND AND POLISHED LENS that shields your eyes from the sun, yet WILL NOT DISTORT THE VISION! "OPTIKS" are sturdily made to see you clear through many a summer, and smartly designed to fit perfectly. Frames in white, clear crystal, or simulated shell. $1.00 including case

Sportster with side shield as shown, or with double hinge temple.

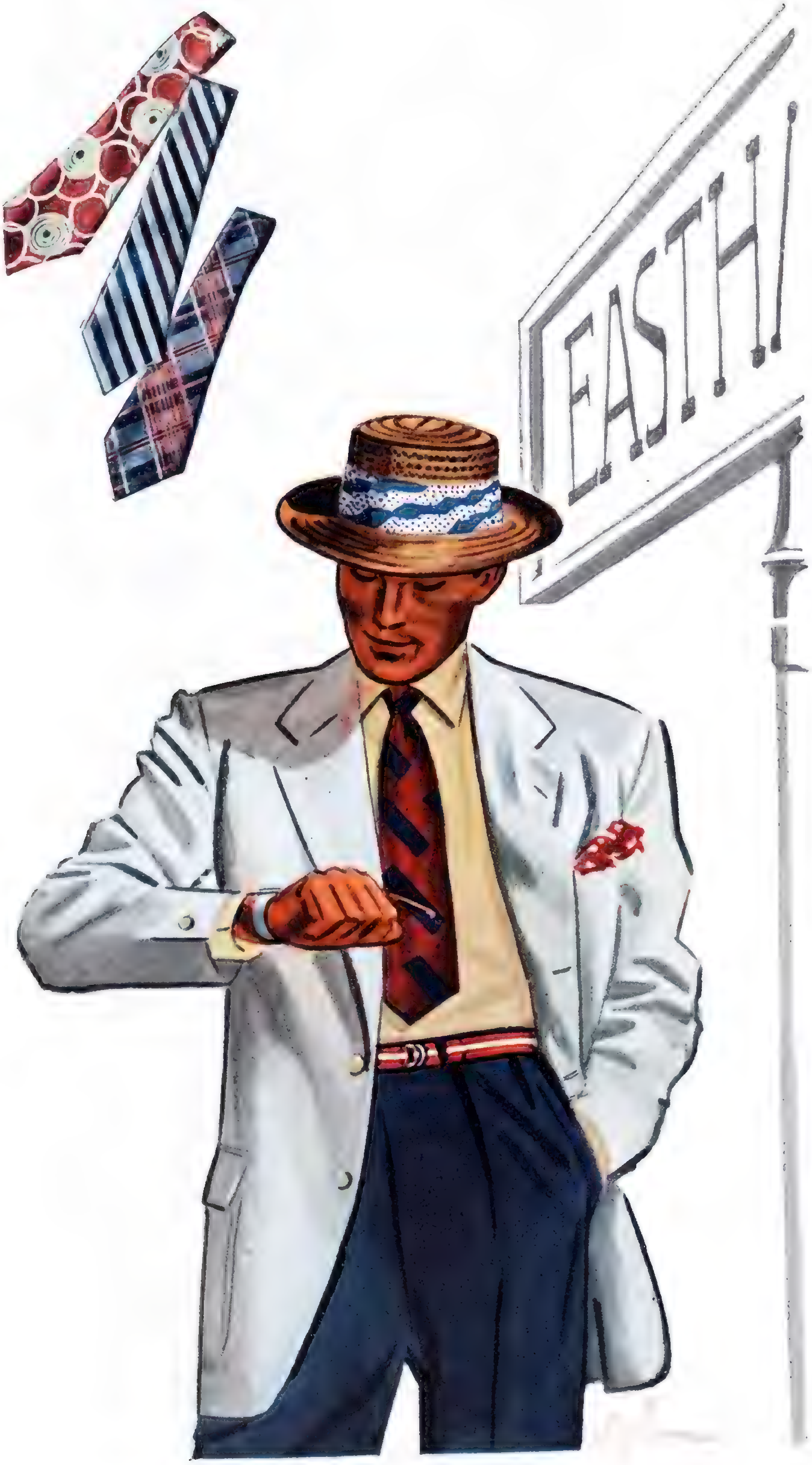
Aristocrat with streamlined temple as shown, or with side shield.

"Optiks" Ground & Polished SUN GLASSES

Other "OPTIKS" models on sale at leading stores, or write to:

(In Canada: Canadian Lapin Products Ltd. 587 Fleet St. W. Toronto, Can.)

LAPIN PRODUCTS INC • 200 VARICK STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y.



beyond the dreams of average

Much as we hate to foment class consciousness we love even more to daydream. This young man, it impresses us, is the sole surviving heir of old Mountebanks, the sesquimillionaire. As he awaits the arrival of his private train, bearing a group of gay holiday friends to his favorite country estate, plans flash through his mind. Dinner party tonight . . . might as well use the golden plates . . . loll on the choice, selected sands of my personal beach tomorrow . . . take a dip in the steam-heated bay, then a cold shower under the artificial waterfall . . . after that a twenty-course lunch served by trained carrier pigeons. . . .

But for all his presumptive wealth, our scion wears only one hat at a time. The one he has on at the moment is a comparatively new arrival on the fashion scene, having been first observed at Nassau last February and now showing up here and there along the Eastern seaboard. The hat is well calculated for summer comfort, the crown being fabricated of an exceptionally light weight coconut palm in an airy, open weave effect. The brim is the regulation braid, and the blue and white puggree band is a printed foulard. The white jacket, worn with colored slacks, is another fashion idea that created a good impression at the Southern resorts last season and worked its way up North for summer acceptance on the strength of its successful trial run. This, of course, comes under the heading of revivals, although the particular jacket illustrated is new. The fabric is a loosely woven homespun and the model is three-button single breasted, with patch pockets, distinctive gilt buttons and a single button at the cuff.

The blue-toned slacks, carrying out the white-over-blue idea, are smart not only in flannel but also in gabardine and lightweight worsteds. The Sandune shirt, in a new soft yellow tone, is an excellent resort item, worn with one of the new broken stripe printed foulard ties. The silk handkerchief and ribbon belt add welcome touches of color. Mention might be made of the cotton twill wristwatch band, washable and comfortable for summer. At the top are three interesting tie patterns to intrigue the fashion-conscious: large design foulard, narrow striped silk, tartan lightweight suiting type.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

If You're Buying an Auto

Continued from pages 103-169

ture edition of a stage lighting control: a special rheostat controls the brilliance to meet the demands of every mood and every occasion —*e.g.* bright, if you will, for the whim of a Lady Clara Vere de Vere, soft for some Iseult of the Lily White Hands, blackout for Hedy Lamarr.

It is probably the sheerest coincidence, but Buick stresses the point that in these new models, the front seat has been widened by five inches.

A stark and revolutionary note has been struck with the Buick convertible—still in its experimental stage—designed by Harley J. Earl, chief of the General Motors styling section. Shaped like an elongated bullet, low and sleek, this model portends the shape of things to come. Included among its many innovations are electric motors which operate disappearing headlights, raise and lower the windows and the fabric top, and actuate the flush-mounted door. Streamlining has been carried even to the door handles, which are sunk into the body, springing out only when needed—like the good Genii in *The Arabian Nights*.

Something should be said too, about the signal system on the new Buicks—the nearest thing to a battleship heliograph yet to turn up in the automotive field. You flick a pawl on the steering wheel column, and a blinker signal informs your competitors-for-the-road of the direction you're interested in. Turn your steering wheel the opposite way, and the system relapses into coma.

A word is also due the signaling system on the new Pontiac Torpedo. With the slightest twitch of an arm on the steering column, this model—patterned after the popular Cadillac 60 S—blinks unmistakable signals with its sender and tail lights, and informs neighboring vehicles as well as disinterested bystanders of the driver's personal aims, ambitions, hopes, and aspirations.

Your wife can now forget about your forgetting to put out your hand; she can chafe about the blinker.

* * *

For its own special kind of distinction, 1940 model, Studebaker called in stylist Raymond Loewy, "Royal Designer to Industry," as he was recently dubbed by the Royal Society of Arts of Great Britain. Instanter, Loewy produced door handles that look like modernistic sterling table ware, special chromium-plated bumpers, and a simple, ascetic, clean-cut hood—looking something like the bow of a speedboat. Loewy also made the heretical discovery that even in the outside world there is much worth looking at—and consequently had visibility increased by a sum of 241 square inches, an area large enough to house Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf of Books. Leg room acquired a proportionate increase, as did hip room.

Perhaps the most manipulated substance in the newer cars is air; and this is handled two ways for comfort and power, (a) for breathing, and (b) *in absentia*, which is to say a vacuum.

Let us first investigate breathing—always an interesting, if not a vital subject. A number of the new cars, including Plymouth and Nash, have installed air conditioning units, filtering and pre-heating the air before delivering it. Taking a cue from the old monks, these cars arrange to have air sucked up under the cowl. This is then cleaned, heated under thermostatic supervision, and fired at you with enough pressure to force out any other air that might seep in by unorthodox means.

Vacuum, on the other hand, has been used on most of the 1940 convertibles to raise and lower the top. No longer do you have to get out of the car, soil your hands, pinch your fingers, or pry away with a crowbar. All you need to do is pull a little knob on the dash; vacuum does the rest. This is really a crowning feat of the age, capitalizing not only on substance, but on the absence of substance. Somehow, it is all very weird—like harnessing the overworked hole in a doughnut.

Chevrolet has applied the very same technique to gear shifting. You simply signal the gear you want; a vacuum again takes off its coat—doing the actual work.

Vacuum has been applied, again, on practically all of the new cars, in what is called "Sealed Beam" headlights. The whole headlight is one unit, permanently in focus; and nothing can reach the bulb, neither dirt nor dust, nor grease, nor grime, nor moth eggs. Further, engineering design in this achievement puts some fifty per cent more light on your side of the road, and takes a proportionate amount out of your neighbor's eye.

One standard unit—lens, reflector, light source—fits every car. When the bulb burns out, you replace the whole unit; it's all very simple, like replacing your car when a tire blows.

* * *

Now let's give this whole survey a personalized angle; let's assume that you want a body style individually suited to your specialized tastes and preferences. Several highlights are to be touched on, in this connection:

Henry Ford, who has become an arch-symbol for engineering competence, this year offers as well one of the most distinctive jobs of body styling—the "Continental" model of the Lincoln Zephyr. Here, European trends have been capitalized on with what Mr. Pater calls "happy, unperplexed dexterity." The lines of this two-door convertible are long, low, sleek, giving it the poise and sinuous look of a panther. The chassis is slung so low that those so inclined will find it a simple matter to cling to the road; noth-

Continued at top of page 172

Blended 33 Times to Make One Great Beer

It Takes 33 Separate Brews to Make a Single Glass of This Delicious Beer!

As thousands of beer lovers set down a cool, clear glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon, they say: "Gosh, how do they do it?" Well, one swift answer is . . . 33 *Blends!* . . . Not two, or five, or ten, but 33 separate "brews" from 33 separate kettles! Each brew is as fine as choicest ingredients and Pabst's 96 years of experience can make it!

But brewing is a *natural* process, and Nature never yields two brews that are exactly alike even with the same formula and strict scientific control. That's why Pabst goes to so much extra work and expense to bring together 33 separate brews in perfect blend—dictated by the Blue Ribbon formula.

As in the finest champagnes, coffee, tobacco, it's expertly balanced *blending* that gives Blue Ribbon its unvarying goodness.

The result is: America's Premium Beer . . . with a smoothness that is unique . . . and a taste that is always the same.

Sometime today, have the pleasure of meeting Blue Ribbon.

A BRAND NEW BONNET WITH A BLUE RIBBON ON IT
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
Pabst BLUE RIBBON
BEER
First in the Homes of America—and the Largest Selling American Beer in the Rest of the World!

It's the **BLEND** *that Betters the Beer*

Try **Pabst Blue Ribbon**

—AND PROVE IT!

Copyright 1940, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

PERFECT FOR PARCHED PALATES

A COOL Don Q RUM AND SODA

When summer suns bear down in earnest, don't swelter! Enjoy the delicate flavor and superb quality of this finest of Puerto Rican rums—in a cool Don Q Rum and Soda, Rum Collins, Rum and Ginger Ale, Cuba Libre, or frosty Daiquiri.

WHITE LABEL *for cocktails*
GOLD LABEL *for tall drinks*

Don Q PUERTO RICAN Rum
PRODUCT OF DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC. PONCE, PUERTO RICO

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 86 Proof

New ELASTI-GLASS Wrist Watches

Thrilling Gift Creations

Unbreakable • Transparent Perspiration Proof

Lady Crystal $23.75

Lord Crystal $21.75

Back view of Lord Crystal case which has 2 transparent dust-proof and moisture-proof seals.

The most sensational watch development in years—two exquisitely handsome wrist watches with cases made of jewel-like, transparent, unbreakable, rigid **Elasti-Glass***. The ladies' model comes with the new slender, tubular, transparent band—the men's number with the new Cool-Wear band—both made of science's latest miracle—stretchable Elasti-Glass that holds firmly without binding, is feathery light, yields to slightest wrist pressure, never loses its elasticity and never stretches out of shape. Both cases and bands are perspiration-proof. The watches are **accurate, dependable timekeepers** with rugged, guaranteed 7-jewel double-sealed movements, splendid examples of precision craftsmanship, the product of over 60 years of fine watch-making—each furnished with beautiful gift box and priced at only $21.75 for the men's, $23.75 for the ladies'. These Elasti-Glass Watches will provide a lifetime of thrilling satisfaction.

If your dealer cannot supply you, be sure to send his name—and use the coupon. (Bands to fit any standard watch can be purchased separately if desired at only $1).

DEALERS: Send for sample watches.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.—Made from "Vinylite" brand resins.

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
In Canada: E. & S. CURRIE, LTD., Toronto

S. Buchsbaum & Co., 271 E. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose $.......... for.................. Wrist Watch, to be sent postpaid. *ladies' or men's*
I enclose $.......... for.................. wrist watch band ($1 each).
Name..............................
Address..............................
My dealer's name is.............. **Important**—(*Be sure to fill in*)

If You're Buying an Auto

Continued from pages 103-169-171

ing short of an army tank could disturb its center of gravity.

Again, there are two particularly noteworthy jobs, custom built for Packard by Darrin: the Super-8 *One-Eighty* Victoria and Sedan. Both are convertibles, cut in the British manner. They look like streaks of lightning, decked with seats and set off with windshields. On the Victoria, the doors are cut so low that, as on the English Bentley or SS, you can practically vault in and out. As with the Lincoln Zephyr "Continental," there are no running boards; you step from the curb to the floor the way you might step on to an escalator. The refinement of the finish, however, makes one change necessary in the analogy: you feel that you ought to take your shoes off, as though you were entering a mosque.

* * *

If you want still more individuality in your motor car, and price is secondary, drop in at the 57th Street showroom of I. J. Inskip, Inc.—purveyors extraordinary to connoisseurs of the road. Here fine coachwork is created, treasured, made into history. Mr. Inskip, who was formerly president of Brewster—now creators of the U. S. Navy interceptor planes—is the artist-engineer extraordinary, a master of line and an authority on style. He treasures the curve of a fender the way Renoir treasured the haunch of a bathing girl; he savors such delicate and nebulous delights as the light line—that half-illusory border that reflection paints on rounded surfaces. He caresses in his mind the marginal thinness of a window pillar, and the tactile niceties of a fabric.

Here you will find bodies long and hypnotic, and bodies in the old tradition, square, rugged, without streamlining or pregnant bulges. You will find bodies with bars installed, complete to decanter and *schnapps* glasses; bodies with collapsible boudoir tables for women, with motor driven windows and window shades, with rare woods and rarer fabrics. And you will find a spectacular line of British cars, including the latest luxuries in Rolls Royces and Bentleys.

Comparing the 1940 British cars with our home-grown products, there is this to say: the foreign cars have a refinement of detail which comes only from hand-rubbed design and execution. But for such custom-fabricated perfection, you have to pay a premium of from nine to seventeen thousand dollars, a considerable multiplication of the cost price of our most luxurious Packards, Lincolns, and Cadillacs.

Where the most highly-personalized type of styling is desired, a happy compromise would be the mounting on an American chassis of a body especially patterned to your own peculiar tastes and *savoir vivre.*

* * *

Mr. John Ruskin once said that individualities in style are an outgrowth of the aims and ideals of a period—and that our particular goddess is "the Goddess of Getting On." Well, to distort Mr. Ruskin's conclusions a bit, the best of our aims and ideals hinge around the development and efficiency of science and engineering—and in the American motor car, we have "The Goddess of Getting On" honored in the most succinct way. At no other time in history have research, skill, and mass production been combined, so competently, in a design for living—although a still, small voice is sometimes heard crying above the knotted jam of ever-increasing, efficient traffic: "My kingdom for a horse." ⱡⱡ

Pat Hobby, Putative Father

Continued from page 36

conceived a passion for them at the World's Fair in New York, whence they had just come. They were taking ship for Madras tomorrow.

"—whether or not," said John, somberly, "I get to see Bonita Granville. I do not care if I *meet* her. I am too young for her. She is already an old woman by our standards. But I'd like to *see* her."

It was one of those bad days for showing people around. Only one of the directors shooting today was an old timer, on whom Pat could count for a welcome—and at the door of that stage he received word that the star kept blowing up in his lines and had demanded that the set be cleared.

In desperation he took his charges out to the back lot and walked them past the false fronts of ships and cities and village streets, and medieval gates—a sight in which the boy showed a certain interest but which Sir Singrim found disappointing. Each time that Pat led them around behind to demonstrate that it was all phony Sir Singrim's expression would change to disappointment and faint contempt.

"What's he say?" Pat asked his offspring, after Sir Singrim had walked eagerly into a Fifth Avenue jewelry store, to find nothing but carpenter's rubble inside.

"He is the third richest man in India," said John, "He is disgusted. He says he will never enjoy an American picture again. He says he will buy one of our picture companies in India and make every set as solid as the Taj Mahal. He thinks perhaps the actresses just have a false front too, and that's why you won't let us see them."

The first sentence had rung a sort of carillon in Pat's head. If there was anything he liked it was a good piece of money—not this miserable, uncertain two-fifty a

A WALLOP!

"BELLOWS" . . . Pleats that g-i-v-e for comfort! Pleats for high style! A man's *sport* shirt you'll be extremely proud of. Beautifully tailored . . . many rich fabrics . . . saddle stitching . . . sweat-proof pockets . . . garnet, teal, other new shades. $3.50 . . . at better stores—or write us. You'll find many exciting new garments bearing the Glover name.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
880 Merchandise Mart Chicago

Glover
SPORTS-WEAR

THE *PERFECT* GIFT FOR FATHER'S DAY

THE Bryson PIPE
WITH LARGE DURALUMINUM COOLING ZONE AND EXTRA BOWL

U. S. Pat D120775

The large Duraluminum shank cools the smoke rapidly. This condenses the oils and tars, which drop to the bottom. The cool smoke rises to the top and is drawn into the smoker's mouth. Cleaned in a jiffy.

$3.50 with EXTRA BOWL

• At leading tobacco, drug and department stores. Take this ad to your dealer. If he can't supply you, mail coupon today.

The Complete Bryson Ensemble is a perfect gift for Father's Day, June 16th.

THE BRIARWOOD CORP.
2810 SUPERIOR AVENUE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Enclosed find $____ for ____ Bryson Pipe Ensembles.
Name____
Address____ State____
City____

DEALERS: Send for details of Bryson pipe merchandising plans

week which purchased his freedom.

"I'll tell you," he said with sudden decision. "We'll try Stage 4, and peek at Bonita Granville."

Stage 4 was double locked and barred, for the day—the director hated visitors, and it was a process stage besides. "Process" was a generic name for trick photography in which every studio competed with other studios, and lived in terror of spies. More specifically it meant that a projecting machine threw a moving background upon a transparent screen. On the other side of the screen, a scene was played and recorded against this moving background. The projector on one side of the screen and the camera on the other were so synchronized that the result could show a star standing on his head before an indifferent crowd on 42nd Street—a *real* crowd and a *real* star—and the poor eye could only conclude that it was being deluded and never quite guess how.

Pat tried to explain this to John, but John was peering for Bonita Granville from behind the great mass of coiled ropes and pails where they hid. They had not got there by the front entrance, but by a little side door for technicians that Pat knew.

Wearied by the long jaunt over the back lot, Pat took a pint flask from his hip and offered it to Sir Singrim who declined. He did not offer it to John.

"Stunt your growth," he said solemnly, taking a long pull.

"I do not want any," said John with dignity.

He was suddenly alert. He had spotted an idol more glamorous than Siva not twenty feet away—her back, her profile, her voice. Then she moved off.

Watching his face, Pat was rather touched.

"We can go nearer," he said, "We might get to that ballroom set. They're not using it—they got covers on the furniture."

On tip toe they started, Pat in the lead, then Sir Singrim, then John. As they moved softly forward Pat heard the words "Lights" and stopped in his tracks. Then, as a blinding white glow struck at their eyes and the voice shouted "Quiet! We're rolling!" Pat began to run, followed quickly through the white silence by the others.

The silence did not endure.

"*Cut!*" screamed a voice, "What the living, blazing hell!"

From the director's angle something had happened on the screen which, for the moment was inexplicable. Three gigantic silhouettes, two with huge Indian turbans, had danced across what was intended to be a New England Harbor—they had blundered into the line of the process shot. Prince John Indore had not only seen Bonita Granville—he had acted in the same picture. His silhouetted foot seemed to pass miraculously through her blonde young head.

III

They sat for some time in the guard-room before word could be gotten to Jack Berners, who was off the lot. So there was leisure for talk. This consisted of a longish harangue from Sir Singrim to John, which the latter—modifying its tone if not its words—translated to Pat.

"My uncle says his brother wanted to do something for you. He thought perhaps if you were a great writer he might invite you to come to his kingdom and write his life."

"I never claimed to be—"

"My uncle says you are an ignominious writer—in your own land you permitted him to be touched by those dogs of the policemen."

"Aw—bananas," muttered Pat uncomfortably.

"He says my mother always wished you well. But now she is a high and sacred lady and should never see you again. He says we will go to our chambers in the Ambassador Hotel and meditate and pray and let you know what we decide."

When they were released, and the two moguls were escorted apologetically to their car by a studio yes-man, it seemed to Pat that it had been pretty well decided already. He was angry. For the sake of getting his son a peek at Miss Granville, he had quite possibly lost his job—though he didn't really think so. Or rather he was pretty sure that when his week was up he would have lost it anyhow. But though it was a pretty bad break he remembered most clearly from the afternoon that Sir Singrim was "the third richest man in India," and after dinner at a bar on La Cienega he decided to go down to the Ambassador Hotel and find out the result of the prayer and meditation.

It was early dark of a September evening. The Ambassador was full of memories to Pat—the Coconut Grove in the great days, when directors found pretty girls in the afternoon and made stars of them by night. There was some activity in front of the door and Pat watched it idly. Such a quantity of baggage he had seldom seen, even in the train of Gloria Swanson or Joan Crawford. Then he started as he saw two or three men in turbans moving around among the baggage. So—they were running out on him.

Sir Singrim Dak Raj and his nephew Prince John, both pulling on gloves as if at a command, appeared at the door, as Pat stepped forward out of the darkness.

"Taking a powder, eh?" he said, "Say when you get back there, tell them that one American could lick—"

"I have left a note for you," said Prince John, turning from his Uncle's side. "I say, you *were* nice this afternoon and it really was too bad."

"Yes, it was," agreed Pat.

"But we are providing for you," John said. "After our prayers we decided that you will receive fifty sovereigns a month—two hundred and fifty dollars—for the rest of your natural life."

"What will I have to do for

Continued at top of page 174

THE ICETTE

An office necessity

An aid to better living in the home

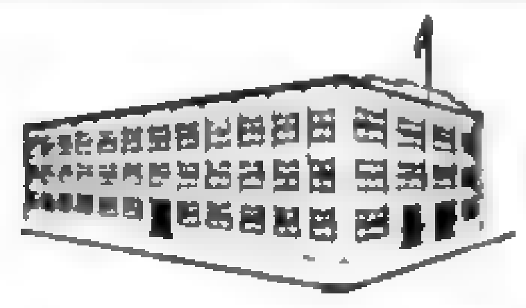
In costly American black walnut and genuine porcelain enamel, this handsome little cabinet has the answer to any thirst all in one compact space. It makes its own ice cubes (two trays), chills ice water and keeps your wine, beer, soft drinks, or baby's milk at just the temperature you want it. Bottles, decanters, glasses and syphon nestle snugly on its shelves.

Closed, the ICETTE resembles a telephone stand, and the quiet purr of its hermetically sealed mechanism will never give away its inner secrets.

ICETTE *is unequivocally guaranteed for five years.*

No installation, no service, no maintenance—not even a drop of oil is required on its lubricated-for-life compressor. Just plug in and enjoy. We repair or replace parts without charge. You pay only postage or freight.

In ordering, be sure to specify whether you want the dignity of jet porcelain, the richness of Chinese red, or the beauty of clair de Lune blue.

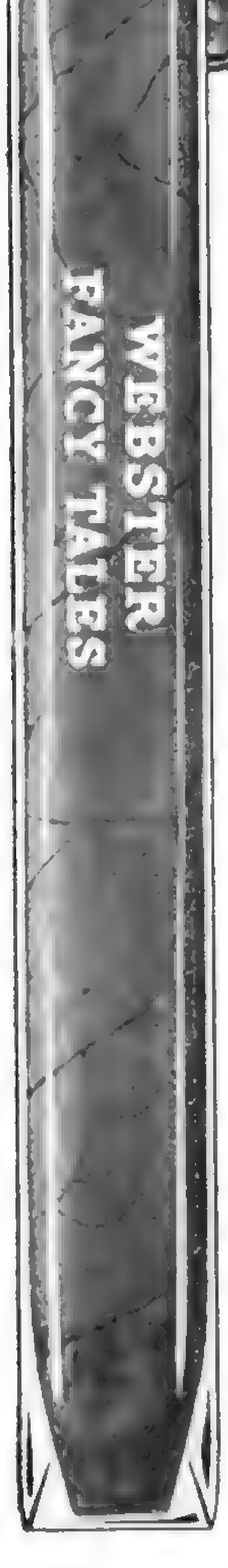


GENERAL CONSTRUCTION CORPORATION,
Broad, Thompson & Marshall Sts.,
Richmond, Va.
Please enter my order for the ICETTE, which carries your unequivocal guarantee.
*Check-Money order for $150.00 enclosed.

Ship to Mr.____

Address____City____State____

*If terms desired, insert cross ☐
Check color of lining desired: Jet Black ☐
Chinese Red ☐
Clair de Lune Blue ☐



As if Dad couldn't guess!

It's a *thoughtful* daughter—son—or wife—who knows what the head of the house likes best for Father's Day. If he's a man of taste for the better things, you can be sure he'll appreciate Webster cigars. What's more, Webster is of such

exquisite bouquet

that the whole family will enjoy its being smoked about the house. Dad can really "go to it." For this superb combination of 100% long Havana filler and choice light-claro wrapper gives Websters a fragrant mildness not surpassed even in costly imported Cuban cigars. Boxes of 25 or 50 for Father's Day.

WEBSTER
CUSTOM-MADE CIGARS
FANCY TALES 15c
(after-dinner size)
Queens ....2 for 25c
Golden Wedding......10c
Perfecto Chico 10c

First in the Social Register

Pat Hobby, Putative Father

Continued from pages 36-173

it?" questioned Pat suspiciously.

"It will only be withdrawn in case—"

John leaned and whispered in Pat's ear, and relief crept into Pat's eyes. The condition had nothing to do with drink and blondes, really nothing to do with him at all.

John began to get in the limousine.

"Goodbye, putative father," he said, almost with affection.

Pat stood looking after him.

"Goodbye son," he said. He stood watching the limousine go out of sight. Then he turned away—feeling like—like Stella Dallas. There were tears in his eyes.

Potato Father—whatever that meant. After some consideration he added to himself: It's better than not being a father at all.

IV

He awoke late next afternoon with a happy hangover—the cause of which he could not determine until young John's voice seemed to spring into his ears, repeating: "Fifty sovereigns a month, with just one condition—that it be withdrawn in case of war, when all revenues of our state will revert to the British Empire."

With a cry Pat sprang to the door. No *Los Angeles Times* lay against it, no *Examiner*—only *Toddy's Daily Form Sheet*. He searched the orange pages frantically. Below the form sheets, the past performances, the endless oracles for endless racetracks, his eye was caught by a one-inch item:

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 3RD. ON THIS MORNING'S DECLARATION BY CHAMBERLAIN, DOUGIE CABLES "ENGLAND TO WIN, FRANCE TO PLACE, RUSSIA TO SHOW." ⁂

*Another Pat Hobby story, **The Homes of the Stars**, by F. Scott Fitzgerald, will appear in the August issue.*

The Glittering Costume

Continued from page 57

fighter risks and saves his life every time.

Also, after having used a hat in the beginning, which was in reality only a shield, the bullfighter armed himself with some red material, the cloth which came to be called the cape or "muleta." The fighter's assistants themselves took the cloth to come to the aid of their master during the combat. And so we arrived at the time of the actor, clad in silks, armed with purple cloth of whom the fighter enveloped in buckskin had been the poor and obscure chrysalis.

* * *

It took, however, a long time to arrive at the glitter of the present-day costume, just as it took a long time for the bulls of the patient breeding establishments to become the thoroughbreds of today, made for the noble struggle, the straight and open attack which ceases only with the last breath of agony. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the costume of the bullfighter, consisting of a matching jacket and knee breeches, was generally dark in color, if not entirely black. The suggestion of any ornament begins to appear with the trimming of black silk, which did not relieve the costume's somberness and whereupon only the splashes of blood spurting intermittently from the gaping wounds of the animal, made a sinister design. The bullfighter wore the two-pointed hat, which was very picturesquely named the "half-cheese" hat. Finally he displayed the first accessory with no justifiable role in the fight and which acknowledged the spectacular nature of the festival and its solemn pomp: the parade cape, which does not serve during the fight as decoy and which the bullfighter, after having paraded in the arena to the martial strains of the music, lays aside to take the red and yellow fighting cape. This early parade cape was a sort of bertha with very full sleeves.

And then came the advent, at the time of Curro Guillen, of the real "glittering costume," made of colored silks and covered with gold or silver embroidery as we know it today: the costume which has proclaimed the kingliness of the matador, and set up his image of dancer in the sun. At the same time the custom of wearing the "coleta" spread, the little cue of hair, which was until very recently the prerogative of the toreador. He let this lock of hair grow, which was rolled in a knot and which became the distinguishing mark of the profession. For, when the matador, for reasons of age, abandoned the arena or renounced prematurely the pursuit of an artistic career which had not proved lucky, he had his "coleta" cut off in a symbolic rite. But even at the time of Curro Guillen the use of the "half-cheese" hat persisted, the present headgear of the bullfighter not as yet having made its appearance.

The glittering costume such as we know it, stopped changing at the time of Francisco Montes, and since then has undergone but few changes. It consists essentially of a short jacket of silk of all the shades of blue, or of red, or the most delicate tones ranging from pastel-gray to water-green, covered with gold embroidery and gold spangles, scintillating in the sunlight like the dresses of ballet dancers in the stage lights. The jacket covers a waistcoat of the same silk and embroidery and stops above the waist, about which is tightly swathed a thin belt of silk of the same shade as the tie. The breeches, of the same material and color as the jacket, have a wide band of embroidery down the sides and close over pale pink stockings and leather flat-heeled pumps. The ancient hat has been replaced by the Andalusian "montera."

Still another innovation was

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brought about by the initiative of Joselito, the master who, now almost twenty years ago, fell by the horn of a bull unworthy of him, at Talavera de la Reina. It consisted of omitting the glass trinkets ornamentation and lightening the silk and embroidery.

It was not in vain that a century and a half of selective breeding managed to create strains of noble bulls, attacking straight and openly from the moment of their entrance into the arena until their death, charging from afar and pushing under the iron point when the picadors stop them with the spear, following the decoy and responding as often as desired to the challenge and defiance of the bullfighter. In order to lighten the play of cape and passes it was necessary to remove from the glittering costume any reminders of weighty armor, cut it from the most glamorous silks, embroider it with gold filigree which would cover it with sunshine without restricting the movements and without tiring the nimble dancing body underneath the brilliant armor. As to the parade cape which the matador continues to entrust, before beginning to fight, to the person whom he wishes to honor, who keeps it draped in front of her during the duration of the fight, it has become a luxury ornament, somewhat similar to a spiritual ornament, charged with registering glamor for the bullfighter.

In general, the gold embroidery on the silk of the costume is reserved for the matador, by which detail you will be able to pick him out during the play in the arena, while his aides, the people of his retinue, wear silver or black embroideries. But there is no hard and fast rule in this regard and you may sometimes see the matador with silver or black embroidery, like his men. And the picador, the degenerated descendant of the mounted knight of old, in what kind of costume does he play a role reduced to that of equestrian statue, who, close to the fence, waits to break the first rushes of the still unharmed bull? By his silver-embroidered jacket he reminds us that he is part of the glittering team. But the rest of his costume recalls the memory of the rough occupation of the old-time gladiator; in fact he wears the tight buckskin breeches, on top of which is a hidden plate armor to protect the right thigh and leg from the bull's horns. His head, all too often obliged to hit the wooden boards of the enclosure during falls, sports a wide, beaver, iron-lined hat. For he is the last warrior of the arena.

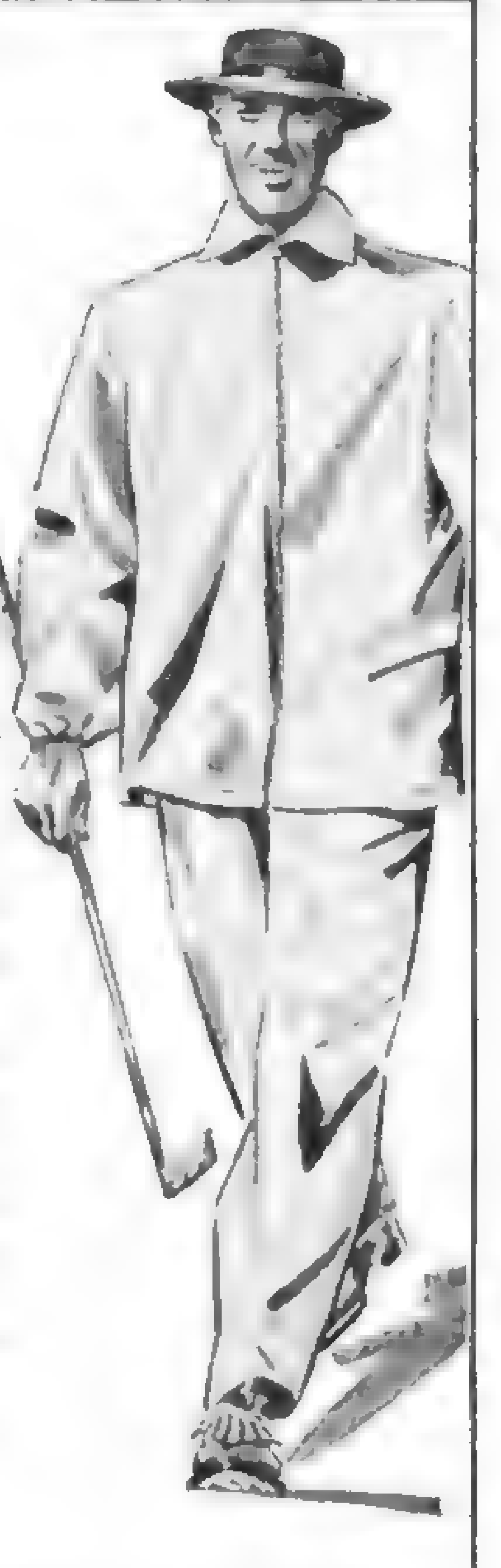
* * *

However, the heaviness of his costume, such as worn by the arena assistant, in the saddle or when picking himself up from the sand after a fall, and the padding which he moreover wears over the kidneys, do not prevent the picador from suffering miserably. While his master, the matador, dressed himself in his palatial quarters, surrounded by admirers and photographers, he has put on his harness all by himself, perspiring with fear. Alone he has arranged his padding, laced the leather bracelet which will prevent the tendons from being torn, around his wrist, gloved the two fingers of his right hand. He has buttoned with a buttonhook his buckskin breeches which he could hardly get on because the dry leather would not slide over the iron thigh plate. And there he is in the arena, pike in hand, his knees clenching the trembling, rearing horse, destined to receive and check the first monstrous charge of the bull. Often, in one spurt, the beast picks man and horse together on his horns and flings the group against the enclosure with the clatter of a truck dumping coal. The man's head crashes into the boards, the entire weight of the horse falls on his back; his body bruised from twenty years of show-life is often so ravaged by the shocks and internally rent that he winds up by dying, with skin intact and no wounds apparent.

The gilded costume of the matador, however, would seem to be secure from such misfortune, sheltered by its glory and glitter, its flowerlike delicacy and the fragility of the silks, against the cruel bruising falls. A dancer so airy, so elusive behind the flitting folds of the red cape, how can he be hurt by the weapon of the animal with which he toys? You will hear people assure you, a little indignant at the rule of so uneven a struggle: "The man? But he is never killed in this sport." Certain is it that it is not the silk which clothes him which will safeguard him from death. If you are present for the first time in your life while a bullfighter is dressing for the arena you will have no fears for him. Because you do not see him put on the coat of mail nor the hidden armor which he would wear if the game were to be mortally dangerous. Not even the padding and wrappings which he used until not long ago. Nothing must be allowed to coarsen his silhouette, destined to arouse the admiration of the women in the stands, nothing must mar his strut, his swagger.

You are sitting then in a corner of the room where his "valet of the sword" dresses him. This valet of the sword, simply an excellent personal servant, a dresser who would arouse the envy of many a so-called screen star. As long as you have not seen him doing the job from which he derives his name, that is, passing his master the sword for the kill from the arena passage, you will not even take him very seriously. He pulls the traditional pink stockings on over the white cotton ones while the young matador, brown and bronzed like a gypsy, yawns from enervation. What an ugly shade, that vivid pink. Then come, with only shorts underneath, not even any padding, the breeches, tight as can be, outlining the muscles of the thighs so that the matador

Continued on page 176



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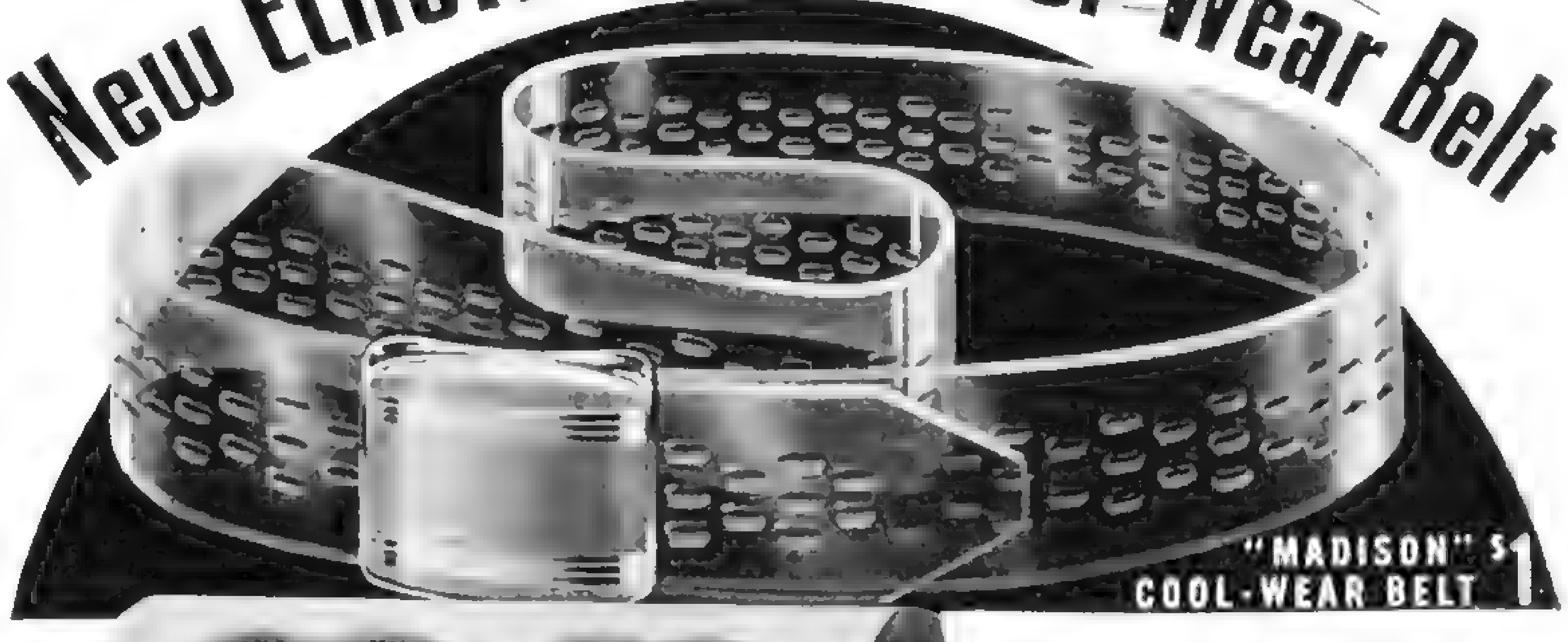

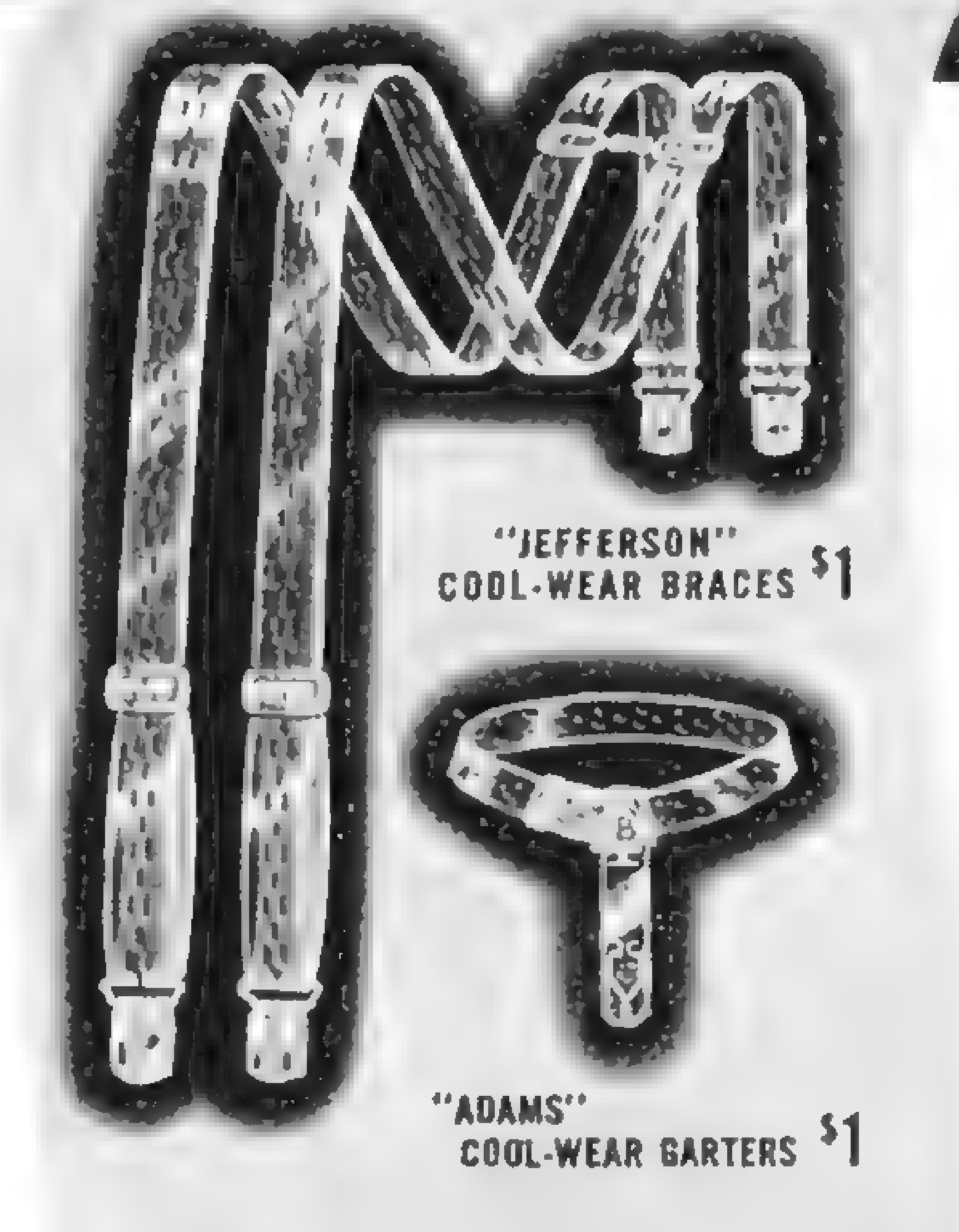

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The Glittering Costume

Continued from pages 57-175

will surely be incapable of doing a step or moving without splitting his silken sheath. Imagine a sprinter or boxer fitting his legs so tightly with embroidered silk that it almost paralyzes him.

But the matador has no need to run. His is an art of lingering and calm. He must incessantly control his nerves, domineer the bull, keep a majestic dignity. And if at any time, surprised by a reflex of the animal, he is obliged to flee, he must do so only reluctantly and for a few steps, braking on the tips of his pumps as soon as he is out of reach. The breeches then go on top of the shirt with the boiled front which reminds one of masculine elegance of another century, and step by step the matador rolls himself into the thin silk belt which is to gird his waist, restrain the slightly panting sides. However, if you do not perceive the secret twitches, the man's anguish while being dressed, you will not even recognize the oppression which makes him breathe uneasily and at times makes the adjusting difficult.

With his perspiration-moistened fingers he wants to knot the colored tie which cuts the boiled shirtfront. Then comes the waistcoat to take up the inward curve of the waist, girdling the back, of which the pride, the graceful arch, must be shown off during the fight, in contrast with the expanded upper torso.

This completes the casing of cotton and silk which fits every muscle of the bullfighter like a glove, lacking any lump or wrinkle into which a horn might hook. No one appears more slender, more proud of his thoroughbred's line than a fellow like Cagancho, the brown gypsy with the hazel eyes, who inherits, wherefrom no one knows, so superb a curve of hip and flank that he is nicknamed the "Pharaoh." Then, more than ever, you feel that the body is precious and anguish at perhaps seeing it torn, disfigured, soiled with bloodstains. Meantime the headdress, the black astrakhan montera, its hard lines erasing all expression of fear, has been put on the artificial hair knot. This imitation, hooked onto the real hair, replaces the traditional "coleta" nowadays, the lock which the toreador allowed to grow long and which was the hallmark of his profession.

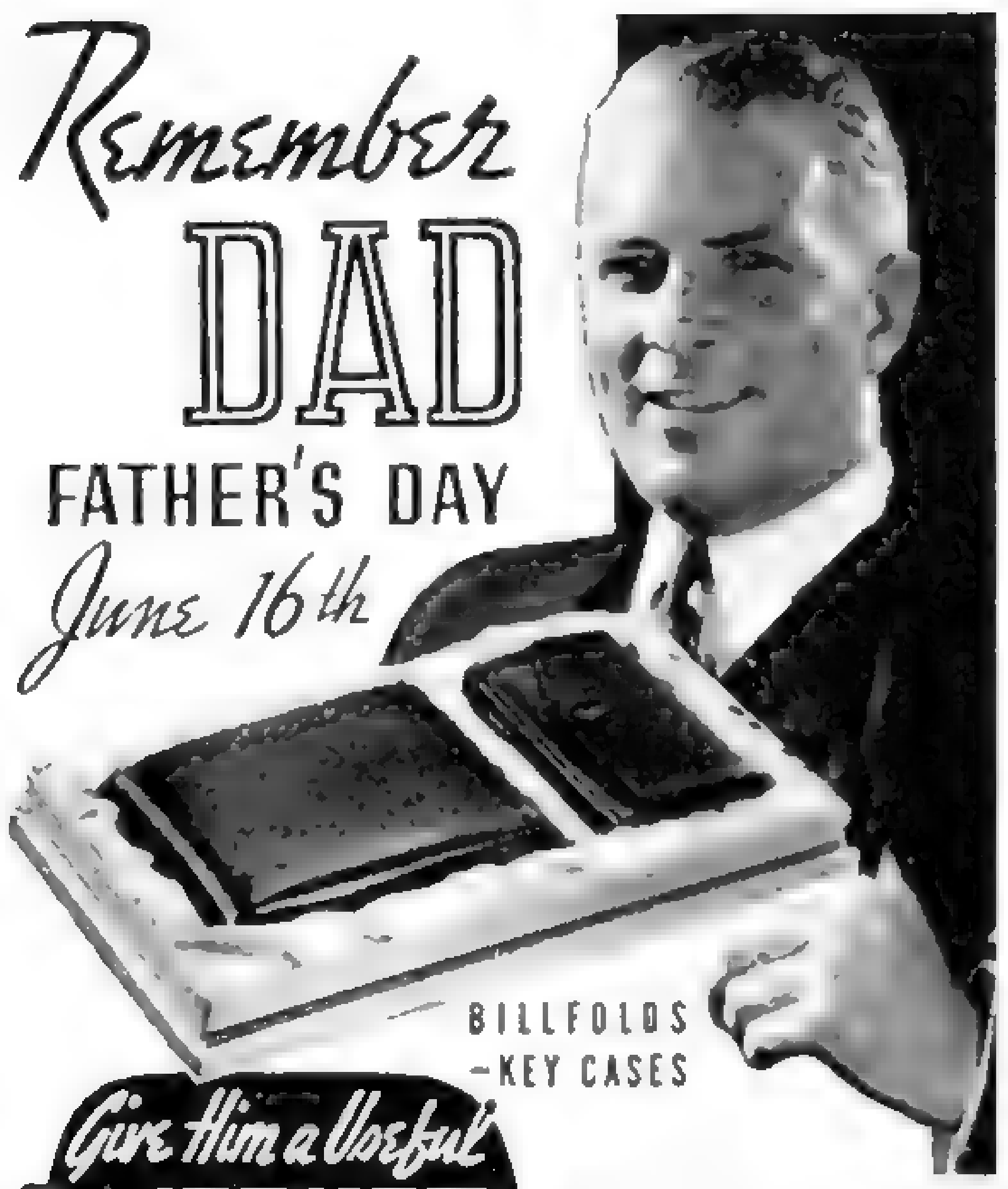
Only left to be put on now is the silk jacket, covered with gold, ornamentation and gem-encrusted flowers. Although it has been made even lighter since the time of Joselito, yet its weight would surprise you if you lifted it from the chairback over which it is draped. Seen from the back, no silk shows, only an expanse of gold and metal, giving the impression of an armor without vulnerable seams, surmounted by heavy epaulets which during the combat, seem to accentuate the dejection and misery in the man's back, bent under fatigue and the hooting of the crowd. Only under the armpits, uncovered in the arena by the armlifting while proffering the cape to the bull's horns, does the delicate plain pink or aquamarine silk show susceptible to injury. This happens when the keen point of the horn pierces between two ribs, making a deep gash through which the air gushing from the lung ejects a pink foam.

* * *

The costume has been so closely fitted by the tailor's art, a specialist in combining the ancient usage with the changing fashion and the delicate touch of the valet of the sword that no wrinkle exists in the skintight silk and gold of the puppet, nothing which offers a hold for a horn. This does not apply to the female bullfighter if she does not adopt breeches, finding them too unbecoming. The champion of women bullfighters, Juanita Cruz, does not wear breeches, but a skirt of the same color silk as her glittering jacket and embroidered on the sides in gold. Yet another death-inviting imprudence: on one occasion, in the arena of Madrid a few feet away from me I saw her get caught by the horns of a bull which she had just let pass, pulled along and thrown to the ground. There, as sometimes happens with a nervous, and maddened animal, the searching horn did not pick her up again. It resulted in only a rent and torn fancy-dress.

It is their lightness which saves these marionettes from a thousand deaths. If the bull could rip and kill them every time he seized them, threw them down or made them fly through the air, there would only be a few uninjured men at the end of a season, a few survivors. But the horn, in order to be murderous, requires a weight of flesh and bones, a sufficient resistance. There must be the weight of a body thrown up in the air and coming down full force on the point, impaling groin or armpit. It needs the resistance of a body, taut against the enclosure, like Granero's in the Madrid arena: the head butted against the wall, the horn of the bull Pocapena penetrated the right eye and bashed in the eye socket, striking through to the back of the skull till the finish.

However, if we count the victims of the glittering costume: for the season of 1934, which was the last of the old Plaza de Madrid, shrine of bullfighting, there were twelve dead, and forty gravely injured. For 1935: seven dead. These data ought to surprise those who, having sometimes attended the dressing of the kings of the arena, believe in good faith that the risks of the profession do not exceed those of a wrestler or an acrobatic dancer. But there is more than the deaths. To give the uninitiated and even certain disciples of the sport ignorant of its realism, an idea of the risk and



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suffering of the man, they should have described to them once the body hidden beneath the tinsel of that sparkling costume, which is no longer an armor but a starry ornament.

Unfortunately for those who take an interest in these secrets, tradition has up to now refused to unveil the bullfighter's body. And on the other hand the publicity of this show business has remained too primitive, too artless, to understand how it could have taken advantage of the emotional effect and curiosity with pathetic photographs of injuries. The rent flesh of the toreador is only seen under the lights of the operating table in the arena hospital, where the assistants, after dragging him away by the arms, have laid down the stricken man. The surgeon's aides uncover with difficulty the thighs gloved in skin-tight silk which refuses to be stripped off. Ironic modesty of the glittering costume. Sometimes the silk must be cut open with scissors. "Follow the embroidery" advised a very young fellow who, half unconscious through the loss of blood, at death's door, still thought of not letting so costly a costume be spoiled by scissor cuts through the embroidery. Then, the silk torn away, it is ascertained whether the horn, after having entered the inside surface of the thigh, having grazed its artery, has passed the threshold of the groin to puncture the abdomen. There is hardly a bullfighter who does not have it, this injury of the inside thigh and the abdomen, marked by a badly sewn scar, by frightful destruction of the muscular system. Come back to his hotel room with the harassed man who returns from the bullfight and who puts himself into the hands of his valet of the sword to be undressed. You will then see the glittering costume which he never peels off before the reporter's eye, which seems to be part of him, fall at his feet as if unfrocked and give up the secrets of his scarred flesh, tried by this most tragic of professions. The bullfighter is covered from head to foot with white marks on which the hair has not regrown. Leg injuries, destroyed hollows in the thighs, wounds of the lower abdomen. Horn stabs in the armpits, which have sometimes touched the lung, opening the way for tuberculosis, tears on neck and lips, white stripes on eyebrows or temples which end under the hair. And, on the admirable body of a Cagancho, the hornswipe which ripped his chest and glanced off on the medal of Christ, his charm, worn on the heart.

* * *

However, no matter what one may say, the glittering costume is far from falling into disuse or from seeing a finish of its prestige nor losing the charm it exercises over a Spanish or Mexican boy. Pessimists go around repeating that the sport of bullfighting is dying out, for a hundred reasons: because in these times such barbaric spectacles are no longer popular, because Spanish politics will no longer tolerate the conservation of a festival recalling origins which would be forgotten, because of the present decline of the bulls, quarrels between breeders, scandals of the bull business and lots of other things. Don't you see, people say to you, that the Spanish street urchins never play at bullfighting any more but make shots with balls of rags at imaginary goals? The brats of Madrid or Andalusia are supposed to dream only of football and the glory of a man like Zamora. I know very well that in Madrid for instance, there is no question of bullfighting during the week. One would say that the festival has been forgotten for the political crisis, the movies, or an international football match with Germany. But neglect to reserve your ticket well in advance and you will not find a single seat for the Sunday bullfight. The Plaza Monumentale, the new bullfighting ring of Madrid holding twenty-four thousand spectators, will be filled.

No, the glittering costume is not nearing its end. Add up, in the yearbook, the five or six hundred old or young toreadors who have fought this season. Because the sparkling costume and its regal luxury of gold and gem-encrusted silk is not only a traditional gladiator's garment, made to exalt the circus' glitter. It is a symbol of the luxurious life which only bullfighting gives a youngster the chance to attain in one lucky evening: one spring afternoon, when the snow-laden wind from the sierra is still cold, he needs but to set the vast Madrid crowd on fire with a few magic passes, the fickle public which makes and breaks the stars. How many young men I know who suffer night and day in the torment and desire to be allowed to fight two bulls before the Madrid crowd. When will the manager engage them? They have saved up the money necessary to buy or at least rent, their first glittering costume.

They think of the glory of Belmonte, the one-time king of the arena. They see him again, working in an inn in Valencia, an entire night, by the flame of a candle, to repair the miserable glittering costume which he had with difficulty managed to rent from a theatrical dressing room, and in which he was to score one of his first triumphs the next evening. Why shouldn't they be future Belmontes? To them it seems as if Fortune herself will touch them when they shall appear in the arena, the parade cape on their shoulders, all the sunlight playing on their gold embroidery, following them like a searchlight following a stage dancer. But does none of them think of the sky blue and gold costume of his youth which Ignacio Sanchez Mejias, making a comeback when almost fifty, put on again six years ago, and which, stained with sweat and blood, was to be his shroud in death? None. #

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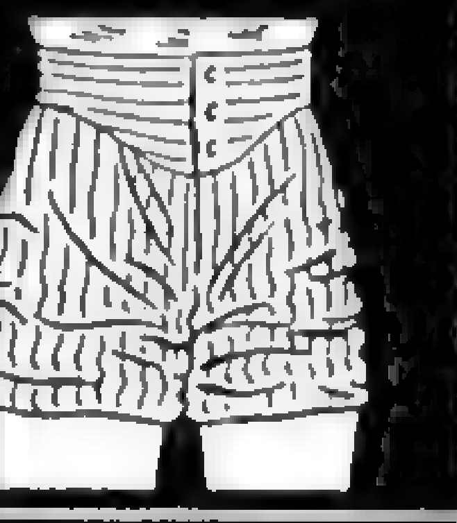

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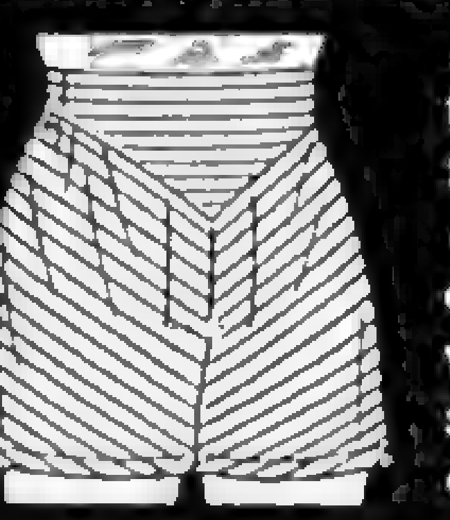

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 96

all about the art of jiu-jitsu.

Chrysanthemum is not merely a food and a decoration in Japan; it is also the symbolic flower of the country, and of the Imperial family. The royal family eats the flowers in salad form to this day. In Japan it is not a mere temporary craze; great quantities grow right in the Imperial gardens; and each October there is a chrysanthemum-gathering festival there at which the royal gardeners pile up the flowers in neat little heaps in The Presence, and in the presence of several hundred guests. Chrysanthemum salad has not much flowery scent, as you might think; and to deprive the flowers of all their characteristics, a sourish dressing flavors the salad. It tastes not unlike rhubarb.

I wish I hadn't sold the excellent and very interesting Greek-Roman cookery book that Marcel Vertès, the painter, once gave me; then I could tell you how Xenophon liked his salads and how he mixed them. For the author of the *Anabasis*, *Hellenica*, and *Cyropoedia*, the famous Athenian general, pupil of Socrates and the first gentleman rider in history, was a great salad-fancier. It is an established fact that the Romans first discovered that acid and oil blended well; and they loved onions.

Among other famous men, Newton was addicted to salads. Poor great man; posthumously I feel sorry for him; for England was never a good place for salads; they, like so many other foods, as a rule are commonplace there. The British pay little attention to certain regulations that must be rigorously observed in salad-making.

For instance the leaves of the salad must be wiped dry after washing. This seemingly unimportant detail is vital. Then it is best to mix the dressing first, place it in the bottom of the salad bowl, and poise the wooden fork and spoon in it. Then pile the leaves on top. This procedure will separate the salad from the dressing until you are ready to use it. Salad must never be mixed with the dressing before you are actually ready to eat it; the pre-prepared salad accounts for the wilting of the leaves and that stale, rancid taste. Then quickness in the amalgamating of the greens and the dressing counts too; and the salad must be awfully well mixed with the dressing, yet without breaking the leaves. This calls for dexterity, efficiency and gentleness, three virtues that enter into many phases of life . . .

As to ingredients, nothing is more important than the dressing. Even the salad leaves themselves are less important, because such humble flora as weeds and dandelions, water cress and chervil, corn salad and purslane, all make delicious salads—if the right ingredients are used in the right proportions. Walking through a meadow, you don't have to be a botanist to pick your own salad: you'll leave alone oleanders, narcissus and passion flowers; the beautiful, dark-violet Love-in-the-Mist, and the tall Love-lies-Bleeding will leave you cold, and you will stoop eagerly for a few endives. The leaves are the easy half of this whole salad business; the tough parts, the other elements. Major Archibald T. . . . . . , famous British gunnery expert long stationed in India, knew this. He knew how difficult it was to get good oil or vinegar at the officers' mess or at restaurants. So the major, whose picture you may easily imagine if you think of the standardized caricature of Colonel Blimp, carried around a good-sized leather suitcase whenever he set out for his bachelor meals. The suitcase was neatly packed with bottles of vinegar, oil, and all sorts of other stuff for making salads. Ingeniously, a porcelain salad bowl was strapped on the back of the lid; and this was shaped appropriately, not unlike a steel helmet. The major ate his soup and meat courses only because he knew that these lesser pleasures were inevitably followed by a real one: the salad. When he started to make his salad, he was a new man. He looked like an alchemist about to discover the secret of synthetic gold. The major brought forth his test tubes, and measured like an apothecary; he looked as though he were also weighing in his mind great decisions about an extra drop or so of oil. He used no less than eleven different vinegars in one salad of a few leaves. Among his bottles was one not unlike a tiny perfume bottle; this contained his most expensive vinegar, allegedly fifty dollars' worth in American money. Major T. . . . . . very graciously gave me a recipe; but lacking the prescribed ingredients, unavailable to anyone but a salad fanatic, I have never tried to make it.

The vinegar in the salad must be so mellow that even if you use a bit more than you intended to in making the dressing, the excess is hardly detectable. Vinegar is produced through the fermentation of alcoholic liquids by various processes. It is really dilute acetic acid. However, this vital part of a salad cannot be described so simply as all that.

There is wine vinegar, malt or beer vinegar, white vinegar and cider vinegar; tarragon vinegar is made in various ways, usually by steeping one cup tarragon leaves in five cups vinegar, then cooling, straining and bottling. Another vinegar is made of corn, barley, malt and rye. But the real thing is wine vinegar, homemade with the aid of the vinegar plant, a fungus, called *mère* in France, *mother* in English. The fungus is put in a bottle with a little parsley, tarragon, and shallots, and wine-dregs are poured over it; in a few weeks you have the best vinegar there is.

You can buy all sorts of vinegars, good and bad, in the market, and don't be surprised if the good ones cost a lot. I recommend wine and tarragon vinegar, and refuse to comment on all other kinds. If your taste runs to less acid, use lemon instead.

Olive oil, the real stuff, must come from the Mediterranean, but it is not bound to nationalities; it may be Italian, Greek, Spanish, or French. "Bau," a Spanish oil, used to be exceedingly good; but they tell me that real Bau oil is getting very rare nowadays. Dark green is a better color than golden for olive oil, and personally I like a thinnish oil for my own salads. New York's First Avenue, around Tenth and Eleventh Streets, is the place for a gourmet to go for his oil. Here are little Italian stores that sell more than two hundred different kinds. On Staten Island there are another score of stores, selling wholesale to other merchants and retail to those in the know. A gallon of fine olive oil here costs less than a quart does from the grocers, who have to make more profit to pay their rent.

Now for mustard: some men prefer the dry English powder variety for salads; I am among them. Others, again, insist on a really superb mustard like the mild, expensive Dijon variety or the one called Bordelais. Frenzel's Düsseldorfer Löwensenf, a German mustard, is excellent. American mustards are also very good, but a bit too mild for my palate. Stubborn or indolent people don't put mustard in a dressing at all; but they will never get a perfect salad, which simply must have mustard in it.

Just like salt and pepper. The majority of people put too little salt in the salad, and thus fail to bring out all the flavors of the greens. The best way to use pepper on a salad, as on anything else, is out of a pepper-mill.

In this column I have undertaken to deal with the green salads; meat, lobster, and fish salads and fruit salads each call for another chapter. I insert a few recipes at the end; but remember that inventions in salad making are not discouraged like inventions in other channels of the culinary art; every man should have his own salad, and should experiment to discover new ones. Though there are millions of salad dressings in this world, the best is still the very simplest French dressing, made of olive oil, wine vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper, and nothing, but *nothing* else. Exception to prove the rule: a little chopped tarragon helps. In the matter of garlic, just as no hotel has one bedbug, there is no such thing as a little garlic.

A COMPLICATED FRENCH DRESSING: Olive oil, vinegar, salt, celery salt, pepper, sugar, paprika, kitchen bouquet, Lea and Perrins, Tabasco.

(1) Soak and wash thoroughly a head of cauliflower. Wash and soak a bunch of small carrots. Clean a white turnip, and rinse a cucumber. This salad may be made with lettuce or any other good green, except cabbage, which doesn't fit with the cauliflower and turnip. Wash, dry and arrange your greens in a bowl. Scrape up the carrot; break up the cauliflower fleurettes into pieces. Slice the cucumber thin, leaving the skin on. Slice the turnip thin as paper. French dressing. This salad should be iced.

(2) Take 3 large Italian onions (purple) and slice them very thin. Also slice a cucumber very thin. Put a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom of the salad dish; then put a layer of onions; then another layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of cucumbers, then bread crumbs, then onions etc., until you have filled the bowl. Ice this very cold. Dress it with French dressing about one-half hour before serving.

(3) One head of lettuce. One bunch of watercress, some small radishes. Wash and dry the lettuce. Soak and dry the watercress. The goodness of the salad lies in being sure the watercress is dry. Put your lettuce in the bowl, then spread the watercress on it. Cut the radishes paper-thin, and put them in last. Drench with French dressing just before serving. This salad is excellent with a fairly heavy meal; its taste serves as a tonic. ⫲

Eating 'Round the Map

Continued from page 83

a cheeseburger, a nuttiburger, a chiliburger, a giantburger or an appleburger?"

I looked a little confused. She explained;—"Well, a cheeseburger is made with cheese, a nuttiburger has nuts and so forth."

I said:—"No thanks, I'll just have a plain hamburger."

She looked disappointed, tripped away and returned with something enormous wrapped in pale blue tissue paper with a lace paper ruffle on it. I bit into it and recoiled in dismay. "But I ordered a plain hamburger," I demurred.

She smiled patiently:—"That's what you got, sir. Our plain burgers have nothing but a slice of tomato, a slice of raw onion, a leaf of lettuce, relish, mayonnaise, pickle, mustard, cole slaw, chowchow and let's see—have I forgotten anything? Oh yes, some fresh chopped beef!"

The hamburger has become the National Dish of Hollywood as you can see.

The only good food around Hollywood exists in the Mexican quarter, and all you need to down the fiery frijole, the omnipresent chili and the corny tamale and hot enchilada is a leather-lined interior and a Mexican futility.

As for the cooking in the California forgotten lands, it's sub-Texas. Spurned by the coyotes, it is whipped up from lack of good water, meat and energy—just a delicious olla podrida of tumbleweed, hamburger, sand and dried beans.

Glamour de table d'hôte exists in San Francisco. Whether it is because the good San Franciscans are not really Californians but ordinary human beings like you and maybe me, I wouldn't know—but they somehow manage to snag succulent vegetables, get good roasts of beef and lamb and the chefs to cook them deliciously. I'll wager there are more gourmets in Frisco than Paris and more barbarians in Hollywood than the Cannibal Isles.

As for the Great Northwest, if you care for a steady diet of salmon, apples and roses—that's your country. Personally I cannot stomach the pink fish which requires canning, mayonnaise, capers, onions and salading to make it palatable—*i. e.*, to forget the original taste of. I like my fish to leap from the sea into the frying pan and salmon doesn't leap out of the State of Oregon very well. In a pinch, the Washington state habit of cooking apples in wine might pass because of the wine (I think we've been overappled as a nation) but the Great Northwest, while it has produced a hardy lot of rugged pioneers, doesn't produce the good rich sauces of Bordeaux.

Moving Eastward from the Pacific let us pass hurriedly over the wild and woolly west. This is the Great Uncooked Heart of America—filled with dyspeptic savages, gaunt from eating stews of sand, gila monsters, boiled steer skeletons and rattlesnakes—washed down with great gulps of red squirrel whiskey. Not that this hasn't made for a mighty breed of mighty tough hombres, who, on such a diet have bit off the heads of the law and spit them out, but it has not really added anything to the cookbook. Here and there you'll find a good coffee shop at a good hotel, or a transplanted Eastern mother who hasn't lost the knack for popovers and flannel hash. True, Phoenix, Arizona puts out a nice homegrown lettuce salad; Utah is distinguished for the oatmeal cookies Brigham Young had eighteen of his wives constantly baking for his sweet tooth; and Idaho grows a well-baked potato. True, too, Colorado features venison steaks and Apache bread made of white and yellow cornmeal and no ground pioneer scalp; while New Mexico makes up a wonderful Mexican dish in technicolor of eggs with red or green ranchera sauce but Wild West cooking is too full of bullets and hunks of saddle leather to set well on the tenderfoot Eastern stomach.

Undoubtedly the Continental Divide marks the dead low of our nation's eating. No wonder the Wild Westerner is so wild:—dull and lax and no energetic, creative dynamo.

Moving Eastward now on the Blue Plate Special, I should dearly like to pass quickly over Texas, the home of the maverick, the ambitious Garner and the bum steer. Unfortunately anyone who has tried to pass over Texas quickly knows this is impossible. So let us pause a few giant paragraphs and hang a wreath of wilted spinach leaves on the brows of the cooks of dear old Texas. I have already dwelled on the disillusionment coming to the one who hopes for a thick, sizzling planked steak around Texas—with all the trimmings. More likely he'll get a good rich soup brewed of sunparched steer horns, a couple of twenty-minute-boiled, cold-storage eggs

Continued on page 180

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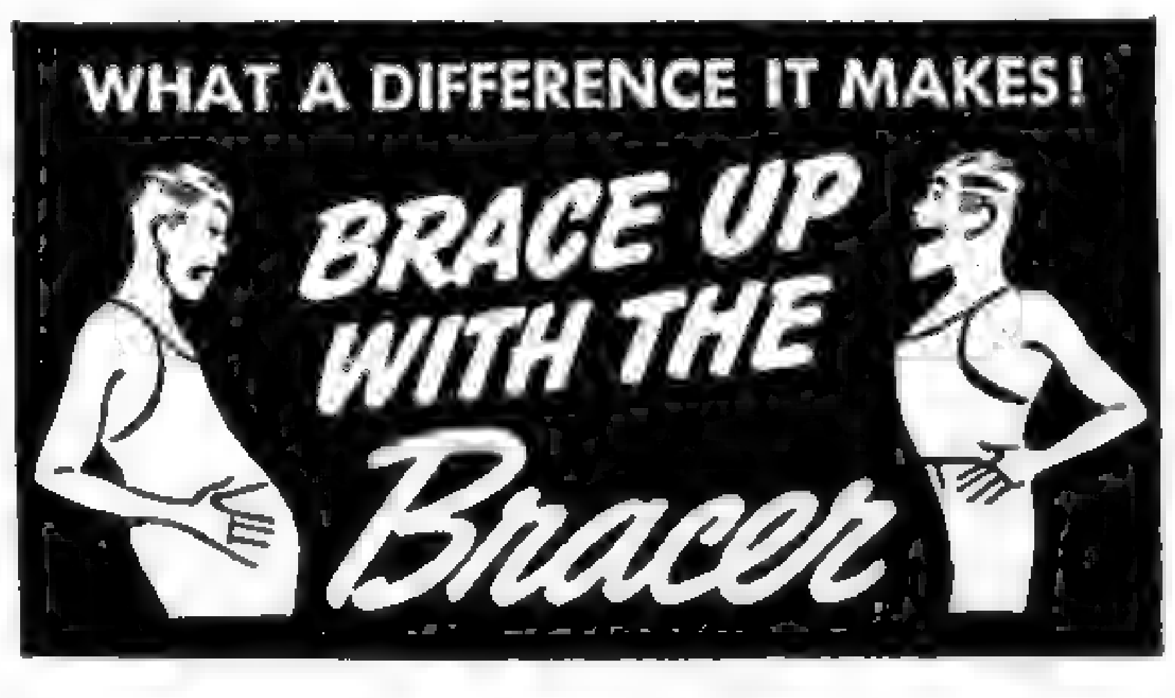
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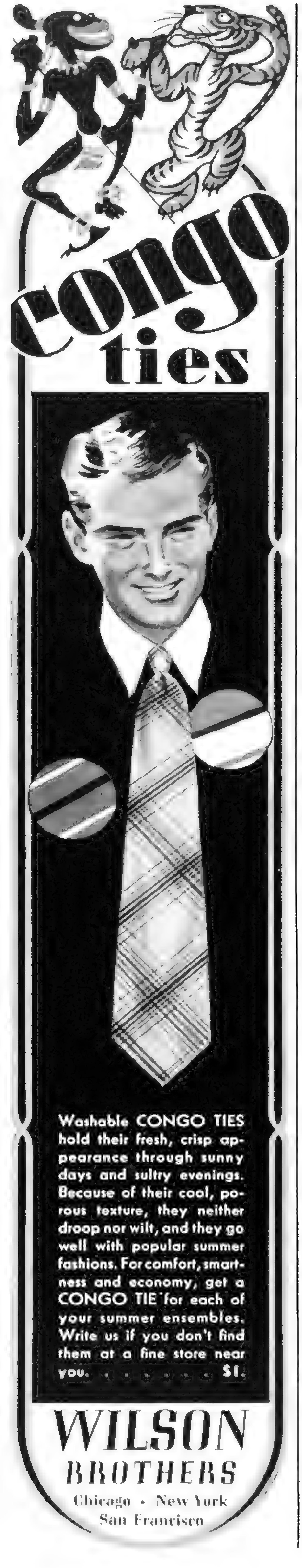

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Eating 'Round the Map

Continued from pages 83-179

and a choice of any flavored shimmy dessert. Only in the railroad station situps is one likely to approach civilized feedbagging. Generally Texas eating is designed for the cowpuncher. This laddie likes his sauces flavored with tobacco juice—taken on horseback. If Texas eating were human—Texas singing would be human too—not so mournful and full of dead dogies, which I am certain are served in cowboy ranchhouses. You know—hot dogies! With canned beans, and floods of ketchup.

As for those famous Texan Bar-B-Q's in which whole oxen and pigs are roasted to within an inch of heavenly flavor—find me one in the entire jumbo state and I'll eat it—ox, hide, bar-b-q ashes and all. I've never seen a bar-b-q pit outside Hollywood stars' houses—where they get hundreds of world-famous guests together and make hamburgers!

Of course there are no fresh vegetables in Texas. Texans don't know what they are and think them sissy besides. I've spent many nights in Texas listening to what I used to imagine to be the howls of the coyote under the Texas moon. Actually they're the howls of the Texans stricken with ptomaine.

The silent Dakotas feature a nice breakfast of raw oats, fried potatoes and a little broiled game like field mice; and Kansas eats its raw oats with pork and mustard sauce (or varies it with dried limas and boiled pork); and Nebraska stuffs itself on popcorn, stewed corn, raw corn and feedcorn three or four times a day. While a steady diet of corn made the Indians rough and tough, look what it did for them in time. Incidentally the Nebraska football team grows enormous on corn but it takes a fob-sized guard brought up on Eastern city smoke and a well-cooked Irish stew to bowl him over with a sneeze. Must be the puff in the popcorn that does for the Nebraskan leather toters.

Shifting southward again we will ignore the Bob Burns country around Arkansas and Oklahoma for little is known of the hillbilly folk except they eat their surplus young, as long as the youngsters are cooked with a piece of hog-belly or sidemeat. Ozarkians can eat hog and hominy from morning till night and usually do. There are some who may rhapsodize over the leg of the jumping frog fried in the Arkansas manner, followed by Arkansas jelly pie; or Oklahoma chicken-and-corn pie—but your true Ozarkian hates such dishes without the inevitable hunk of sow belly tucked in the dish. No wonder pellagra is a favorite Ozark dish.

It is in the Northern States immediately abutting the Mississippi that we meet with the first civilized eating man. Immediately around the Great Lakes vast quantities of game, fish, good meat, milk, eggs, poultry and vegetables abound. This should make for pretty good eating and usually does.

Chicago undoubtedly broils the second best steak in America, next to Eastern points. Reason for this runner-up position:—Meat around Chicago isn't aged and fuzzed enough to be as good as it should be. As for Chicago eating, it would be better if the Windy Folk didn't consume so much meat. Look what too much beef has done to the English.

St. Paul, Minnesota is the great game center of the country and the true game gourmet there has reached the point where he cannot abide his wild duck if it's been roasted more than five minutes. Thus I have been horrified to see a gentleman-cook friend of mine toss a duck in the oven, close the door, open it immediately, rush it to the table and begin eating it as it spouted blood. "That's the only way it's edible," he confided as he offered me a hunk. "Only I'm afraid this one's overdone!"

I refused and asked him why he bothered shooting it, why he didn't eat the poor bird on the wing, so to speak—but he thought the feathers wouldn't be very good. St. Paul folk do better with buffalo and reindeer steaks, which they allow to broil into some semblance of medium rareness. I prefer the St. Paul picnic to these formal, bloody, lavish, vampire feasts. St. Paul knows how to picnic.

I doff my picnic basket to them. No thing of wilted lettuce and tomato sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, squashed baloney sandwiches, cold coffee and ants, the St. Paul picnic is a French cookbook on toast on a lush green by a lovely Minnesota lake.

The rest of the Middle West I would characterize as a pioneer version of New England cooking, recently influenced by the woman's magazine, or marshmallow-and-carrot-salad school.

Which, ladies and gentlemen, brings us right smack up against the ivy hung, poet sung mattah of suth'n cookin', suh!

I once ate in a boarding house down in one of the magnolia ridden states. We had blackeyed beans, greens (or dampish green dishrags I never could decide which), hominy grits, yams, corn fritters (made of good rich gneiss), scalloped tomatoes, rice and gravy, fresh carrots and peas mixed, sweet potato pie and baked chicken. It was all suth'n style, including gilt furniture, and two mammies in mobcaps who circulated sociably around the huge table trying to induce the guests to get all this food on one plate. One old gentleman from the North, and consequently with no manners, suddenly clutched his beard and exclaimed, "Oh my God, I swallowed my plate!"

"That wasn't yo' plate," explained one of the mammies composedly. "That was jes' a piece of good old south'n-frahd chicken!"**

However, not all Southern chicken is as hard as this particular chicken turned out to be. And there are a lot of places in the South where quality as well as quantity is the rule. Now in Charleston, South Carolina, they make wonderful oyster stew. And Alabama makes the best corn bread in the world. The French influence down around the mouth of the Mississippi brings out a soup that you positively cannot find anywhere else but in New Orleans, for the reasons that nowhere else can the ingredients be found at hand so cheaply and profusely and constantly. Give the Creole a potful of shrimps, a keg of oysters, a dozen live lobsters, a bathtubful of crabs, a few bottles of sherry, a coop of chickens, a cartful of okra, a pile of file powder and plenty of time and you'll get a gumbo fit for kings, gods and human beings. The trouble with Southern cooking is that the Creoles don't do it all. Anyone who can humanize tripe has genius. The unfortunate thing about New Orleans is that it's so far away from anywheres. This Creole menu includes Crayfish bisque, onion soup that's envied in Paris, frog's legs, mackerel broiled with almonds atop, and they even make the best pecan pie in the world. Yes, there's a dish called Creole brains, which I go for like a Scotchman snaps at porridge. Incidentally, it must be admitted ruefully that Kentucky while it is known for its fine women and horseflesh, doesn't produce much of anything but syllabub and juleps. These act as antidotes to the meals served there, which are just plain Southern cooking.

Frankly for everyday cooking in the South give me the greens cooked all day with white meat, plus the plain cornmeal-and-water pone to dunk in the greens potlicker. I much prefer it to the elaborate hocus-pocus of the fried chicken, etc. This is the staple Negro diet in Mint Julep land, and has given the colored race the best digestion and health in the South.

In passing, it must be noted that Florida, which is really California with alligators instead of movie producers, cooks almost as atrociously as our Far West Monarchy. Like California it ships all its fresh produce to the North or to the cannery. Most Florida vegetables are picked with a can opener. Meat is tropic poor; fish is the only edible *pièce de résistance* and only

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**The old gentleman could never be induced to eat anything but hominy grits as long as he remained in the South—that mystery dish which looks so uncompromisingly white and unpleasant I have never dared taste it. Usually a large island of butter lies isolated in the grits' cold white heart. I'd no more think of swallowing a large hunk of butter than I would a large hunk of gold. Grits have a way of turning up everywhere in Southern life. I've often expected to find a dish of them tucked under my pillow when I've tucked in at night.

then if cooked alive and not allowed to age in the sun. In Key West, where there is no fresh water or vegetable, one lives entirely on fish. Florida veggies, if obtainable, do have flavor, however; oranges are cheap and prolific but I'll be darned if I didn't get canned orange juice in Jacksonville last spring!

The best cooking by population is found along the Atlantic Coastline, from Charleston, north. Chesapeake oysters are the biggest and best in the world (they're less fishy tasting than their Washington cousins) and the Baltimore cullid boys know how to fry them, stew them, brown them, pan them till the edges just curl and no more, adding paprika and onions. There are quite a raft of excellent sturdy Dutch dishes around Eastern Pennsylvania which is the sauerkraut belt. These include braised sauerkraut and pigs' knuckles, sauerkraut in cream, Schnitz and Knöpf, and solid Dutch baking. The East's chief atrocity is a mystery dish called Philadelphia Scrapple. To me it resembles congealed glue studded with brads and tastes like soggy wallpaper, fresh-scraped from an old wall.

As for the New England States, the cooking here remains Colonial Tory, or excellent. While I have never been one to feel a breakfast, dinner, lunch and tea was a dismal washout if it didn't contain a New England boiled dinner, still if properly cooked and served piping hot, this makes a sound dish once in a while fit for king or cop. A Maine or Massachusetts fish chowder is definitely something to fill any bathtub with and then get into and proceed to devour, and I take a neutral ground on whether it should be made with tomatoes or without, as long as it is made without. Incidentally Maine wrongly gets screen credit for being the original home of chowder. Actually Massachusetts thought it up first. But the crabby old Maine ladies do wonderful things with anything fishy and of course you don't have to be sold on the virtues of the bean and the cod when a Boston Cabot cook attacks them with sauce and fire. Whether the bean is baked with molasses or without is another matter which fails to bother me as long as it's baked with. The rest of New England cooks well but unimaginatively. Vermont doesn't offer much besides flannel cakes made palatable by that good nut-brown maple syrup unless it's fried granite. If Vermonters ate better they'd warm up to the world.

All of which leaves us face to face with the undeniable fact that New York City provides the best meals and cooking in this country, in fact, in probably the whole world. I say this in strict deference to my front teeth, which I naturally expect to have knocked out by return mail. But how can New York miss?

I have already stated that the best cooking is done in places that have the best cooks. New York has the most money and gets the best cooks. Where does the cream of the crop wind up when it leaves the packing house, the lettuce field, the orange grove? In New York. Furthermore New York has the advantage of housing everything the Tower of Babel did. You have only to hop a New York subway or bus and you can eat of the ambrosia of Olympus or Mississippi (chilled oranges, sugar and grated cocoanut), the carrot pie of Nevada, the Yorkshire pudden of England, the Gumbo z'Herbes of Louisiana, the chop suey of Chinatown but not China, the sashimi (raw fish) and sukiyaki of China's dearest friend, Japan, Virginia squab in cornmeal, almond pie, Russian borsch, chiav (sourgrass soup), the gefülte fish of Old Jerusalem, Armenian dishes of lamb and rice in grape leaves, the gedampfte brust und potato Klassen of a sensible Germany, Syrian honey desserts or roast Navajo rattlesnake. You can have any kind of cooking in any language—usually cooked by experts. I am sure if you wanted roast or boiled missionary in New York you could get it.

With fresh vegetables.

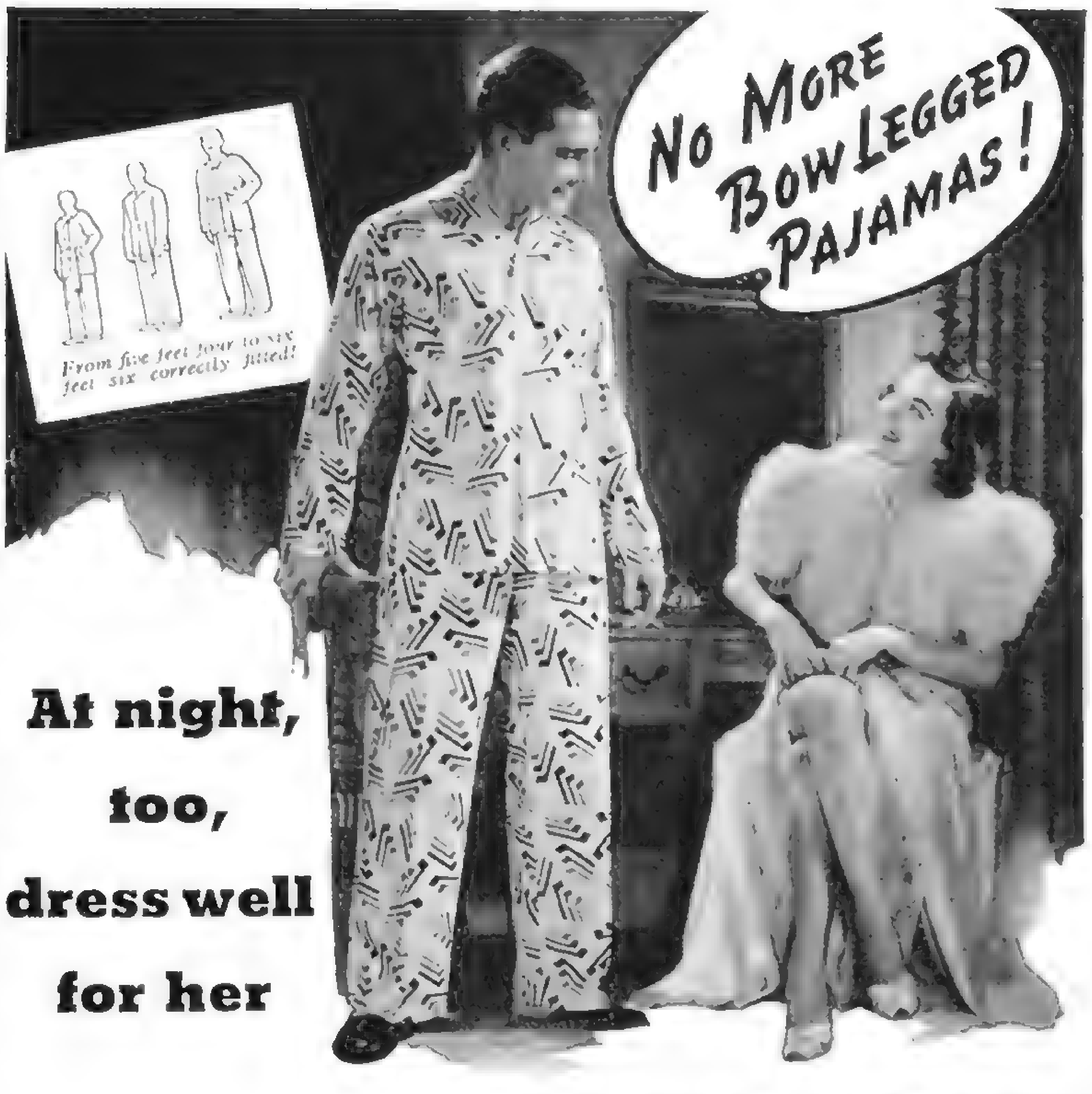
Which is as it should be.

It would be idiotic for me to assert that only in New York can a decently cooked meal be had. New York will provide you as poor a meal as you can get in Gripe, Arizona. And I am sure that somewhere in Gripe, Arizona you can approximate as good a meal as you can get in New York. But I defy you to prove that Gripe, Arizona, or any but the largest cities in America can provide as variegated, interesting, or well-cooked meals as New York does. Where every part of the country has contributed one or more original dishes to the world's menu, New York hasn't really ever invented a single dish—yet provides them all.

In other words, the answer is this:—Modern transportation has broken down the old traditional eating habits, largely crammed with unpalatable dishes. The old days when a canned vegetable was looked on as a miracle indeed and broke up the monotony of eating dried foods in winter, have passed. Today people are beginning to shun canned vegetables. Why eat them when it's possible to get peaches from South Africa in midwinter and early green peas the year round from the pod? We have learned the secret of the most esoteric dish the world over, marvelous inspired dishes invented by gustatorial geniuses, which have given enjoyment to the eye, and nose and palate for centuries.

Theoretically we should all eat like New Yorkers.

But alas! We don't. The secret of good eating is good cooking. While food has improved somewhat the country over, it still has a long way to go before it betters the standard set by the average dog wagon or college cafeteria vitamin slaughterer. And Texas and the bad bicarbonate lands must be civilized somehow. ⧺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I Told My Old Man

Continued from page 50

fool of yourself tomorrow?" I said, checking him at the hallway.

"Nope," he answered, "if that's the way you figure it."

"You know you're playing ball out of your league when you start messing around with someone else's strike."

"Transportation is a vital function of the modern city," he recited. "Trucks are a public utility today like gas and electricity. You can't deprive this city of its food and goods for the sake of a few truck drivers."

"You talk like those books you have been reading. Remember you are fifty-two; you've got a family. Those are tough babies in that market. If you go, don't expect to come back with your skin on."

"We'll see," he said, taking on a lofty look. "It's time those smart alecs found out the responsible people of this community won't be dictated to by labor radicals!" He turned toward the stairs.

"Listen, father!" I pleaded. "I'm a reporter. I've been covering that strike. It's tough. There are things going on down there you don't know anything about—things I haven't even dared to print. Now, please believe me. Don't go down there tomorrow!"

He just looked at me and snorted and stomped up the stairs.

"Remember I told you!" I called after him.

* * *

When I came downstairs at five o'clock next morning, my mother was getting breakfast. "Do you think anything will happen to him?" she asked. "He's such a dear fool. He's still sleeping—maybe he won't wake up in time." The tremor in her voice choked me up.

"He'll be all right," I lied. "I'll take care of him."

The marketplace was empty when I got there. Its scrambled confusion of shacks, open stalls, shops, great warehouses, and the buildings of the produce companies sprawled throughout the four-block-square area. It stank with rotting perishables, unmoved in weeks because of the strike. Windows were boarded up for protection against bricks.

The strikers arrived first, ready for their daily stint of making certain that no trucks moved from the marketplace. Most of them were right guys, hard working men with families and a grievance and reverence for the Bible and the American flag. They didn't worry me, but one thing did. Gradually, unobtrusively, the mob men were coming into town. They were the professional strikers, swarming across country like great apes from one industrial disturbance to another—always in the front rank where trouble might start. They were the troublemakers, the scum of the cauldron, men who lived by the differences among their fellow men. I knew they were killers.

As the crowd grew slowly to mob size the police came on duty, guarding the main thoroughfares to and from the marketplace, some holding riot guns that glinted threateningly in the sun. With two photographers from the paper I climbed to a tin roof jutting out over the sidewalk from one of the produce company buildings in the center of the market. We forced a window of one of the offices to get at a telephone. And at ten minutes after seven the vigilantes arrived.

There must have been two thousand of them. They marched four abreast in a long column into the marketplace, looking as if someone had costumed them for a James Fenimore Cooper novel. Some of the young bloods wore white polo helmets and barred jerseys, using their sawed-off mallets for clubs. Others of the gentry were tricked out in football headgear, shoulder pads and shinguards. The scarlet coats of gentlemen riders flamed out against the doeskin jackets of the sportsmen. There were red hunting caps stuffed with paper to soften the anticipated blows, hobnailed boots and fancy summer sneakers, sheepskin coats and lumberjack shirts. One portly old gentleman, whose middle was running away with him, had on an enormous blue turtlenecked sweater with a prominent Y in front. He carried a double-barreled shotgun. The whole motley procession came down into the square as if they were following the Pied Piper of Hamlin—and, as a matter of fact, they were.

They broke ranks below me and I began recognizing faces as the column came in. The power boys of the town were there, all right, and they were certainly a de luxe outfit in those clothes. I couldn't have flipped a cigarette butt off my tin roof without burning up a couple of vice presidents. Harvard men were a dime a dozen. I saw few bankers and no insurance salesmen, but customers' men and practicing attorneys were there like flies on the under side of a dead haddock. The police were snickering their heads off and the vigilantes seemed to think it was a lark. I didn't see my Old Man anywhere.

I got the desk on the phone and gave a rewrite man all I had. When I finished, my city editor came in on the wire. "Kid," he expounded, "you've got the elements there, you've got the elements! Now, when the joint blows up, give me details—details, understand! I'm sending Dick down to help you." He hung up and I went to look for my Old Man.

The vigilantes had split up into companies, one to each entrance to the market place, and tramped off to their posts. The idea was to keep the strikers out and get the trucks rolling. I walked along the edge of the market place, estimating the number of strikers at the street intersections and praying my Old Man had overslept. There were about five thousand strikers there now, and they were getting ugly. Those red coats of the vigilantes goaded them like bulls. I didn't like the undercurrent of savageness I felt in the jibes that came from the truck drivers. Most of them had clubs and I saw some murderous-looking lead pipes tucked in under a few belts. I was watching an old hag in a derby hat without a top pelting the red-shirted boys with rotten eggs when I saw my Old Man.

He was clad in the khaki wool hunting outfit he wore when we went north into Canada each fall to shoot deer. He was wearing hunting boots and a canvas duck hat. Hanging by a leather thong from his wrist was one of my old baseball bats, cut down, and I saw the bulge on his hip where the .38 was. He was trying to look tough and I was so embarrassed for him I wanted to run away. He peered around and saw me standing there.

"Hello, son," he said, his cheeks redding up a bit, "you working hard?" I guess that was his idea of a wisecrack at the time. He looked a little sheepish and I could see he was scared.

"I'm working, all right," I said, "but this is my job. Yours is the drug business. Father, will you please get out of here while there's time. Tell these guys anything."

"You know I can't go now," he cut in, his jaw firming up. "I never quit on anyone yet and I'm not starting now."

And I knew he'd stay if it killed him. I was reaching for another argument when I heard a truck backfire down in the market. They were moving out with the first load. It was like touching off nitroglycerin. The roar that thundered round the market place from the throats of those strikers gave me a crawling feeling. This was the payoff—as if having their bosses for strike-breakers wasn't enough. They went mad. My Old Man's face had a sickly, bewildered look on it as I left him and sprinted toward the big square at the market center. And on the way I noticed only half the number of strikers at the street intersections I saw there on my outward trip. The rest had disappeared.

And then it happened!

In the high-powered education my Old Man bought me I read books on the clash between capital and labor written by men who were under the misapprehension that economics was a science. Well, I saw a clash between capital and labor that day—the only one of its kind I ever witnessed or heard of. It was pure capital and pure labor, two different sets of men. How much economics was in it I leave to the men who wrote the books. I wish they had been with me on my tin roof.

They came down a long incline at the far corner of the marketplace with the dread finality of a mass of maddened steers stampeding through a gorge—that twenty-man-wide torrent of two thousand strikers armed with clubs. They wound sinuously round a low building and across a vacant lot with steadily rising momentum. They smashed through the flimsy stalls of the open-air vegetable market, an avalanche shattering a hut. They were soundless and terrifying and hypnotic in their sweep. And when they caromed round a warehouse and headed for the square where the vigilantes were waiting, massed together, I saw the milksop face of the wizened little guy in the lead, a step ahead of the mob men, the killer apes. I'll never forget that face!

Do you know who that little guy was?—A cigar salesman! He'd jumped in at the head of that column when it started and then forgotten what he was doing. Afterwards he said he guessed he did it because he'd seen a movie of the French Revolution the week before. That's one for the book!

Smack! I heard it—the first blow. It rang out like a thin cane thwacked on a hardwood floor. One of the mob men struck it—the flat of a plank full against the side of a vigilante's head. The massacre was on! That ramming phalanx of strikers cleft the massed vigilantes like a sperm whale ploughing through a school of dolphins, forked to the right and the left when it hit the far side of the square, swung back to encircle the divided force, and then stormed inward toward each center, grinding the confused vigilantes in a merciless hopper of flailing clubs.

For a moment it looked as if the vigilantes would break the ring of strikers surrounding them—they fought with the desperation of trapped men. But the strikers kept clubbing with insensate fury. I saw one swinging a baseball bat, knocking vigilantes down like tenpins. I saw another bash a man's arm and cave his side with a swipe of his crowbar. A knife flashed in the sun. The thud of clubs mashing bone and flesh came clear and sickening out of the whirl of men fighting there below me in desperate silence, except now and again when a man toppled screaming to the cobblestones with a mangled collar bone or a smashed face. And all the time I was nearly crazy and sick all through, wondering where my Old Man was and if he was all right, and not being able to do anything about it.

And then the rout began. The action had been so swift and fierce it seemed barely a minute before the vigilantes were scattered and fleeing up the long streets out of the square through a gauntlet of armed strikers coming down from the market rim to get in the fight. All the cops could do was try to keep the lanes open. The beaten men dashed crazily up those lethal avenues of swinging clubs. The strikers knocked them down in heaps. They couldn't miss them in those clothes. There was a cracked skull to every yard of the way. And then ambulances from every hospital in town began coming up, their sirens whining.

I jumped down off my tin roof and ran out into the street looking for my Old Man and trying to do my job of identifying and estimating the injured. I couldn't tell who was who. I guess I was crying a little. I was nauseated from what I had seen and afraid to think what had happened to my Old Man—and if I could have got my hands on the guy who started that mess I'd have torn his throat open. Vigilantes and strikers were lying all over the square, some groaning and bloody, trying to crawl under cars and into doorways. Interns were shoving them into ambulances. I saw the old guy with the Y on his chest crumpled in a heap by a hydrant. The Y was all red. Some of the strikers were carrying off their own wounded. They looked sheepish and frightened. The place felt like a morgue. I didn't see any of the mob men around.

I couldn't see my Old Man anywhere and I had to get my office on the phone. I was in the booth a long time giving my story. I knew what I was saying, but it wasn't me talking. I couldn't read my notes. When I finished, the rewrite man said, "God Almighty," and hung up. Reporters aren't as tough as they're supposed to be. I ran all the way to my office because my city editor had said, "Hurry on in and do the color story." Three ambulances passed me on the way.

I wrote a column and a half so fast I broke the e key on my typewriter. All I wanted was to get out of there and find my Old Man. I didn't care what I said. About halfway through one of the rewrite men took off his ear phones and whispered to my city editor. He looked over at me and then picked up his phone. As the boys brought my copy to him in one-page takes, he kept marking it and glancing my way until finally he came over and put his hand on my shoulder.

"That's plenty, kid," he said, in a very friendly tone for him. "It's a sweet job! Now, look. Murphy's outside in the car. He'll ride you over to Stanley Hospital—your father got cracked up a bit today, but he's O.K. You go take him home."

* * *

All the way home in the car my Old Man kept his eyes closed, saying nothing. He was sick and weak and stunned. From the eyes up his head was bound round with white gauze. It was down his street that the strikers swept into the market place, knocking him cold with a blow on the head. Luckily, no one stopped to beat him while he lay senseless on the cobblestones. I was so happy to have him safe with me going home, knowing from the X-rays his skull wasn't fractured, and, well, watching him there on the cushions I felt he was my own son.

We walked him upstairs and my mother got him out of his hunting clothes and into bed. He just looked at her and wouldn't speak. I never saw my mother so quiet and so quick. I thought she was being very nonchalant about everything until she turned to me after tucking a hot water bottle under him and I saw her eyes. I had to turn away fast to keep her from seeing the tears start in mine. ###

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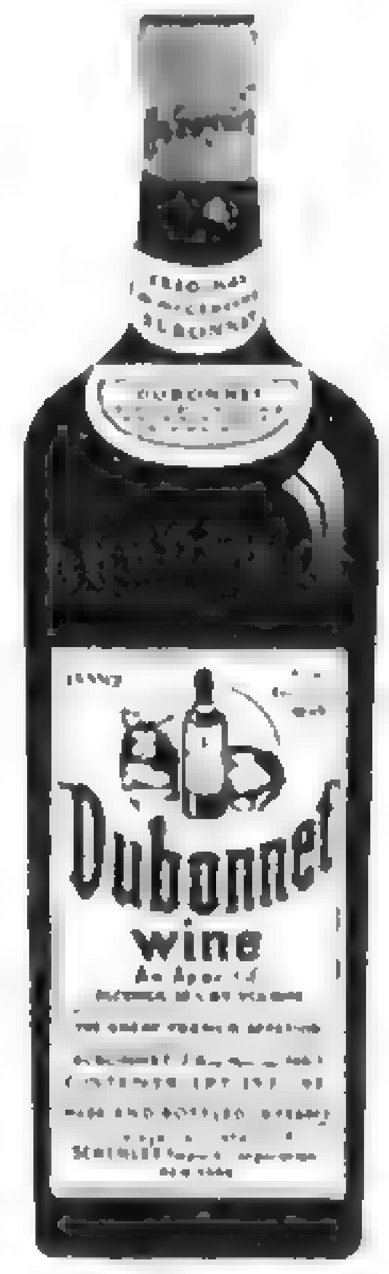

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Man with Wings

Continued from page 81

could lick them as he'd licked them in the past . . . Frank Alberts, who had crashed and burned in the Army primary flying school (have you ever turned a hose on the burning body of your friend?), Kate Allen, who had shed a wing in Akron back in '32, tried to jump while she was running out of altitude; Sam White, who had been decapitated . . . and he remembered the blind rage and the raging homicidal madness when the undertaker, hat in hand, said, "You were a friend of Mr. Alberts; if you could persuade the family to throw the job my way, there'd be something in it for you"; when the crowd piled out of the stands and tore shreds from Kate's remaining wing; when the bald little man tried to steal the helmet and the goggles from Sam's decapitated head . . . a souvenir!

"You're always fighting," she had said. (I'm going to see my kid!) "Every time you get drunk you pick a fight; you always fight with your boss every time you've had a private job; why must you always fight?"

"The bastards," he said. "The sons of bitches; they want a Roman carnival; they come to see the crashes; that's what they *want!* The more crashes the more money for the Racing Association."

"Why do you drink?"

"I don't drink when I fly."

"You drink when you're not flying."

"Damned right," he said. "I like to drink."

"If you touch another drop, Sam Falk, I'm going to divorce you." He walked deliberately to the cupboard and brought out the bottle, pouring the glass half-full . . .

The ceiling was falling as he approached the first ridges of the Alleghenies, and he wondered if he would get over them in time. The old crate he'd rented couldn't do better than eighty-five at cruising speed, and he began to grow impatient. The ground rose under him, the wooded hills, and he smiled bitterly thinking that if he had had a passenger along, he would have kicked the thing up to at least eight thousand feet, or better still, sat down and waited for the weather to improve. Now, as always, he knew he had no intention of gaining altitude, and less inclination to make a landing. He held the altimeter-needle at five thousand, ample to clear the peaks on the course that he was following, but not really safe. Not if the ceiling kept on falling; not if the visibility became more limited. There was a light mist over the ragged mountains, there was lightning in those clouds ahead. He felt the ship heave and correct itself; he deliberately took his hands and feet off the controls, let it ride the air alone. He laughed. ("If you keep on drinking like this," she said, "you're bound to crack up." "The cemeteries are full of people who thought the world couldn't get along without them," he replied. "You'll crash, you crazy fool!" she said. "Can't you think of *anybody* but yourself? Can't you think of the baby?" Sure, he could and did. "I've been flying fifteen years," he said. "I'm more at home in the air than on the ground.")

Now he had to reassert control over the ship, and he took the stick in his hand, the rudder-pedals under the balls of his feet, with a feeling of relaxation and assurance. The plane rolled and pitched like a small boat in rough water; the leather seat spanked him although the safety strap was pulled tight, and he was kicking rudder and hauling the stick around all the time. He glanced at the wings; they seemed sound enough; he listened to the wires, watched the instruments. The thunderhead was just in front of him, and he went for it, a smile on his face. There was something in him that made him head straight for a storm area when he saw one, and now the small plane entered the cloud and trembled as though it were being beaten. The air caught and lifted it; the altimeter said 6000, 6150, 6300, 6550. Then there was a strong down-draught and he hauled the stick back into his lap, cracked the throttle wide open, fighting instinctively for altitude. There was nothing to see; the damp mist wet his face, streamed over the lenses of his goggles, and he couldn't see the nose of his ship, watch the push-rods jumping on the cylinders. The pressure gauge said that everything was all right; the r.p.m.'s were steady at 1850, so he relaxed and fought the ship, struggling against the involuntary slips and skids, the pitching and the tossing. The wires groaned and he laughed out loud. (I'm going to see my kid!) There was noise now; the lightning in the cloud crackled and blinded him and he couldn't hear the groaning propeller any more. He thought, This would be a hot joke on me, all right, and he felt lonely as he had so many times before. Automatically, his hands and feet corrected for the more violent maneuvers of the plane, and his mind kept going back and forth over time and the earth, picking up memory and sensation at random.

Sure, you remember the machine gun. Sure, you remember the old man saying, "Sam Falk, you're a mighty uppity youngster and I'm going to tar the living daylights out of you." He was almost as big as his old man then, and surely (he thought) as strong, but the old man sailed into him and larruped him within an inch of his life. And so what did you do? he thought; you lit out that night and said to yourself, I'll *show* the old bastard that he can't do a thing like that to me. I'll show them all; I'll *be* somebody; I'll be a big shot, rake in the coconuts, shake down the shekels. He put himself through college and he boxed at county fairs and walked the slack-rope. He walked wings when barnstorming pilots came around, made parachute jumps and joined the Army Air Corps. They busted him out, long after he had graduated, for insubordination; there was rebellion in him always, and he joined an unofficial war in South America and was assigned to a machine gun. You didn't know what it was all about, he thought; you were still wet behind the ears. You hated what they were doing with airplanes, and you still hate it, and you go to a war and work a gun and that's all right too. It's all right when they're coming at you, but when they started to run he took his finger off the trigger. "Work the gun," the officer said, and he said, "I'll shoot men down when they're attacking me, but I'm damned if I'll shoot them down when they're running." The officer pointed the pistol at him and said, "Work that gun." He did. That was one for the books all right; that was something to remember when you were drunk and disorderly in a bar, and couldn't stop yourself from talking to strangers, saying, Ever hear of a racing pilot? Sure. Ever hear of Sam Falk who won the International Derby back in '33? No. That's me, you'd say and you couldn't stand the look on their faces, the look of amused pity. So you said, Bottoms up, the answer is Nerts and you left a five-dollar bill on the bar and walked out. That was long ago, or was it? But when you were in the air you didn't have to think of that; you could look down: they can't get at you from there . . .

But if she'd been alone she wouldn't have done it, he thought. If it hadn't been for her mother, she never would have done it. She thought you were a bum; she said you were a bum. You'll never make a decent living for your wife or for your child, she said. Racing around the country in an airplane. Trying to kill yourself. Drinking like a fish; if you *have* to race airplanes can't you at least stay sober? "I can fly anything, drunk or sober," he said. "I could fly a barn door if you'd rig a motor onto it," he said. So she did it (she was so goddam beautiful, he thought; she is so goddam beautiful and I loved her, love her) but she did it, and between the two of them they fixed it up; they got the kid because he was unfit to care for it and the kid was all that mattered. A father who drinks; a father who won't make a decent living for his child, refuses the sort of life that would make it possible, a bum, a has-been, a crazy fool who plays with airplanes like a baby with its doll. And what the hell did they know anyhow? Did they know he was putting money in the bank for the kid, where they could never touch it? What the hell did they know of the loneliness and the isolation and the altitude, the heights and the silence except for the propeller whose noise was part of the silence anyhow? How did they know what was inside a man? What did they know of the good guys and the gals who were gone, washed out, wrapped up, scattered, and when you heard about it, you said, "Too bad." What else was there to say?

He was out of the storm now, he had licked it, coming out high from the soaring clouds, but the layer of fog was still below him, with only an occasional rift by which to hunt for landmarks. That would have been a hot joke on me, he thought, remembering that he didn't have a parachute. ("Don't like the things," he'd say.) But he searched for holes now; he was over the worst of the Alleghenies where so many good guys had piled up in the old days, and he kept an eye peeled on the fog below. Despite the fumes of gasoline that always drift about an airplane, he reached for a cigarette and lit it under cover of the windshield, and sat back in his seat. He smiled. Maybe they would know, he thought, if they were here; maybe all of them would know. He took the cigarette out of his mouth and said aloud, "I'm going to see my kid!" With the fog below and heavy clouds above, he hung suspended in utter space; now there was not even the sensation of movement, unless he put his hand into the slip-stream, felt the rushing air. He was sitting there, gently rocked from time to time, waiting for that moment that would come; he would know when; when something inside would tell him, You are there! It never failed. "I'm going to see my kid," he said, feeling the cigarette waggle between his lips, thinking, He won't know me after all this time, or will he?

Maybe I won't manage it this time, he thought, but there was a hole in the fog-layer and he dropped through it, looked around swiftly and smiled again. There below him and slightly to the left lay the river with the little island in it, the airport on the island. It made him feel good, and he remembered the other times when he had flown the soup for hours on end, felt the time had come and eased down through it to hit his destination square on the nose. It was like being a bird, he thought. He opened the throttle, pulled up and snapped it shut, kicked rudder and spun twice to the left, pulled out and spun twice to the right, pulled out. He felt like horsing the old junk around; he was feeling his oats. Christ, he thought, that kid will be surprised to see me! He was over the river now, and idling the motor, he described a lazy seven-twenty, dropped onto the tiny airport as onto a dime, dug in his tail-skid first (a habit, from flying ships that landed hot) and taxied up to the wooden hangar. There was a youngster there, managing the place.

"Gas it up, brother," he said. "Check the oil and tires; I'll be pulling out tonight or tomorrow."

"Where you from?" the young fellow asked. "My name's Vesey."

"Out West."

"Say, you're Sam Falk, ain't you?" the kid said. "I seen your picture. Won the Special out at Detroit yesterday."

"Sure thing."

"How are you, Mr. Falk?" He wiped his hand and stuck it out.

"Always the same," Sam said, smiling. "Never change." He saw the car and said, "I'd like to rent your jaloppy for a few hours, brother: I'll leave this old crate in hock for it."

The boy smiled and said, "That's a fair bargain; your ship's worth more than that old T-model. I'll take good care of it, Mr. Falk," he said. "Was it tough going out there; hot competition?"

"Like rolling off a log," said Sam, climbing into the old car.

"Happy Landings," the kid said and waved his hand, then turned to look at the airplane with a smile. He touched it gently.

Why tonight? Sam thought; why tomorrow? Tomorrow is another day; it's been a long time; three years *is* a long time. Maybe it's all changed; I'm on the make again. Small-time stuff in Detroit, but there's better stuff coming up in a month or so, and with the showing I made with that old crock I'll easy find a sponsor. Time flies, he thought, as the old car chugged along the rutted road, the springs squeaking. You cannot; their flight is too irregular. Time flies and lots of water has flowed under lots of bridges. God, she was so goddam beautiful, he thought, three years ago.

He deliberately parked the Model-T at the outskirts of the little town, started to walk. He wiped his shoes on the back of his trouser legs, straightened his clothes, took the cap out of his pocket. He took the cap off and wiped his face with his handkerchief, put the handkerchief back in his pocket and then started to walk more slowly. The house was near at hand.

There was a neat white picket-fence around it, and there were flowers growing in little regular plots in the yard. It's a good thing her folks got a little money, he thought; they'd have had tough going with me all this time. He felt somewhat bitter about that; security, he thought, humph! Women and children first. He saw the boy and started to walk more slowly, almost on tiptoe. His throat was dry and he wished he'd had the sense to take a drink of water at the hangar. He cleared his throat and leaned over the picket-fence, watching the small boy playing on the grass. The boy had a toy airplane in his hand, and his mouth was going "Brr-r-r-r!" He lifted the toy plane off the grass, whirled his arm about his head and let the plane down to the ground.

"You leveled off too high that time," Sam said, his face cracking with a smile. The boy hadn't heard him, so he cleared his throat and said, "Hello little boy."

The child turned to look at him,

Continued on page 186

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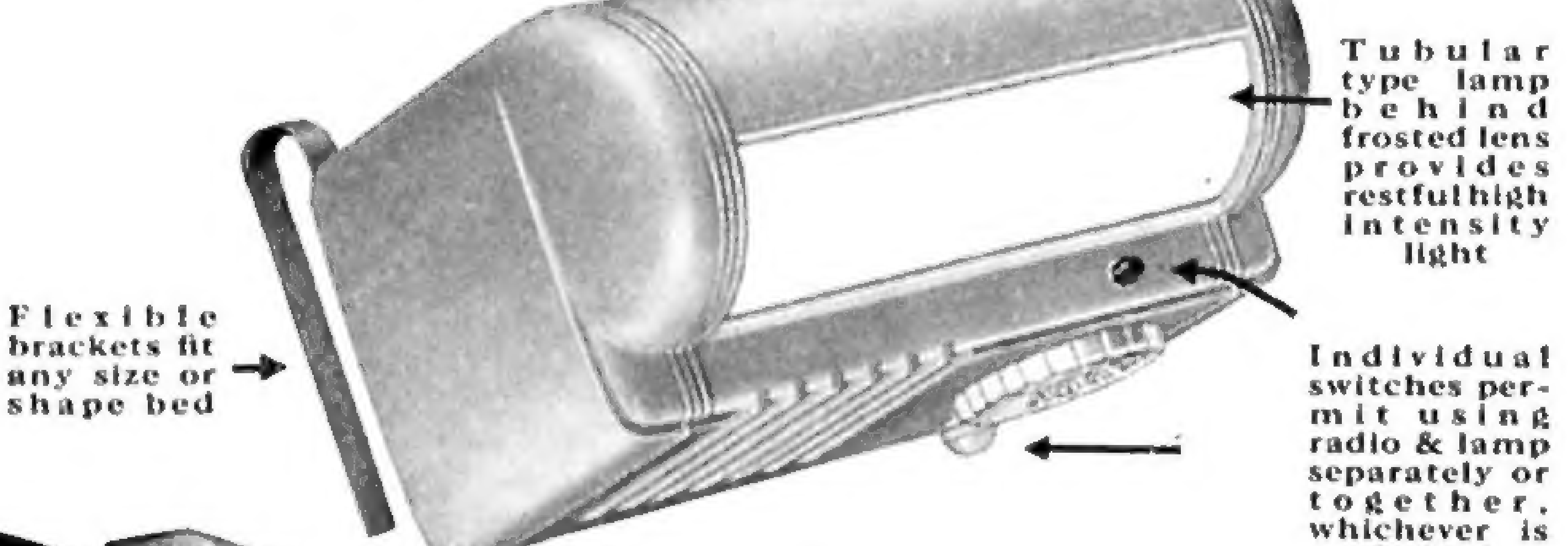
a **BED LAMP** and **RADIO**

In One Streamlined Compact Unit

Just imagine the added convenience, comfort and enjoyment of having a bed lamp and radio in one streamlined compact unit—just above your head where it can easily be reached to turn on or off! You climb into bed, magazine in hand and prepare to read under light that is kind to your eyes, while listening to your favorite radio programs. Then when your head begins to droop and you feel that you just can't read another line you reach up and—click!—the light's out, the radio's silent and off you go to sleep. For more fun in bed . . .


Tubular type lamp behind frosted lens provides restful high intensity light
Flexible brackets fit any size or shape bed
Individual switches permit using radio & lamp separately or together, whichever is desired

THE *Lullaby*
BED LAMP - RADIO

MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION

Powerful 5-tube super-heterodyne radio and full-size electro-dynamic speaker assure clear bell-like tones and undisturbed reception. Built-in "Air Magnet" eliminates aerial or ground wires. Complete band coverage. Operates on A.C. or D.C.

The Lullaby has a high powered tubular lamp and frosted curved lens built to provide a maximum of reading-ease and eye-comfort.

The Lullaby cabinet is of beautiful moulded bakelite—of modern streamlined appearance. Available in a choice of soft ivory or deep-toned walnut.

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Name..........
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Man with Wings

Continued from pages 81-185

still squatting on the grass, and Sam was startled to see himself repeated so minutely in the small round face. There was the same tow-head, the same deep grave eyes, the same shaped face.

"Hello," the boy said and turned back to his toy.

"You got a lot of airplanes, son?" Sam said.

The boy looked at him again, and then stood up; he looked back at the shingled house, then took one timid step toward the man at the fence. He was painfully shy, Sam noticed and bit his lip remembering. The boy looked at him again and said,

"Seven."

"Seven!" Sam said. "You gonna operate a fleet?"

"What?" said the child, coming closer.

"What you gonna be when you grow up, son?" His hands at his sides, his grave eyes on the man, the boy said,

"A naviator, like my Dad."

Sam swallowed; cleared his throat, said, "Where's *he*?"

"I don't know," the child said. "He's dead." The boy fell silent, looked back at the house, and Sam saw the old woman standing there. There was a scowl on her face; she knows me, Sam thought; she would.

"Samuel," the woman said. "Come in."

"Aw," said the boy, "I'm busy, Gram."

"You come right in the house this minute, Samuel." The boy looked back at the man as he walked; Sam noticed he had left the toy airplane on the lawn. He watched the boy. The old woman took the child's arm and shook it gently.

He heard her say, "I've *told* you not to talk to strangers," before she slammed the screen door on them both.

"I—" Sam said, and shut his mouth.

He felt his face and neck, grow hot, spun on his heel, turned back and glared at the house. He saw himself walking up the path, opening the door, shouting at the top of his lungs. He clenched his fists; then put one hand on top of the picket-fence and vaulted it. He stood there, helpless, strapped and bound and put one hand into his pocket. He withdrew his hand and looked at the crumpled five-dollar bill, started to put it in his pocket and then bent and stuffed it into the toy plane. Samuel! he thought, Christ alive. Where's his goddam mother? he thought what's she up to? where's she gone? He vaulted the fence onto the pavement, strode rapidly away, his throat working. The Model-T wouldn't start on the magneto, so he had to crank it, and he ran it crazily back to the airport, piled out and hopped into the ship.

"Gimme a hand with this prop," he said, and when the boy said, "Back so soon, Mr. Falk?" he answered, "Never stay long in one place. Switch off."

"Switch off."

"Switch off," Sam repeated.

"Contact!" the youngster said.

"Contact!" Sam said, and Vesey took the blade in both hands, balanced on one foot, swung the other leg forward and hauled down with both hands. The blade spun, slowed, the motor caught, coughed and roared. He glanced at the pressure, the temperature came up rapidly. He nodded his head and Vesey walked the wing around. Then he jammed the throttle wide-open and running cross-wind he yanked the ship viciously off the ground, climbed it almost past the stalling point. The prop groaned, the plane vibrated but he piled the stuff to it and it climbed steadily. He didn't look down or level off; his hands and feet were rigid on the controls. Then he started a steep climbing spiral, seeing the land fall away, the river narrow under him, the low hills flatten gradually till they looked like gentle billows in a mild sea. The earth was growing shadowed with the rising dusk. He climbed till he was at eight thousand feet and the sun was bright on his wings; then he circled, banked. He wondered which way to go; it didn't seem to make much difference. He bent an eye down at the town, saw the house plain as day, saw himself diving at it, wide open, the propeller screaming the way it had in practice combat maneuvers back in the old days. He saw himself diving, zooming over the house, pulling up, stalling it, rolling it, snapping it around, spinning. I'll show you, he thought; I'll *show* you who I am and what I can do; I'll scare the living daylights out of you!

There was no place to go and he was lonesome. He throttled down and listened; the wind hummed gently through the flying-wires and the air was full of lift; he could almost soar the plane. He relaxed in the seat, gently drawing the stick toward him, feeling the ship mush down slowly, feeling the emptiness and the space and the separation soak into his body once again. It was a long way down, and were they watching? Did the kid say, Look Mom, there's an airplane? *He'll* show them, he thought; they can't tie *him* the way they tried with me. And he smiled. I'd like to see that kid's face, he thought, when he finds that five-spot tucked in his toy ship.

He smiled, gently pushed the throttle forward and winging over, headed for the West. #

Don't miss the August number, the big special Outdoor Issue, loaded with extra sports features, which goes on sale July 15th.

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